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8

THE MAHABHARATA

OF

KRISHNA-DWAIPAYANA VYASA

TRANSLATED

INTO

ENGLISH PROSE.

v. 9.

Published and distributed *chiefly gratis*

BY

PRATĀP CHANDRA RĀY, C. I. E.

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*ÇALYA PARVA.*  
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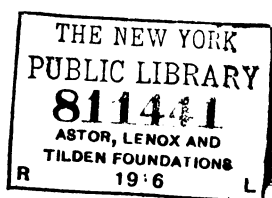
BHARATA PRESS.

No. 1, RAJA GOOROO DASS' STREET.

1889.

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E. W.



NOV 20 1906

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FINIS.

THE MAHABHARATA

CALYA PARVA.

SECTION I.

(*Çalya-badha Parva*).

Having bowed down unto Nārāyana, and Nara the most exalted of male beings, and the goddess Saraswati, must the word JAYA be uttered.

Janamejaya said,—“After Karna had thus been slain in battle by Savyasāchin, what did the small (unslaughtered) remnant of the Kauravas do, O regenerate one? Beholding the army (of the Pāndavas) swelling with might and energy, what behaviour did the Kuru prince Suyodhana adopt towards the Pāndavas, thinking it suitable to the hour? I desire to hear all this! Tell me, O foremost of regenerate ones! I am never satiated with listening to the grand feats of my ancestors!”

Vaiçampāyana said,—“After the fall of Karna, O king, Dhritārāshtra’s son Suyodhana was plunged deep into an ocean of grief and saw despair on every side.* Indulging in incessant lamentations, saying,—*Alas, Oh Karna, Alas, Oh Karna*,—he proceeded with great difficulty to his camp, accompanied by the unslaughtered remnant of the kings on his side.* Thinking of the slaughter of the Suta’s son, he could not obtain peace of mind, though comforted by those kings with excellent reasons inculcated by the scriptures.* Regarding Destiny and Necessity to be all-powerful, the Kuru king firmly resolved on battle.* Having duly made Calya the generalissimo of his forces, that bull among kings, O monarch, proceeded for battle, accompanied by that unslaughtered remnant of his forces.* Then, O chief of Bharata’s race, a terrible battle took place between the troops of the Kurus and those

of the Pāṇḍavas, resembling that between the gods and the *Asuras*.⁹ Then Calya, O monarch, having made a great carnage in battle, at last lost a large number of his troops and was slain by Yudhishtira at midday.¹⁰ Then king Duryodhana, having lost all his friends and kinsmen, fled away from the field of battle and penetrated into the depths of a terrible lake from fear of his enemies.¹¹ On the afternoon of that day, Bhimasena, causing the lake to be encompassed by many mighty car-warriors, summoned Duryodhana and having obliged him to come out, slew him speedily, putting forth his strength.¹² After Duryodhana's slaughter, the three car-warriors (of the Kuru side) that were still unslain (viz., Aṇwatthāman and Kripa and Kritavarman), filled with rage, O monarch, slaughtered the Pāṇchāla troops in the night.¹³ On the next morning, Sanjaya, having set out from the camp, entered the city (the Kuru capital), cheerless and filled with grief and sorrow.¹⁴ Having entered the city, the *Suta* Sanjaya, raising his arms in grief, and with limbs trembling, entered the palace of the king.¹⁵ Filled with grief, O tiger among men, he wept aloud, saying,—Alas, O king! Alas, all of us are ruined by the slaughter of that high-souled monarch!¹⁶ Alas, Time is all-powerful, and crooked in his course, since all our allies, endued with might equal to that of Cakra himself, have been slain by the Pāṇḍavas!¹⁷*—Seeing Sanjaya come back to the city, O king, in that distressful plight, all the people, O best of kings, filled with great anxiety, wept loudly, saying,—Alas, Oh king!¹⁸—The whole city, O tiger among men, including the very children, hearing of Duryodhana's death, sent forth notes of lamentation from every side.¹⁹ We then beheld all the men and women running about, deeply afflicted with grief, their senses gone, and resembling people that are demented.²⁰ The *Suta* Sanjaya then, deeply agitated, entered the abode of the king and beheld that foremost of monarchs, that lord of men, having wisdom for his eyes.²¹

* The Bombay edition reads the first line of 17 differently. If that reading be accepted, the translation would run,—Destiny is all-powerful, O king, and prowess is fruitless!—T,

Beholding the sinless monarch, that chief of Bharata's race, seated, surrounded by his daughters-in-law and Gāndhārī and Vidura and by other friends and kinsmen that were always his well-wishers,³² and engaged in thinking on that very subject, viz., the death of Karna, the *Suta* Sanjaya, with heart-filled with grief, O Janamejaya, weepingly and in a voice-choked with tears, said unto him,—I am Sanjaya, O tiger among men! I bow to thee, O bull of Bharata's race!³³⁻³⁴ The ruler of the Madras, viz., Calya, hath been slain! Similarly Suvala's son Cakuni, and Uluka, O tiger among men, that valiant son of the gamester (Cakuni), have been slain!³⁵ All the *Samsaptakas*, the Kāmvojas together with the Cakas, the *Mlechhas*, the Mountaineers, and the Yavanas, have also been slain!³⁶ The Easterners have been slain, O monarch, and all the Southerners! The Northerners have all been slain, as also the Westerners; O ruler of men!³⁷ All the kings and all the princes have been slain, O monarch! King Duryodhana also has been slain by the son of Pāndu after the manner he had vowed.³⁸ With his thighs broken, O monarch, he lieth now on the dust, covered with blood. Dhrishtadyumna also hath been slain, O king, as also the unvanquished Cikhandin!³⁹ Uttamaejas and Yudhāmanyu, O king, and the Prabhadrakas, and those tigers among men, viz., the Pāṇchālas, and the Chedis, have been destroyed.⁴⁰ Thy sons have all been slain as also the (five) sons of Draupadi, O Bhārata! The heroic and mighty son of Karna, viz., Vrishasena, hath been slain.⁴¹ All the men (that had been assembled) have been slain. All the elephants have been destroyed. All the car-warriors, O tiger among men, and all the steeds, have fallen in battle.⁴² Very few are alive on thy side, O lord! In consequence of the Pāṇdavas and the Kauravas having encountered each other,⁴³ the world, stupified by Time, now consists of only women! On the side of the Pāṇdavas seven are alive, while amongst the Dhārtarāshtras three are so.⁴⁴ They are the five (Pāṇdava) brothers, and Vāsudeva, and Sātyaki, and Kripa, and Kritavarman, and Drona's son, that foremost of victors.⁴⁵ These three car-warriors, O monarch, are all that survive, O best of kings, of all the *Akshauhinis* mustered on

thy side, O ruler of men!³⁶ These are the survivors, O monarch, the rest have perished! Making Duryodhana and his hostility (towards the Pāṇdavas) the cause, the whole world, it seems, hath been destroyed, O bull of Bharata's race, by Time!³⁷

Vaiçampayana continued,—“Hearing these cruel words, Dhritarāshtra, that ruler of men, fell down, O monarch, on the Earth, deprived of his senses.³⁸ As soon as the king fell down, Vidura also, of great fame, O monarch, afflicted with sorrow on account of the king's distress, fell down on the Earth.³⁹ Gāndhārī also, O best of kings, and all the Kuru ladies, suddenly fell down on the ground, hearing those cruel words.⁴⁰ That entire conclave of royal persons remained lying on the ground, deprived of their senses and raving deliriously, like figures painted on a large piece of canvas.⁴¹ Then king Dhritarāshtra, that lord of Earth, afflicted with the calamity represented by the death of his sons, slowly and with difficulty regained his life-breaths.⁴² Having recovered his senses, the king, with trembling limbs and sorrowful heart, turned his face on every side, and said these words unto Kshattri (Vidura):⁴³—O learned Kshatri, O thou of great wisdom, thou, O bull of Bharata's race, art now my refuge! I am lordless and destitute of all my sons!⁴⁴—Having said these, he once more fell down, deprived of his senses. Beholding him fallen, all his kinsmen, that were present there,⁴⁵ sprinkled cold water over him and fanned him with fans. Comforted after a long while, that lord of Earth,⁴⁶ afflicted with sorrow on account of the death of his sons, remained silent, sighing heavily, O monarch, like a snake put into a jar.⁴⁷ Sanjaya also wept aloud, beholding the king so afflicted. All the ladies too, with Gāndhārī of great celebrity, did the same.⁴⁸ After a long while, O best of men, Dhritarāshtra, having repeatedly swooned, addressed Vidura, saying,⁴⁹—Let all the ladies retire, as also Gāndhārī of great fame, and all these friends! My mind hath become greatly unsettled!⁵⁰—Thus addressed, Vidura, repeatedly trembling, slowly dismissed the ladies, O bull of Bharata's race!⁵¹ All those ladies retired, O chief of the Bharatas, as also all those friends, beholding the king deeply afflicted.⁵²

Then Sanjaya cheerlessly looked at the king, O scorcher of foes, who, having recovered his senses, was weeping in great affliction.⁶⁸ With joined hands, Vidura then, in sweet words, comforted that ruler of men who was sighing incessantly.”⁶⁴

SECTION II.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“After the ladies had been dismissed, Dhritarāshtra, the son of Amvikā, plunged into grief greater than that which had afflicted him before, began, O monarch, to indulge in lamentations.¹ Exhaling breaths that resembled smoke, and repeatedly waving his arms, and reflecting a little, O monarch, he said these words.²

“Dhritarāshtra said,—‘Alas, O *Suta*, the intelligence is fraught with great grief that I hear from thee, viz., that the Pāndavas are all safe and have suffered no loss in battle!³ Without doubt, my hard heart is made of the essence of thunder, since it breaketh not upon hearing of the fall of my sons!⁴ Thinking of their ages, O Sanjaya, and of their sports in childhood, and learning today that all of them have perished, my heart seems to break into pieces!⁵ Although in consequence of my blindness I never saw their forms, still I cherished a great love for them in consequence of the affection one feels for his children.⁶ Hearing that they had passed out of childhood and entered the period of youth and then of early manhood, I became exceedingly glad, O sinless one!⁷ Hearing today that they have been slain and divested of prosperity and energy, I fail to obtain peace of mind, being overwhelmed with grief on account of the distress that has overtaken them!⁸ Come, come, O king of kings, to me that am without a protector now! Deprived of thee, O mighty-armed one, what will be my plight?⁹ Why, O sire, abandoning all the assembled kings dost thou lie on the bare ground, deprived of life, like an ordinary and wretched king?¹⁰ Having been, O monarch, the refuge of kinsmen and friends, where dost thou go now, O hero, abandoning me that am blind and old?¹¹ Where now, O king, is that compassion of thine, that love, and that respectfulness? Invincible as thou wert in battle, how, alas, hast

thou been slain by the Pārthas ?¹² Who will now, after I will have waked from sleep at the proper hour, repeatedly address me in such endearing and respectful words as,—*O father, O father,—O great king,—O Lord of the world !*¹³—and affectionately clasping my neck with moistened eyes, will seek my orders, saying,—Command me, O thou of Kuru's race !—Address me, O son, in that sweet language once more !¹⁴ O dear child, I heard even these words from thy lips, viz.,—This wide Earth is as much ours as it is of Prithā's son !¹⁵ Bhagadatta and Kripa and Calya and the two princes of Avanti and Jayadratha and Bhuriçravas and Cala and Somadatta and Vālhika¹⁶ and Açwatthāman and the chief of the Bhojas and the mighty prince of Magadha and Vrihadvala and the ruler of the Kāçis and Cakuni the son of Suvala¹⁷ and many thousands of *Mlecchas* and Cakas and Yavanas, and Sudakshina the ruler of the Kāmvojas and the king of the Trigartas¹⁸ and the grandsire Bhishma and Bharadwāja's son and Gotama's son and Crutāyush and Ayutāyush and Catāyush of great energy,¹⁹ and Jalasandha and Rishyaçringa's son and the *Rākshasa* Alāyudha, and the mighty-armed Alamvusha and the great car-warrior Suvāhu,²⁰—these and numerous other kings, O best of monarchs, have taken up arms for my sake, prepared to cast away their very lives in great battle !²¹ Stationed on the field amidst these, and surrounded by my brothers, I will fight against all the Pārthas and the Pāncchālas²² and the Chedis, O tiger among kings, and the sons of Draupadi and Sātyaki and Kunti-Bhoja and the *Rākshasa* Ghatotkacha !²³ Even one amongst these, O king, excited with rage, is able to resist in battle the Pāndavas rushing towards him !²⁴ What need I say then of all these heroes, every one of whom has wrongs to avenge on the Pāndavas, when united together ? All these, O monarch, will fight with the followers of the Pāndavas and will slay them in battle.²⁵ Karna alone, with myself, will slay the Pāndavas. All the heroic kings will then live under my sway.²⁶ He who is their leader, viz., the mighty Vāsudeva, will not, he has told me, put on mail for them, O king !²⁷—Even in this way, O Suta, did Duryodhana often use to speak to me ! Hearing what he

said, I believed that the Pāndavas would be slain in battle.³⁸ When, however, my sons, stationed in the midst of those heroes, and exerting themselves vigorously in battle, have all been slain, what can it be but Destiny?³⁹ When that lord of the world, viz., the valiant Bhishma, having encountered Cikhandin, met with his death like a lion meeting with his at the hands of a jackal, what can it be but Destiny?⁴⁰ When the Brāhmana Drona, that master of all weapons offensive and defensive, has been slain by the Pāndavas in battle, what can it be but Destiny?⁴¹ When Bhuriçravas has been slain in battle, as also Somadatta and king Vālhika, what can it be but Destiny?⁴² When Bhagadatta, skilled in fighting from the backs of elephants, has been slain, and when Jayadratha hath been slain, what can it be but Destiny?⁴³ When Sudakshina has been slain, and Jalasandha of Puru's race, as also Crutāyush and Ayutāyush, what can it be but Destiny?⁴⁴ The mighty Pāndya, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, has been slain in battle by the Pāndavas. What can it be but Destiny?⁴⁵ When Vrihadvala has been slain and the mighty king of the Māgadhas, and the valiant Ugrāyudha, that type of all bowmen,⁴⁶ when the two princes of Avanti (viz., Vinda and Anuvinda) have been slain, and the ruler also of the Trigartas, as also the numerous *Samsaptakas*, what can it be but Destiny?⁴⁷ When king Alamvusha, and the *Rākshasa* Alāyudha, and Rishyaçringa's son, have been slain, what can it be but Destiny?⁴⁸ When the Nārāyanas have been slain, as also the Gopālas, those troops that were invincible in battle, and many thousands of *Mlecchas*, what can it be but Destiny?⁴⁹ When Cakuni the son of Suvala, and the mighty Uluka, called the gamester's son, that hero at the head of his forces, have been slain, what can it be but Destiny?⁵⁰ When innumerable high-souled heroes, accomplished in all kinds of weapons offensive and defensive, and endued with prowess equal to that of Cakra himself, have been slain, O *Suta*,⁵¹ when Kshatriyas hailing from diverse realms, O Sanjaya, have all been slain in battle, what can it be but Destiny?⁵² Endued with great might, my sons and grandsons have been slain, as also my friends and brethren, What can it be but Destiny?⁵³ With-

out doubt, man takes his birth, subject to Destiny. That man who is possessed of good fortune meets with good.⁴⁴ I am bereft of good fortune, and, therefore, am deprived of my children, O Sanjaya! Old as I am, how shall I now submit to the sway of enemies?⁴⁵ I do not think anything else than exile into the woods to be good for me, O lord! Deprived of relatives and kinsmen as I am, I will go into the woods.⁴⁶ Nothing else than an exile into the woods can be better for me who am fallen into this plight and who am shorn of my wings, O Sanjaya!⁴⁷ When Duryodhana has been slain, when Calya has been slain, when Dusçāsana and Vivingça and the mighty Vikarna have been slain,⁴⁸ how shall I be able to bear the roars of that Bhimasena who hath alone slain a hundred sons of mine in battle?⁴⁹ He will frequently speak of the slaughter of Duryodhana in my hearing. Burning with grief and sorrow, I shall not be able to bear his cruel words!"⁵⁰

Vaïcampāyana continued,—“Even thus that king, burning with grief and deprived of relatives and kinsmen, repeatedly swooned, overwhelmed with sorrow on account of the death of his sons.⁵¹ Having wept for a long while, Dhritarāshtra, the son of Amvikā, breathed heavy and hot sighs at the thought of his defeat.⁵² Overwhelmed with sorrow, and burning with grief, that bull of Bharata's race once more enquired of his charioteer Sanjaya the son of Gavalgana the details of what had happened.⁵³

“Dhritarāshtra said,—‘After Bhishma and Drona had been slain and the Suta's son also overthrown, whom did my warriors make their generalissimo?⁵⁴ The Pāndavas are slaying without any delay every one whom my warriors are making their generalissimo in battle.⁵⁵ Bhishma was slain at the van of battle by the diadem-decked Arjuna in the very sight of ye all! Even thus was Drona slain in the sight of ye all!⁵⁶ Even thus was the Suta's son, the valiant Karna, slain by Arjuna in the sight of all the kings!⁵⁷ Long before, the high-souled Vidura had told me that through the fault of Duryodhana, the population of the Earth would be exterminated.⁵⁸ There are some fools that do not see things even though they cast their eyes on them. Those words of Vidura have been even so unto

my foolish self." What Vidura of righteous soul, conversant with the attributes of everything, then said, hath turned out exactly, for the words he uttered were nothing but the truth."² Afflicted by fate, I did not then act according to those words. The fruits of that evil course have now manifested themselves. Describe them to me, O son of Gavaigana, once more!"³ Who became the head of our army after Karna's fall? Who was that car-warrior who proceeded against Arjuna and Vāsudeva?"⁴ Who were they that protected the right wheel of the ruler of the Madras in battle? Who protected the left wheel of that hero when he went to battle? Who also guarded his rear?"⁵ How, when all of you were together, could the mighty king of the Madras, as also my son, be slain, O Sanjaya, by the Pāṇḍavas?"⁶ Tell me the details of the great destruction of the Bharatas. Tell me how my son Duryodhana fell in battle!"⁷ Tell me how all the Pāṇchālas with their followers, and Dhṛishtadyumna and Cikhandin and the five sons of Draupadi, fell!"⁸ Tell me how the (five) Pāṇḍavas and the two Sātwtas (viz., Krishna and Sātyaki), and Kṛpā and Kṛitavarman and Drona's son, have escaped with life!"⁹ I desire to hear everything about the manner in which the battle occurred and the kind of battle it was! Thou art skilled, O Sanjaya, in narration. Tell me everything!"¹⁰

SECTION III.

"Sanjaya said,—Hear, O king, with attention how that great carnage of the Kurus and the Pāṇḍavas occurred when they encountered each other.¹ After the Suta's son had been slain by the illustrious son of Pāṇḍu, and after the troops had been repeatedly rallied and had repeatedly fled away,² and after a terrible carnage had taken place, O foremost of men, of human beings in battle subsequent to Karna's death, Pārtha began to utter leonine roars. At that time a great fear entered the hearts of thy sons.³ Indeed, after Karna's death, there was no warrior in thy army who could set his heart upon rallying the troops or displaying his prowess.⁴ They then looked like ship-wrecked merchants on the fathomless ocean without⁵

raft to save themselves. When their protector was slain by the diadem-decked Arjuna, they were like persons on the wide sea desirous of reaching some shore of safety.⁵ Indeed, O king, after the slaughter of the Suta's son, thy troops, struck with panic and mangled with arrows, were like unprotected men desirous of a protector or like a herd of deer afflicted by a lion.⁶ Vanquished by Savyasāchin, they retired in the evening, like bulls with broken horns or snakes shorn of their fangs.⁷ Their foremost of heroes slain, themselves thrown into confusion and mangled with keen arrows, thy sons, O king, upon the slaughter of the Suta's son, fled away in fear.⁸ Deprived of weapons and coats of mail, all of them lost their senses and knew not in which direction to fly. Casting their eyes on all sides in fear, many of them began to slaughter one another.⁹ Many fell down or became pale, thinking,—*It is me whom Vibhatsu is pursuing!*—*It is me whom Vrikodara is pursuing!*¹⁰—Some riding on fleet steeds, some on fleet cars, and some on fleet elephants, many great car-warriors fled away from fear, abandoning the foot-soldiers.¹¹ Cars were broken by elephants, horsemen were crushed by great car-warriors, and bands of foot were smashed and slain by bodies of horse, as these fled away from the field.¹² After the fall of the Suta's son, thy troops became like stragglers from a caravan in a forest abounding with robbers and beasts of prey.¹³ Some elephants whose riders had been slain, and others whose trunks had been cut off, afflicted with fear, beheld the whole world to be full of Pārtha.¹⁴ Beholding his troops flying away afflicted with the fear of Bhimasena, Duryodhana then, with cries of *Oh* and *Alas*, addressed his driver, saying,¹⁵—If I take up my post at the rear of the army, armed with my bow, Pārtha then will never be able to transgress me. Urge the steeds, therefore, with speed.¹⁶ When I will put forth my valor in battle, Dhananjaya the son of Kunti will not venture to transgress me like the ocean never venturing to transgress its continents.¹⁷ To-day, slaying Arjuna with Govinda, and the proud Vrikodara, and the rest of my foes, I will free myself from the debt I owe to Karna,¹⁸—Hearing these words of the Kuru

king so becoming a hero and an honorable man, his driver slowly urged those steeds adorned with trappings of gold.¹⁹ At that time many brave warriors deprived of elephants and steeds and cars, and five and twenty thousand foot, O sire, proceeded slowly (for battle).²⁰ Then Bhimasena, filled with wrath, and Dhrishtadyumna the son of Prishata, encompassing those troops with the assistance of four kinds of forces, destroyed them with shafts.²¹ All of them fought vigorously with Bhima and Prishata's son. Many amongst them challenged the two Pāndava heroes, mentioning their names.²² Surrounded by them in battle, Bhima became enraged with them. Quickly descending from his car, he began to fight, armed with his mace.²³ Relying on the might of his own arms, Vrikodara the son of Kunti, who was on his car, observant of the rules of fair fight, did not fight with those foes who were on the ground.²⁴ Armed then with that heavy mace of his that was made entirely of iron and adorned with gold and equipt with a sling, and that resembled the Destroyer himself as he becomes at the end of the *Yuga*, Bhima slew them all like Yama slaughtering creatures with his club.²⁵ Those foot-soldiers, excited with great rage, having lost their friends and kinsmen, were prepared to throw away their lives, and rushed in that battle towards Bhima like insects towards a blazing fire.²⁶ Indeed, those warriors, filled with rage and invincible in battle, approaching Bhimasena, suddenly perished like living creatures at the glance of the Destroyer.²⁷ Armed with sword and mace, Bhima careered like a hawk and slaughtered those five and twenty thousand warriors of thine.²⁸ Having slain that brave division, the mighty Bhima, of prowess incapable of being baffled, once more stood, with Dhrishtadyumna before him.²⁹ Meanwhile Dhananjaya of great energy proceeded towards the car-division (of the Kurus). The twin sons of Mādri and the mighty car-warrior Sātyaki, all endued with great strength, cheerfully rushed against Cakuni with great speed from desire of slaying him.³⁰ Having slain with keen shafts the numerous cavalry of Cakuni, those Pāndava heroes quickly rushed against Cakuni himself, whereupon a fierce battle was fought there.³¹ Then Dhananjaya, O king, penetrated into the midst of the car-

division of the Kauravas, stretching his bow *Gāndiva* celebrated over the three worlds.³³ Beholding that car having white steeds yoked unto it and owning Krishna for its driver coming towards them, with Arjuna as the warrior on it, thy troops fled away in fear.³² Deprived of cars and steeds and pierced with shafts from every side, five and twenty thousand foot-soldiers proceeded towards Pārtha and surrounded him.³⁴ Then that mighty car-warrior amongst the Pāṇchālas, (viz., Dhrishtadyumna) with Bhimasena at his head, speedily slew that brave division and stood tirumphant.³⁵ The son of the Pāṇchāla king, viz., the celebrated Dhrishtadyumna, was a mighty bowman possessed of great beauty and a crusher of large bands of foes.³⁶ At sight of Dhrishtadyumna unto whose car were yoked steeds white as pigeons and whose standard was made of a lofty *Kovidāra*, thy troops fled away in fear.³⁷ The celebrated sons of Mādri, with Sātyaki among them, engaged in the pursuit of the Gāndhāra king who was quick in the use of weapons, speedily appeared to our view.³⁸ Chekitāna and Cikhandin and the (five) sons of Draupadi, O sire, having slain a large number of thy troops, blew their conchs.³⁹ Beholding all thy troops flying away with their faces from the field, those (Pāṇḍava) heroes pursued and smote them like bulls pursuing vanquished bulls.⁴⁰ Then the mighty Savyasāchin the son of Pāṇḍu, beholding a remnant of thy army still keeping their ground, became filled with rage, O king!⁴¹ Suddenly, O monarch, he shrouded that remnant of thy forces with arrows. The dust, however, that was then raised, enveloped the scene, in consequence of which we could not see anything.⁴² Darkness also spread over the scene and the field of battle was covered with arrows. Thy troops, O monarch, then fled away in fear on all sides.⁴³ When his army was thus broken, the Kuru king, O monarch, rushed against both friends and foes.⁴⁴ Then Duryodhana challenged all the Pāṇḍavas to battle, O chief of Bharata's race, like the *Asura* Vali in days of yore challenging all the celestials.⁴⁵ The Pāṇḍavas then, uniting together and filled with rage, upbraiding him repeatedly and shooting diverse weapons, rushed against the roaring Duryodhana.⁴⁶ The latter, however, fearlessly smote his foes with shafts, The prowess

that we then saw of thy son was exceedingly wonderful," since all the Pāndavas together were unable to transgress him. At this time Duryodhana beheld, staying at a little distance from him, his troops, exceedingly mangled with shafts, and prepared to fly away. Rallying them then, O monarch, thy son, resolved on battle and desirous of gladdening them, addressed those warriors, saying,⁴⁸⁻⁴⁹—I do not see that spot on plain or mountain whither, if ye fly, the Pāndavas will not slay ye ! What use then in flight ?⁵⁰ The Pāndava army hath now been reduced to a small remnant. The two Krishnas have been exceedingly mangled. If all of us make a stand here, we are certain to have victory.⁵¹ If, however, ye fly away, breaking your array, the Pāndavas, pursuing your sinful selves, will slay ye all ! Death in battle, therefore, is for our good !⁵² Death in the field of battle while engaged in fight according to Kshatriya practices, is pleasant. Such death produces no kind of grief. By encountering such a death, a person enjoys eternal happiness in the other world.⁵³ Let all the Kshatriyas assembled here listen to me ! It were better that they should even submit to the power of the angry Bhimasena than that they should abandon the duties practiced by them from the days of their ancestors !⁵⁴ There is no act more sinful for a Kshatriya than flight from battle ! Ye Kauravas, there is not a better path to heaven than the duty of battle !⁵⁵ The warrior acquires in a day regions of bliss (in the other world) that take many long years for others to acquire !—Fulfilling those words of the king, the great Kshatriya car-warriors⁵⁶ once more rushed against the Pāndavas, unable to endure their defeat and firmly resolved to put forth their prowess.⁵⁷ Then commenced a battle once more, that was exceedingly fierce, between thy troops and the enemy, and that resembled the one between the gods and the *Asuras*.⁵⁸ Thy son Duryodhana then, O monarch with all his troops, rushed against the Pāndavas headed by Yudhishtira.'"⁵⁹

SECTION IV.

"Sanjaya said,—'Beholding the fallen boxes of cars* as also the cars of high-souled warriors, and the elephants and foot-soldiers, O sire, slain in battle,'—seeing the field of battle assume an aspect as awful as that of the sporting ground of Rudra,—observing the inglorious end obtained by hundreds and thousands of kings,²—witnessing also the prowess of Pārtha after the retreat of thy son with grief-stricken heart and when thy troops, filled with anxiety³ and fallen into great distress, O Bhārata, were deliberating as to what they should next do, hearing also the loud wails of the Kaurava warriors that were being crushed,⁴ and marking the displaced and disordered tokens of great kings, the Kuru leader Kripa of great energy, possessed of years and good conduct and filled with compassion,⁵ and endued with eloquence, approached king Duryodhana, and angrily said these words unto him :—'O Duryodhana, listen, O Bhārata, to these words that I will say unto thee! Having heard them, O monarch, do thou act according to them, O sinless one, if it please thee!' There is no path, O monarch, that is better than the duty of battle! Having recourse to that path, Kshatriyas, O bull of the Kshatriya order, engage in battle!⁶ He who lives in the observance of Kshatriya practices fights with son, sire, brother, sister's son, and maternal uncle, and relatives, and kinsmen.⁷ If he is slaughtered in battle, there is great merit in it. Similarly, there is great sin if he flies from the field. It is for this that the life of a person desirous of living by the adoption of Kshatriya duties is exceedingly terrible.¹⁰ Unto thee, as regards this, I will say a few beneficial words. After the fall of Bhishma and Drona and the mighty car-warrior Karna,¹¹ after the slaughter of Jayadratha and thy brothers, O sinless one, and thy son Lakshmana, what is there now for us to do?¹² They, upon whom resting all burdens we had been enjoying sovereignty, have all gone to regions of blessedness attainable by persons conversant with

* *Nida*, a niche or box for the driver.—T.

Brahma, casting off their bodies !¹³ As regards ourselves, deprived of those great car-warriors possessed of numerous accomplishments, we shall have to pass our time in grief, having caused numerous kings to perish !¹⁴ When all those heroes were alive, even then Vibhatsu could not be vanquished. Having Krishna, for his eyes, that mighty-armed hero is incapable of being defeated by the very gods !¹⁵ The vast (Kaurava) host, approaching his Ape-bearing standard that is lofty as an Indra's pole (set up in the season of spring) and that is effulgent as Indra's bow, hath always trembled in fear.¹⁶ At the leonine roars of Bhimasena and the blare of *Pāñchajanya*, and the twang of *Gāndiva*, our hearts will die away within us.¹⁷ Moving like flashes of lightning, and blinding our eyes, Arjuna's *Gāndiva* is seen to resemble a circle of fire.¹⁸ Decked with pure gold, that formidable bow, as it is shaken, looks like lightning's flash moving about on every side.¹⁹ Steeds white in hue and possessed of great speed and endued with the splendour of the Moon or the *Kāça* grass, and that run devouring the skies, are yoked unto his car.²⁰ Urged on by Krishna, like masses of clouds driven by the wind, and their limbs decked with gold, they bear Arjuna to battle.²¹ That foremost of all persons conversant with arms, viz., Arjuna, burnt that great force of thine like a swelling conflagration consuming dry grass in the forest in the season of winter.²² Possessed of the splendour of Indra himself, while penetrating into our ranks, we have seen Dhananjaya to look like an elephant with four tusks.²³ While agitating thy army and inspiring the kings with fear, we have seen Dhananjaya to resemble an elephant agitating a lake overgrown with lotuses.²⁴ While terrifying all the warriors with the twang of his bow, we have again seen the son of Pāṇḍu to resemble a lion inspiring smaller animals with dread.²⁵ Those two foremost of bowmen in all the worlds, those two bulls among all persons armed with the bow, viz., the two Krishnas, clad in mail, are looking exceedingly beautiful.²⁶ Today is the seventeenth day of this awful battle, O Bhārata, of those that are being slaughtered in the midst of this fight !²⁷ The diverse divisions of thy army are broken and dispersed like autumnal clouds dispersed by the

wind."³² Savyasāchin, O monarch, caused thy army to tremble and reel like a tempest-tossed boat exposed on the bosom of the ocean."³³ Where was the Suta's son, where was Drona with all his followers, where was I, where wert thou, where was Hridikā's son, where thy brother Dusçāsana accompanied by his brothers, (when Jayadratha was slain)?³⁴ Upon beholding Jayadratha and finding him within the range of his arrows, Arjuna, putting forth his prowess upon all thy kinsmen and brothers and allies and maternal uncles, and placing his feet upon their heads, slew king Jayadratha in the very sight of all! What then is there for us to do now?³⁵⁻³⁶ Who is there among thy troops now that would vanquish the son of Pāndu?³⁷ That high-souled warrior possesses diverse kinds of celestial weapons. The twang, again, of *Gāndiva* robbeth us of our energies!³⁸ This army of thine that is now without a leader is like a night without the Moon, or like a river that is dried up with all the trees on its banks broken by elephants."³⁹ The mighty-armed Arjuna of white steeds will, at his pleasure, career amid this thy masterless host, like a blazing conflagration amid a heap of grass!⁴⁰ The impetuosity of those two, viz., Sātyaki and Bhimasena, would split all the mountains or dry up all the oceans!⁴¹ The words that Bhima spoke in the midst of the assembly have all been nearly accomplished by him, O monarch! That which remains unaccomplished will again be accomplished by him!⁴² While Karna was battling before it, the army of the Pāndavas, difficult to be defeated, was vigorously protected by the wielder of *Gāndiva*.⁴³ Ye have done many foul wrongs, without any cause, unto the righteous Pāndavas! The fruits of those acts have now come!⁴⁴ For the sake of thy own objects thou hadst, with great care, mustered together a large force! That vast force as also thyself, O bull of Bharata's race, have fallen into great danger!⁴⁵ Preserve thy own self now, for self is the refuge of everything! If the refuge is broken, O sire, everything inhering thereto is scattered on every side.⁴⁶ He that is being weakened should seek peace by conciliation. He that is growing should make war. This is the policy taught by Vrihaspati.⁴⁷ We are now inferior to the sons of Pāndu as regards the strength of our army. There-

fore, O lord, I think peace with the Pāṇdavas is for our good!⁴⁴ He that does not know what is for his good or (knowing) disregards what is for his good, is soon divested of his kingdom and never obtains any good.⁴⁵ If by bowing unto king Yudhishtira sovereignty may still remain to us, even that would be for our good, and not, O king, to sustain through folly defeat (at the hands of the Pāṇdavas)!⁴⁶ Yudhishtira is compassionate. At the request of Vichitraviryya's son and of Govinda, he will allow you to continue king.⁴⁷ Whatever Hrishikeṣa will say unto the victorious king Yudhishtira and Arjuna and Bhimasena, all of them will, without doubt, obey.⁴⁸ Krishna will not, I think, be able to transgress the words of Dhritarāshtra of Kuru's race, nor will the son of Pāṇdu be able to transgress those of Krishna.⁴⁹ A cessation of hostilities with the sons of Prithā is what I consider to be for thy good. I do not say this unto thee from any mean motives nor for protecting my life. I say, O king, that which I regard to be beneficial. Thou wilt recollect these words when thou wilt be on the point of death (if thou neglectest them now)!⁵⁰—Advanced in years, Kripa the son of Caradwat said these words weepingly. Breathing long and hot breaths, he then gave way to sorrow and almost lost his senses.’⁵¹

SECTION V.

“Sanjaya said,—‘Thus addressed by the celebrated son of Gotama, the king (Duryodhana), breathing long and hot breaths, remained silent, O monarch!’¹ Having reflected for a little while, the high-souled son of Dhritarāshtra, that scorcher of foes, then said these words unto Caradwat's son Kripa :²—Whatever a friend should say, thou hast said unto me! Thou hast also, whilst battling, done everything for me, without caring for thy very life!³ The world has seen thee penetrate into the midst of the Pāṇdava divisions and fight with the mighty car-warriors of the Pāṇdavas endued with great energy.⁴ That which should be said by a friend has been said by thee. Thy words, however, do not please me like medicine that pleases the person that is on the point of death.⁵ These bene-

ficial and excellent words, fraught with reason, that thou, O mighty-armed one, hast said, do not seem acceptable to me, O foremost of Brāhmanas!¹ Deprived by us of his kingdom (on a former occasion), why will the son of Pāndu repose his trust on us ! That mighty king was once defeated by us at dice. Why will we again believe my words ?² So also, Krishna, ever engaged in the good of the Pārthas, when he came to us as an envoy, was deceived by us. That act of ours was exceedingly ill-judged. Why then, O regenerate one, will Hrishikeça trust my words ?³ The princess Krishnā, while standing in the midst of the assembly, wept piteously. Krishna will never forget that act of ours, nor that act, viz., the deprivation of Yudhishtira by us of his kingdom !⁴ Formerly it was heard by us that the two Krishnas have the same heart between them and are firmly united with each other ! Today, O lord, we have seen it with our eyes !⁵ Having heard of the slaughter of his sister's son, Keçava passeth his nights in sorrow. We have offended him highly. Why will he forgive us then ?⁶ Arjuna also, in consequence of Arhimanyu's death, hath become very miserable. Even if solicited, why will he strive for my good ?⁷ The second son of Pāndu, the mighty Bhimasena, is exceedingly fierce. He has made a terrible vow. He will break but not bend.⁸ The heroic twins, breathing animosity against us, when clad in mail and armed with their swords, resemble a pair of Yamas.⁹ Dhrishtadyumna and Cikhandin have drawn their swords against me. Why will those two, O best of Brāhmanas, strive for my good ?¹⁰ While clad in a single raiment and in her season, the princess Krishnā was treated cruelly by Duççāsana in the midst of the assembly and before the eyes of all.¹¹ Those scorchers of foes, viz., Pāndavas, who still remember the naked Draupadi plunged into distress, can never be dissuaded from battle.¹² Then again, Krishnā the daughter of Drupada, is, in sorrow, undergoing the austerest of penances for my destruction and the success of the objects cherished by her husbands, and sleepeth every day on the bare ground, intending to do so till the end of the

* A triplet in the Bengal texts.—T.

hostilities is attained.¹⁸ Abandoning honor and pride, the uterine sister of Vāsudeva (Subhadrā) is always serving Draupadi as a veritable waiting-woman.¹⁹ Everything, therefore, hath flamed up. That fire can never be quenched. Peace with them hath become impossible in consequence of the slaughter of Abhimanyu.²⁰ Having also enjoyed the sovereignty of this Earth bounded by the ocean, how shall I be able to enjoy, under favor of the Pāndavas, a kingdom in peace?²¹ Having shone like the Sun upon the heads of all the kings, how shall I walk behind Yudhishtira like a slave?²² Having enjoyed all enjoyable articles and shown great compassion, how shall I lead a miserable life now with miserable men as my companions?²³ I do not hate those mild and beneficial words that thou hast spoken. I, however, do not think that this is the time for peace.²⁴ To fight righteously is, O scorcher of foes, what I regard to be good policy. This is not the time for acting like a eunuch. On the other hand, this is the time for battle.²⁵ I have performed many sacrifices. I have given away *Dakshinas* to Brāhmanas. I have obtained the attainment of all my wishes. I have listened to *Vedic* recitations. I have walked upon the heads of my foes.²⁶ My servants have all been well cherished by me. I have relieved people in distress. I dare not, O foremost of regenerate ones, address such humble words to the Pāndavas.²⁷ I have conquered foreign kingdoms. I have properly governed my own kingdom. I have enjoyed diverse kinds of enjoyable articles. Religion and profit and pleasure I have pursued. I have paid off my debt to the *Pitris* and to Kshatriya duty.²⁸ Certainly, there is no happiness here! What becomes of kingdom, and what of good name? Fame is all that one should acquire here. That fame can be obtained by battle, and by no other means.²⁹ The death that a Kshatriya meets with at home is censurable. Death on one's bed at home is highly sinful.³⁰ The man who casts away his body in the woods or in battle after having performed sacrifices, obtains great glory.³¹ He is no man who dies miserably weeping in pain, afflicted by disease and decay, in the midst of crying kinsmen.³² Abandoning diverse objects of enjoyment, I shall now, by righteous battle, proceed to the regions of

Cakra, obtaining the companionship of those that have attained to the highest end.³³ Without doubt, the habitation of heroes of righteous behaviour, who never retreat from battle, who are gifted with intelligence and devoted to truth, who are performers of sacrifices, and who have been sanctified in the sacrifice of weapons, is in heaven.³⁴ The diverse tribes of *Apsaras*, without doubt, joyfully gaze at such heroes when engaged in battle. Without doubt, the *Pitris* behold them worshipped in the assembly of the gods and rejoicing in heaven, in the company of *Apsaras*.³⁵ We will now ascend the path that is trod by the celestials and by heroes unreturning from battle,³⁶ that path, viz., which has been taken by our venerable grandsire, by the preceptor endued with great intelligence, by Jayadratha, by Karna, and by Duṣṣāsana!³⁷ Many brave kings, who had exerted themselves vigorously for my sake in this battle, have been slain. Mangled with arrows and their limbs bathed in blood, they lie now on the bare Earth.³⁸ Possessed of great courage and conversant with excellent weapons, those kings, who had, again, performed sacrifices as ordained in the scriptures, having cast off their life-breaths in the discharge of their duties, have now become the denizens of Indra's abode.³⁹ They have paved the way (to that blessed region). That road will once more become difficult in consequence of the crowds of heroes that will hurry along it for reaching that blessed goal.⁴⁰ Remembering with gratitude the feats of those heroes that have died for me, I desire to pay off the debt I owe them, instead of fixing my heart upon kingdom.⁴¹ If, having caused my friends and brothers and grandsires to be slain, I save my own life, the world will, without doubt, censure me.⁴² What kind of sovereignty will that be which I will enjoy, destitute of kinsmen

* Some texts read *durgamo hi sukhām bhavet* for *durgamo hi punar-bhavet*. If the former reading be accepted, the meaning will be, 'once difficult, that road will become easy in consequence of the crowds of heroes that will hurry along it for reaching that blessed goal.' Duryodhana, in that case, would be held to be alluding to the many Kshatriyas that would yet die for obtaining regions of bliss in the other world, if the battle, instead of ceasing, were allowed to go on.—T.

and friends and well-wishers, and bowing down unto the son of Pāndu ?⁴³ I, who have lorded it over the universe in that way, will now acquire heaven by fair fight. It will not be otherwise !⁴⁴—Thus addressed by Duryodhana, all the Kshatriyas there applauded that speech and cheered the king, saying,—Excellent, Excellent !⁴⁵—Without at all grieving for their defeat, and firmly resolved upon displaying their prowess, all of them, having determined to fight, became filled with enthusiasm.⁴⁶ Having groomed their animals then, the Kau-ravas, delighting at the prospect of battle, took up their quarters (for the night) at a spot little less than two *Yojanas* distant from the field.⁴⁷ Having obtained the Saraswati of red waters on the sacred and beautiful table-land at the foot of Himavat, they bathed in that water and quenched their thirst with it. Their spirits raised by thy son, they continued to wait (on their resting ground).⁴⁸ Once more rallying their own selves as well as one another, all those Kshatriyas, O king, urged by fate, waited (in their encampment).’⁴⁹

SECTION VI.

“Sanjaya said,—‘On that table-land at the foot of Himavat, those warriors, O monarch, delighting at the prospect of battle and assembled together, passed the night.¹ Indeed, Calya and Chitrasena and the mighty car-warrior Cakuni and Açwat-thāman and Kripa and Kritavarman of the Sātawata race,² and Sushena and Arishtasena and Dhritasena of great energy and Jayatsena and all these kings passed the night there.³ After the heroic Karna had been slain in battle, thy sons, inspired with fright by the Pāndavas desirous of victory, failed to obtain peace anywhere else than on the mountains of Himavat.⁴ All of them then, O king, who were resolved on battle, duly worshipped the king and said unto him, in the presence of Calya, these words !⁵—It behoveth thee to fight with the enemy, after having made some one the generalissimo of thy army, protected by whom in battle we will vanquish our foes !⁶—Then Duryodhana, without alighting from his car, [proceeded towards]* that foremost of car-warriors, that hero

* These words occur lower down in verse 17.—T.

conversant with all the rules of battle,* (viz., Aṣwatthāman,) who resembled the Destroyer himself in battle.⁷ Possessed of beautiful limbs, of head well-covered, of a neck adorned with three lines like those in a conch-shell, of sweet speech, of eyes resembling the petals of a full-blown lotus, and of a face like that of the tiger, of the dignity of Meru,⁸ resembling the bull of Mahādeva as regards neck, eyes, tread, and voice, endued with arms that were large, massive, and well-joined, having a chest that was broad and well-formed,⁹ equal unto Garuda on the wind in speed and might, gifted with a splendour like that of the rays of the Sun, rivalling Uçanas himself in intelligence¹⁰ and the Moon† in beauty and form and charms of face, with a body that seemed to be made of a number of golden lotuses, with well-made joints,¹¹ of well-formed thighs and waist and hips, of beautiful feet, beautiful fingers, and beautiful nails, he seemed to have been made by the Creator with great care after recollecting one after another all the beautiful and good attributes of creation.¹² Possessed of every auspicious mark, and clever in every act, he was an ocean of learning. Ever vanquishing his foes with great speed, he was incapable of being forcibly vanquished by foes.¹³ He knew, in all its details, the science of weapons consisting of four *padas* and ten *Angas*.† He knew also the four *Vedas* with all their branches, and the *Ākhyānas* as the fifth.¹⁴ Possessed of great ascetic merit, Drona, himself not born of woman, having worshipped the Three-eyed deity with great attention and austere vows, begat him upon a wife not born of woman.¹⁵ Approaching that personage of unrivalled feats, that one who is unrivalled in beauty on Earth, that one who has mastered all branches of learning, that ocean of accomplishments, the faultless Aṣwatthāman, thy son told him these words:—Thou, O preceptor's son, art today our highest re-

* The correct reading, I apprehend, is *Sarva yuddhavidhānoajnam* as in some of the Bengal texts, and not *Sarvayuddhavibhāvoajnam*, as in the Bombay edition, although Nilakantha notices the latter in his gloss.

† A *pada* is a great division of a subject, an *anga* being a smaller division, or subdivision.—T.

fuge ! Tell us, therefore, who is to be the generalissimo of my forces now, placing whom at our head, all of us, united together, may vanquish the Pāṇḍavas ?—¹⁶⁻¹⁸

“ [Thus addressed,] the son of Drona answered,—Let Calya become the leader of our army ! In descent, in prowess, in energy, in fame, in beauty of person, and in every other accomplishment, he is superior !” Mindful of the services rendered to him, he has taken up our side, having abandoned the sons of his own sister ! Owing a large force of his own, that mighty-armed one is like a second (Kārtikeya, the) celestial generalissimo !²⁰ Making that king the commander of our forces, O best of monarchs, we will be able to gain victory, like the gods, after making the unvanquished Skanda their commander !²¹—After Drona’s son had said these words, all the kings stood, surrounding Calya, and cried victory to him. Having made up their minds for battle, they felt great joy.²² Then Duryodhana, alighting from his car, joined his hands and addressing Calya, that rival of Drona and Bhishma in battle, who was on his car, said these words :²³—O thou that art devoted to friends, that time has now come for thy friends when intelligent men examine persons in the guise of friends as to whether they are true friends or otherwise !²⁴ Brave as thou art, be thou our generalissimo at the van of our army. When thou wilt proceed to battle, the Pāṇḍavas, with their friends, will become cheerless, and the Pāṇchālas will be depressed !²⁵—

“ Calya answered,—I will, O king of the Kurus, accomplish that which thou askest me to accomplish ! Everything I have, viz., my life-breaths, my kingdom, my wealth, is at thy service !²⁶—

“ Duryodhana said,—I solicit thee with offer of the leadership of my army, O maternal uncle ! O foremost of warriors, protect us incomparably, even as Skanda protected the gods in battle !²⁷ O foremost of kings, thyself cause thy own self to be installed in the command as Pāvaka’s son Kārtikeya in the command of (the forces of) the celestials : O hero, slay our foes in battle like Indra slaying the *Dānavas* !”²⁸—

SECTION VII.

"Sanjaya said,—Hearing these words of the (Kuru) king, the valiant monarch (Calya), O king, said these words unto Duryodhana in reply :¹—O mighty-armed Duryodhana, listen to me, O foremost of eloquent men ! Thou regardest the two Krishnas, when on their car, to be the foremost of car-warriors ! They are not, however, together equal to me in might of arms !² What need I say of the Pāndavas ? When angry, I can fight, at the van of battle, with the whole world consisting of gods, *Asuras*, and men, risen up in arms !³ I will vanquish the assembled Pārthas and the Somakas in battle ! Without doubt, I will become the leader of thy troops !⁴ I will form such an array that our enemies will not be able to overmaster it ! I say this to thee, O Duryodhana ! There is no doubt in this !⁵—Thus addressed (by Calya), king Duryodhana cheerfully poured sanctified water, without losing any time, O best of the Bharatas, on the ruler of the Madras, in the midst of his troops, according to the rites ordained in the scriptures, O monarch.*⁶ After Calya had been invested with the command, loud leonine roars arose among thy troops and diverse musical instruments also, O Bhārata, were beat and blown.⁷† The Kaurava warriors became very cheerful, as also the mighty car-warriors among the Madrakas. And all of them praised the royal Calya, that ornament of battle, saying,⁸—Victory to thee, O king ! Long life to thee ! Slay all the assembled foes ! Having obtained the might of thy arms, let the Dhārtarāshtras endued with great strength, rule the wide Earth without a foe !‡⁹ Thou art capable of vanquishing in battle the three worlds consisting of the gods, the *Asuras*,

* *I. e.*, formally invested him with the command of the army. The ceremony consisted in pouring sanctified water on the head of the person chosen.—T.

† The Bombay edition reads, wrongly, I think, *Klishtarupas* for *Hrishtarupas*.—T.

‡ Literally, 'with all their foes slain !'—T.

then need be said of the Somakas and the Srinjayas that are mortal?¹⁰—Thus praised, the mighty king of the Madrakas obtained great joy that is unattainable by persons of unrefined souls.¹¹

“Calya said,—Today, O king, I will either slay all the Pāṇchālas with the Pāṇḍavas in battle, or, slain by them, proceed to heaven!¹² Let the world behold me today careering (on the field of battle) fearlessly! Today let all the sons of Pāṇḍu, and Vāsudeva, and Sātyaki,¹³ and the sons of Draupadi, and Dhṛiṣṭadyumna, and Cikhandin, and all the Prabhadrakas,¹⁴ behold my prowess and the great might of my bow, and my quickness, and the energy of my weapons, and the strength of my arms, in battle!¹⁵ Let the Pārthas, and all the *Siddhas*, with the *Chāranas*, behold today the strength that is in my arms and the wealth of weapons I possess!¹⁶ Beholding my prowess today, let the mighty car-warriors of the Pāṇḍavas, desirous of counteracting it, adopt diverse courses of action!¹⁷ Today I will rout the troops of the Pāṇḍavas on all sides! Surpassing Drona and Bhima and the Suta's son, O lord, in battle. I will career on the field, O Kaurava, for doing what is agreeable to thee!¹⁸—”

“Sanjaya continued,—‘After Calya had been invested with the command, O giver of honors, no one among thy troops, O bull of Bharata's race, any longer felt any grief on account of Karna.¹⁹ Indeed, the troops became cheerful and glad. They regarded the Pārthas as already slain and brought under the power of the ruler of the Madras.²⁰ Having obtained great joy, thy troops, O bull of Bharata's race, slept that night happily and became very cheerful.²¹ Hearing those shouts of thy army, king Yudhishtira, addressing him of Vrishni's race, said these words, in the hearing of all the Kshatriyas:²²—The ruler of the Madras, viz., Calya, that great bowman who is highly regarded by all the warriors, hath, O Mādhava, been made the leader of his forces by Dhṛitarāshtra's son!²³ Knowing this that has happened, do, O Mādhava, that which is beneficial! Thou art our leader and protector! Do that which should next be done!²⁴—Then Vāsudeva, O monarch, said unto that king :—I know Ārtāyani, O Bhārata,

truly!¹⁵ Endued with prowess and great energy, he is highly illustrious! He is accomplished, conversant with all the modes of warfare, and possessed of great lightness of hand!¹⁶ I think that the ruler of the Madras is in battle equal to Bhishma or Drona or Karna, or, perhaps, superior to them.¹⁷ I do not, O ruler of men, even upon reflection, find the warrior who may be a match for Calya while engaged in fight!¹⁸ In battle, he is superior in might to Cikhandin and Arjuna and Bhima and Sātyaki and Dhrishtadyumna, O Bhārata!¹⁹ The king of the Madras, O monarch, endued with the prowess of a lion or an elephant, will career fearlessly in battle, like the Destroyer himself in wrath amongst creatures at the time of the universal destruction.²⁰ I do not behold a match for him in battle save thee, O tiger among men, that art possessed of prowess equal to that of a tiger!²¹ Save thee there is no other person in either heaven or the whole of this world, who, O son of Kuru's race, would be able to slay the ruler of the Madras while excited with wrath in battle!²² Day after day engaged in fight, he agitates thy troops. For this, slay Calya in battle, like Maghavat slaying Camvara.²³ Treated with honor by Dhritarāshtra's son, that hero is invincible in battle! Upon the fall of the ruler of the Madras in battle, thou art certain to have victory! Upon his slaughter, the vast Dhārtarāshtra host will be slain!²⁴ Hearing, O monarch, these words of mine now, proceed, O Pārtha, against that mighty car-warrior, viz., the ruler of the Madras!²⁵ Slay that warrior, O thou of mighty arms, like Vāsava slaying the *Asura* Namuchi! There is no need of showing any compassion here, thinking that this one is thy maternal uncle! Keeping the duties of a Kshatriya before thee, slay the ruler of the Madras!²⁶ Having crossed the fathomless oceans represented by Bhishma and Drona and Karna, do not sink, with thy followers, in the print of a cow's hoof represented by Calya!²⁷ Display in battle the whole of thy ascetic power and thy Kshatriya energy! Slay that car-warrior!²⁸—Having said these words, Keçava, that slayer of hostile heroes, proceeded to his tent in the evening, worshipped by the Pāndavas.²⁹ After Keçava had gone, king Yudhishthira the just, dismissing all his brothers and the Somakas,

happily slept that night, like an elephant from whose body the darts have been plucked out.⁴⁰ All those great bowmen, viz., the Pāṇchālas and the Pāṇdavas, delighted in consequence of the fall of Karna, slept that night happily.⁴¹ Its fever dispelled, the army of the Pāṇdavas, abounding with great bowmen and mighty car-warriors, having reached the shore as it were, became very happy that night, in consequence of the victory, O sire, it had won by the slaughter of Karna ! ”⁴²

SECTION VIII.

“Sanjaya said,—‘After that night had passed away, king Duryodhana then, addressing all thy soldiers, said,—Arm, ye mighty car-warriors !’—Hearing the command of the king, the warriors began to put on their armour. Some began to yoke their steeds to their cars quickly, others ran hither and thither.* The elephants began to be equipt. The foot-soldiers began to arm. Others, numbering thousands, began to spread carpets on the terraces of cars.* The noise of musical instruments, O monarch, arose there, for enhancing the martial enthusiasm of the soldiers.* Then all the troops, placed in their proper posts, were seen, O Bhārata, to stand, clad in mail and resolved to make death their goal.* Having made the ruler of the Madras their leader, the great car-warriors of the Kauravas, distributing their troops, stood in divisions.* Then all thy warriors, with Kripa and Kritavarman and Drona’s son and Calya and Suvala’s son and the other kings that were yet alive, met thy son, and arrived at this understanding, viz., that none of them would individually and alone fight with the Pāṇdavas.* And they said,—He amongst us that will fight alone and unsupported with the Pāṇdavas, or he that will abandon a comrade engaged in fight, will be stained with the five grave sins and all the minor sins!—And they said,—All of us, united together, will fight with the foe !’—Those great car-warriors, having made such an understanding with one another, placed the ruler of the Madras at their head and quickly proceeded against their foes.¹⁰ Similarly, all the Pāṇdavas, having arrayed their troops in great battle, proceeded against the Kauravas,

O king, for fighting with them on every side.¹¹ Soon, O chief of the Bharatas, that host, whose noise resembled that of the agitated ocean, and which seemed to be wonderful in consequence of its cars and elephants, presented the aspect of the vasty deep swelling with its surges!¹²

“Dhritarāshtra said,—‘I have heard of the fall of Drona, of Bhishma, and of the son of Rādhā! Tell me now of the fall of Calya and of my son!’¹³ How, indeed, O Sanjaya, was Calya slain by king Yudhishtira the just? And how was my son Duryodhana slain by Bhimasena of great might?’¹⁴

“Sanjaya said,—‘Hear, O king, with patience, of the destruction of human bodies and the loss of elephants and steeds, as I describe (to thee) the battle!’¹⁵ The hope became strong, O king, in the breasts of thy sons that, after Drona and Bhishma and the Suta’s son had been overthrown, Calya, O sire, would slay all the Pārthas in battle!’¹⁶ Cherishing that hope in his heart, and drawing comfort from it, O Bhārata, thy son Duryodhana, relying in battle upon that mighty car-warrior, viz., the ruler of the Madras, regarded himself as possessed of a protector.^{17*} When after Karna’s fall the Pārthas had uttered leonine roars, a great fear, O king, had possessed the hearts of the Dhārtarāshtras.¹⁸ Assuring him duly, the valiant king of the Madras, having formed, O monarch, a grand array whose arrangements were auspicious in every respect,¹⁹ proceeded against the Pārthas in battle. And the valiant king of the Madras proceeded, shaking his beautiful and exceedingly strong bow capable of imparting a great velocity to the shafts sped from it.²⁰ And that mighty car-warrior was mounted upon a foremost of vehicles having horses of the Sindhu breed yoked unto it. Riding upon his car, his driver made the vehicle look resplendent.²¹ Protected by that car, that hero, that brave crusher of foes, (viz., Calya), stood, O monarch, dispelling the fears of thy sons.²² In the advance (to battle), the king of the Madras, clad in mail, proceeded at the head of the array, accompanied by the brave Madrakas and the invincible sons of Karna.²³ On the left was Kritavarman, surrounded by the

* Both 16 and 17 are triplets.—T.

Trigartas. On the right was Gautama (Kripa) with the Cakas and the Yavanas.²⁴ In the rear was Açwatthāman surrounded by the Kāmvojas. In the centre was Duryodhana, protected by the foremost of Kuru warriors.²⁵ Surrounded by a large force of cavalry and other troops, Suvala's son, Cakuni, as also the mighty car-warrior Uluka, proceeded with the others.²⁶ The mighty bowmen amongst the Pāndavas, those chastisers of foes, dividing themselves, O monarch, into three bodies, rushed against thy troops.²⁷ Dhrishtadyumna and Cikhandin and the mighty car-warrior Sātyaki proceeded with great speed against the army of Calya.²⁸ Then king Yudhishtira, accompanied by his troops, rushed against Calya alone, from desire of slaughtering him, O bull of Bharata's race!²⁹ Arjuna, that slayer of large bands of foes, rushed with great speed against that great Bowman, viz., Kritavarman, and the *Samsaptakas*.³⁰ Bhimasena and the great car-warriors among the Somakas rushed, O monarch, against Kripa, desirous of slaughtering their foes in battle.³¹ The two sons of Mādri, accompanied by their troops, proceeded against Cakuni and the great car-warrior Uluka at the head of their forces.³² Similarly, thousands upon thousands of warriors, of thy army, armed with diverse weapons and filled with rage, proceeded against the Pāndavas in that battle.³³

"Dhritarāshtra said,—'After the fall of the mighty bowmen Bhishma and Drona and the great car-warrior Karna, and after both the Kurus and the Pāndavas had been reduced in numbers, and when, indeed, the Pārthas, possessed of great prowess, became once more angry in battle, what, O Sanjaya, was the strength of each of the armies?'³⁴⁻³⁵

"Sanjaya said,—'Hear, O king, how we and the enemy both stood for battle on that occasion, and what was then the strength of the two armies!³⁶ Eleven thousand cars, O bull of Bharata's race, ten thousand and seven hundred elephants,³⁷ and full two hundred thousand horse, and three millions of foot, composed the strength of thy army!³⁸ Six thousand cars, six thousand elephants, ten thousand horse, and one million of foot, O Bhārata,³⁹ were all that composed the remnant of the Pāndava force in that battle. These, O bull of

Bharata's race, encountered each other for battle.⁴⁰ Having distributed their forces in this way, O monarch, ourselves, excited with wrath and inspired with desire of victory, proceeded against the Pāndavas, having placed ourselves under the command of the ruler of the Madras.⁴¹ Similarly, the brave Pāndavas, those tigers among men, desirous of victory, and the Pāñchālas possessed of great fame, came to battle.⁴² Even thus, O monarch, all those tigers among men, desirous of slaughtering their foes, encountered one another at dawn of day, O lord!⁴³ Then commenced a fierce and terrible battle between thy troops and the enemy, the combatants being all engaged in striking and slaughtering one another.'⁴⁴

SECTION IX.

'Sanjaya said,—'Then commenced the battle between the Kurus and the Srinjayas, O monarch, that was as fierce and awful as the battle between the gods and the *Asuras*.¹ Men, and crowds of cars and elephants, and elephant-warriors and horsemen by thousands, and steeds, all possessed of great prowess, encountered one another.² The loud noise of rushing elephants of fearful forms was then heard there, resembling the roars of the clouds in the welkin, in the season of rains.³ Some car-warriors, struck by elephants, were deprived of their cars. Routed by those infuriate animals, other brave combatants ran on the field.⁴ Well-trained car-warriors, O Bhārata, with their shafts, despatched large bodies of cavalry and the footmen that urged and protected the elephants, to the other world.⁵ Well-trained horsemen, O king, surrounding great car-warriors, careered on the field, striking and slaying the latter with spears and darts and swords.⁶ Some combatants armed with bows, encompassing great car-warriors, despatched them to Yama's abode, the many unitedly battling against individual ones.⁷ Other great car-warriors, encompassing elephants and foremost warriors of their own class, slew some mighty one amongst them that fought on the field, careering all around.⁸ Simi-

* The Bombay reading, which I adopt, is *Nāgān Rathavarān* &c.—T.

larly, O king, elephants, encompassing individual car-warriors excited with wrath and scattering showers of shafts, despatched them to the other world.⁹ Elephant-warrior rushing against elephant-warrior, and car-warrior against car-warrior, in that battle, slew each other with darts and lances and cloth-yard shafts, O Bhārata !¹⁰ Cars and elephants and horse, crushing foot-soldiers in the midst of battle, were seen to make confusion worse confounded.¹¹ Adorned with yak-tails, steeds rushed on all sides, looking like the swans found on the plains at the foot of Himavat. They rushed with such speed that they seemed ready to devour the very Earth.¹² The field, O monarch, indented with the hoofs of those steeds, looked beautiful like a beautiful woman bearing the marks of (her lover's) nails on her person.¹³ With the noise made by the tread of heroes, the wheels of cars, the shouts of foot-soldiers, the grunts of elephants,¹⁴ the peal of drums and other musical instruments, and the blare of conchs, the Earth began to resound as if with deafening peals of thunder.¹⁵ In consequence of twanging bows and flashing sabres and the glaring armour of the combatants, all became so confused there that nothing could be distinctly marked.¹⁶ Innumerable arms, lopped off from human bodies, and looking like the tusks of elephants, jumped up and writhed and moved furiously about.¹⁷ The sound made, O monarch, by heads falling on the field of battle, resembled that made by the falling fruits of palmyra trees.¹⁸ Strewn with those fallen heads that were crimson with blood, the Earth looked resplendent as if adorned with gold-colored lotuses in their season.¹⁹ Indeed, with those lifeless heads with upturned eyes, that were exceedingly mangled (with shafts and other weapons), the field of battle, O king, looked resplendent as if strewn with full-blown lotuses.²⁰ With the fallen arms of the combatants, smeared with sandal and adorned with costly *Keyuras*, the Earth looked bright as if strewn with the gorgeous poles set up in Indra's honor.²¹ The field of battle became covered with the thighs of kings, cut off in that battle and looking like the tapering trunks of elephants.²² Teeming with hundreds of headless trunks and strewn with umbrellas and yak-yails, that vast army looked beautiful like a flowering forest.²³ Then, on the field of

battle, O monarch, warriors careered fearlessly, their limbs bathed in blood and, therefore, looking like flowering *Kinçukus*.⁵⁴ Elephants also, afflicted with arrows and lances, fell down here and there like broken clouds dropped from the skies.⁵⁵ Elephant-divisions, O monarch, slaughtered by highsouled warriors, dispersed in all directions like wind-tossed clouds.⁵⁶ Those elephants, looking like clouds, fell down on the Earth, like mountains riven with thunder, O lord, on the occasion of the dissolution of the world at the end of the *Yuga*.⁵⁷ Heaps upon heaps, looking like mountains, were seen, lying on the ground, of fallen steeds with their riders.⁵⁸ A river appeared on the field of battle, flowing towards the other world. Blood formed its waters, and cars its eddies. Standards formed its trees, and bones its pebbles.⁵⁹ The arms (of combatants) were its alligators, bows its current, elephants its large rocks, and steeds its smaller ones. Fat and marrow formed its mire, umbrellas its swans, and maces its rafts.⁶⁰ Abounding with armour and head-gears, banners constituted its beautiful trees. Teeming with wheels that formed its swarms of *Chakravākas*, it was covered with *Trivenus* and *Dandas*.⁶¹ Inspiring the brave with delight and enhancing the fears of the timid, that fierce river set in, whose shores abounded with Kurus and Srinjayas.⁶² Those brave warriors, with arms resembling spiked bludgeons, by the aid of their vehicles and animals serving the purposes of rafts and boats, crossed that awful river which ran towards the region of the dead.⁶³ During the progress of that battle, O monarch, in which no consideration was showed by any body for any one, and which, fraught with awful destruction of the four kinds of forces, therefore, resembled the battle between the gods and the *Asuras* in days of old,⁶⁴ some among the combatants, O scorcher of foes, loudly called upon their kinsmen and friends. Some, called upon by crying kinsmen, returned, afflicted with fear.⁶⁵ During the progress of that fierce and awful battle, Arjuna and Bhimasena stupified their foes.⁶⁶ That vast host of thine, O ruler of men, thus slaughtered, swooned away on the field, like a woman under the influence of liquor.⁶⁷ Having stupified that army, Bhimasena and Dhananjaya blew their conchs and uttered

leonine roars.³⁸ As soon as they heard that loud peal, Dhrish-tadyumna and Cikhandin, placing king Yudhishtira at their head, rushed against the ruler of the Madras.³⁹ Exceedingly wonderful and terrible, O monarch, was the manner in which those heroes, unitedly and in separate bodies, then fought with Calya.⁴⁰ The two sons of Mādri, endued with great activity, accomplished in weapons, and invincible in battle, proceeded with great speed against thy host, inspired with desire of victory.⁴¹ Then thy army, O bull of Bharata's race, mangled in diverse ways with shafts by the Pāndavas eager for victory, began to fly away from the field.⁴² That host, thus struck and broken by firm bowmen, O monarch, fled away on all sides in the very sight of thy sons.⁴³ Loud cries of *Oh* and *Alas*, O Bhārata, arose from among thy warriors, while some illustrious Kshatriyas among the routed combatants, desirous of victory, cried out, saying,—*stop, stop!*⁴⁴—For all that, those troops of thine, broken by the Pāndavas, fled away, deserting on the field their dear sons and brothers and maternal uncles and sisters' sons and relatives by marriage and other kinsmen.⁴⁵ Urging their steeds and elephants to greater speed, thousands of warriors fled away, O bull of Bharata's race, bent only upon their own safety!⁴⁶

SECTION X.

“Sanjaya said,—Beholding the army broken, the valiant king of the Madras addressed his driver, saying,—Quickly urge these steeds endued with the fleetness of thought!¹ Yonder stays king Yudhishtira the son of Pāndu, looking resplendent with the umbrella held over his head.² Take me thither with speed, O driver, and witness my might! The Pārthas are unable to stand before me in battle!³—Thus addressed, the driver of the Madra king proceeded to that spot where stood king Yudhishtira the just of true aim.⁴ Calya fell suddenly upon the mighty host of the Pāndavas. Alone, he checked it like the continent checking the surging sea.⁵ Indeed, the large force of the Pāndavas, coming against Calya, O sire, stood

still in that battle, like the rushing sea upon encountering a mountain.⁶ Beholding the ruler of the Madras standing for battle on the field, the Kauravas returned, making death their goal.⁷ After they had returned, O king, and separately taken up their positions in well-formed array, an awful battle set in, in which blood flowed freely like water.

“The invincible Nakula encountered Chitrasena.⁸ These two heroes, both of whom were excellent bowmen, approaching, drenched each other with showers of arrows in that battle, like two pouring clouds risen in the welkin on the south and the north. I could not mark any difference between the son of Pāndu and his antagonist.⁹⁻¹⁰ Both of them were accomplished in weapons, both endued with might, and both conversant with the practices of car-warriors. Each bent upon slaying the other, they carefully looked for each other's *laches*.¹¹ Then Chitrasena, O monarch, with a broad-headed shaft, well-tempered and sharp, cut off Nakula's bow at the handle.¹² Fearlessly then the son of Karna struck the bowless Nakula at the forehead with three shafts equipt with wings of gold and whetted on stone.¹³ With a few other keen arrows he then despatched Nakula's steeds to Yama's abode. Next, he felled both the standard and the driver of his antagonist, each with three arrows.¹⁴ With those three arrows sped from the arms of his foe sticking to his forehead, Nakula, O king, looked beautiful like a mountain with three crests.¹⁵ Deprived of his bow and his car, the brave Nakula, taking up a sword, jumped down from his vehicle like a lion from a mountain summit.¹⁶ As, however, he rushed on foot, his antagonist poured a shower of arrows upon him. Possessed of active prowess, Nakula received that arrowy shower on his shield.¹⁷ Getting at the car then of Chitrasena, the mighty-armed hero, viz., the son of Pāndu, conversant with all modes of warfare and incapable of being tired with exertion, ascended it in the very sight of all the troops.¹⁸ The son of Pāndu then cut off from Chitrasena's trunk his diadem-decked head adorned with ear-rings, and graced with a beautiful nose and a pair of large eyes. At this, Chitrasena, endued with the splendour of the Sun, fell down on the terrace of his car.¹⁹ Beholding Chitrasena slain, all the

great car-warriors there uttered loud cries of praise and many leonine roars.³⁰ Meanwhile the two sons of Karna, viz., Sushena and Satyasena, both of whom were great car-warriors, beholding their brother slain, shot showers of keen shafts.³¹ Those foremost of car-warriors rushed with speed against the son of Pāndu like a couple of tigers, O king, in the deep forest rushing against an elephant from desire of slaying him.³² Both of them poured their keen shafts upon the mighty car-warrior Nakula. Indeed, as they poured those shafts, they resembled two masses of clouds pouring rain in torrents.³³ Though pierced with arrows all over, the valiant and heroic son of Pāndu cheerfully took up another bow after ascending another car, and stood in battle like the Destroyer himself in rage.³⁴ Then those two brothers, O monarch, with their straight shafts, cut off Nakula's car into fragments.³⁵ Then Nakula, laughing, smote the four steeds of Satyasena with four whetted and keen shafts in that encounter.³⁶ Aiming a long shaft equipt with wings of gold, the son of Pāndu then cut off, O monarch, the bow of Satyasena.³⁷ At this the latter, mounting on another car and taking up another bow, as also his brother Sushena, rushed against the son of Pāndu.³⁸ The valiant son of Mādri fearlessly pierced each of them, O monarch, with a couple of shafts at the van of battle.³⁹ Then the mighty car-warrior Sushena, filled with wrath, cut off in that battle, laughing the while, the formidable bow of Pāndu's son with a razor-headed arrow.⁴⁰ Then Nakula, insensate with rage, took up another bow and pierced Sushena with five arrows and struck his standard with one.⁴¹ Without losing a moment, he then cut off the bow and the leathern fence of Satyasena also, O sire, at which all the troops there uttered a loud shout.⁴² Satyasena, taking up another foe-slaying bow that was capable of bearing a great strain, shrouded the son of Pāndu with arrows from every side.⁴³ Baffling those arrows, Nakula, that slayer of hostile heroes, pierced each of his antagonists with a couple of shafts.⁴⁴ Each of the latter separately pierced the son of Pāndu in return with many straight-coursing shafts. Next they pierced Nakula's driver also with many keen shafts.⁴⁵ The valiant Satyasena then, endued with great lightness of hand, cut off without

his brother's help, the shafts of Nakula's car and his bow with a couple of arrows.³⁸ The *Atiratha* Nakula, however, staying on his car, took up a dart equipt with a golden handle and a very keen point, and steeped in oil and exceedingly bright.³⁷ It resembled, O lord, a she-snake of virulent poison, frequently darting out her tongue. Raising that weapon he hurled it at Satyasena in that encounter.³⁸ That dart, O king, pierced the heart of Satyasena in that battle and reduced it into a hundred fragments. Deprived of his senses and life, he fell down upon the Earth from his car.³⁹ Beholding his brother slain, Sushena, insensate with rage, suddenly made Nakula carless in that battle. Without losing a moment, he poured his arrows over the son of Pāndu fighting on foot.⁴⁰ Seeing Nakula carless, the mighty car-warrior Sutasoma, the son of Draupadi, rushed to that spot for rescuing his sire in battle.⁴¹* Mounting then upon the car of Sutasoma, Nakula, that hero of Bharata's race, looked beautiful like a lion upon a mountain. Then taking up another bow, he fought with Sushena.⁴² Those two great car-warriors, approaching each other, and shooting showers of arrows, endeavoured to compass each other's destruction.⁴³ Then Sushena, filled with rage, struck the son of Pāndu with three shafts and Sutasoma with twenty in the arms and the chest.⁴⁴ At this the impetuous Nakula, O monarch, that slayer of hostile heroes, covered all the points of the compass with arrows.⁴⁵ Then taking up a sharp shaft endued with great energy and equipt with a semi-circular head, Nakula sped it with great force at Karna's son in that battle.⁴⁶ With that arrow, O best of kings, the son of Pāndu cut off from Sushena's trunk the latter's head in the very sight of all the troops. That feat seemed exceedingly wonderful.⁴⁷ Thus slain by the illustrious Nakula, Karna's son fell down like a lofty tree on the bank of a river thrown down by the current of the stream.⁴⁸ Beholding the slaughter of Karna's sons and the prowess of Nakula, thy army, O bull of Bharata's race, fled away in fear.⁴⁹ Their commander, however, viz., the brave and valiant ruler of the

* The Bombay edition reads *Maharatham* for *Mahārathas*.—T.

Madras, that chastiser of foes, then protected, O monarch, those troops in that battle.⁵⁰ Rallying his host, O king, Calya stood fearlessly in battle, uttering loud leonine roars and causing his bow to twang fiercely.⁵¹ Then thy troops, O king, protected in battle by that firm bowman, cheerfully proceeded against the foe once more from every side.⁵² Those high-souled warriors, surrounding that great bowman, viz., the ruler of the Madras, stood, O king, desirous of battling on every side.⁵³ Then Sātyaki, and Bhimasena, and those two Pāndavas, viz., the twin sons of Mādri, placing that chastiser of foes and abode of modesty, viz., Yudhishtira, at their head,⁵⁴ and surrounding him on all sides in that battle, uttered leonine roars. And those heroes also caused a loud whizz with the arrows they shot and frequently indulged in diverse kinds of shouts.⁵⁵ Smilingly, all thy warriors, filled with rage, speedily encompassed the ruler of the Madras and stood from desire of battle.⁵⁶ Then commenced a battle, inspiring the timid with fear, between thy soldiers and the enemy, both of whom made death their goal.⁵⁷ That battle between fearless combatants, enhancing the population of Yama's kingdom, resembled, O monarch, that between the gods and the *Asuras* in days of yore.⁵⁸ Then the ape-bannered son of Pāndu, O king, having slaughtered the *Samsaptakas* in battle, rushed against that portion of the Kaurava army.⁵⁹ Smiling, all the Pāndavas, headed by Dhrishtadyumna, rushed against the same division, shooting showers of keen arrows.⁶⁰ Overwhelmed by the Pāndavas, the Kaurava host became stupified. Indeed, those divisions then could not discern the cardinal from the subsidiary points of the compass.⁶¹ Covered with keen arrows sped by the Pāndavas, the Kaurava army, deprived of its foremost warriors, wavered and broke on all sides. Indeed, O Kauravya, that host of thine began to be slaughtered by the mighty car-warriors of the Pāndavas.⁶² Similarly, the Pāndava host, O king, began to be slaughtered in hundreds and thousands in that battle by thy sons on every side with their arrows.⁶³ While the two armies, exceedingly excited, were thus slaughtering each other, they became much agitated like two streams in the season of rains.⁶⁴ During the progress of that dreadful

battle, O monarch, a great fear entered the hearts of thy warriors as also those of the Pāṇdavas.' ”“

SECTION XI.

“ Sanjaya said,—When the troops, slaughtered by one another, were thus agitated, when many of the warriors fled away and the elephants began to utter loud cries,¹ when the foot-soldiers in that dreadful battle began to shout and wail aloud, when the steeds, O king, ran in diverse directions,² when the carnage became awful, when a terrible destruction set in of all embodied creatures, when weapons of various kinds fell or clashed with one another, when cars and elephants began to be mingled together,³—on that occasion when heroes felt great delight and cowards felt their fears enhanced.—when combatants encountered one another from desire of slaughter,⁴—on that awful occasion of the destruction of life,—during the progress of that dreadful sport, that is, of that awful battle that enhanced the population of Yama’s kingdom,⁵—the Pāṇdavas slaughtered thy troops with keen shafts, and, after the same manner, thy troops slew those of the Pāṇdavas.⁶ During the that battle inspiring the timid with terror,—indeed, during the progress of the battle as it was fought on that morning about the hour of sunrise,⁷—the Pāṇdava heroes of good aim, protected by the high-souled Yudhishtira, fought with thy forces, making death itself their goal.⁸ The Kuru army, O thou of the race of Kuru, encountering the proud Pāṇdavas endued with great strength, skilled in smiting, and possessed of sureness of aim, became weakened and agitated like a herd of she-deer frightened at a forest-conflagration.⁹ Beholding that army weakened and helpless like a cow sunk in a mire, Calya, desirous of rescuing it, proceeded against the Pāṇdava army.¹⁰ Filled with rage, the ruler of the Madras, taking up an excellent bow, rushed for battle against the Pāṇdava foes.¹¹ The Pāṇdavas also, O monarch, in that encounter, inspired with desire of victory, proceeded against the ruler of the Madras and pierced him with keen shafts.¹² Then the ruler of the Madras, possessed of great strength, afflicted that host with showers of keen arrows in

the very sight of king Yudhishtira the just.¹³ At that time diverse portents appeared to the view. The Earth herself, with her mountains, trembled, making a loud noise.¹⁴ Meteors, with keen points bright as those of lances equipt with handles, piercing the air, fell upon the Earth from the firmament.¹⁵ Deer and buffaloes and birds, O monarch, in large numbers, placed thy army to their right, O king!¹⁶ The planets Venus and Mars, in conjunction with Mercury, appeared at the rear of the Pāndavas and to the front of all the (Kaurava) lords of Earth.¹⁷ Blazing flames seemed to issue from the points of weapons, dazzling the eyes (of the warriors). Crows and owls in large numbers perched upon the heads of the combatants and on the tops of their standards.¹⁸ Then a fierce battle took place between the Kaurava and the Pāndava combatants assembled together in large bodies.¹⁹ Then, O king, the Kauravas, mustering all their divisions, rushed against the Pāndava army.²⁰ Of soul incapable of being depressed, Calya then poured dense showers of arrows on Yudhishtira the son of Kunti like the thousand-eyed Indra pouring rain in torrents.²¹ Possessed of great strength, he pierced Bhimasena, and the five sons of Draupadi, and the two sons of Mādri by Pāndu, and Dhrishtadyumna, and the grandson of Cini, and Cikhandin also, each with ten arrows equipt with wings of gold and whetted on stone.²²⁻²³ Indeed, he began to pour his arrows like Maghavat pouring rain at the close of the summer season.²⁴ Then the Prabhadrakas, O king, and the Somakas, were seen felled or falling by thousands, in consequence of Calya's arrows.²⁵ Multitudinous as swarms of bees or flights of locusts, the shafts of Calya were seen to fall like thunder-bolts from the clouds.²⁶ Elephants and steeds and foot-soldiers and car-warriors, afflicted with Calya's arrows, fell down or wandered or uttered loud wails.²⁷ Infuriate with rage and prowess, the ruler of the Madras shrouded his foes in that battle like the Destroyer at the end of the *Yuga*.† The mighty

* *I. e.*, these animals were seen to pass along the left of the Kuru army, portending a great slaughter and defeat.—T.

† Literally, 'like the Destroyer let loose by Time'.—T.

ruler of the Madras began to roar aloud like the clouds.³⁸ The Pāndava army, thus slaughtered by Calya, ran towards Yudhishtira the son of Kunti (for protection).³⁹ Possessed of great lightness of hand, Calya, having in that battle crushed them with whetted arrows, began to afflict Yudhishtira with a dense shower of shafts.⁴⁰ Beholding Calya impetuously rushing towards him with horse and foot, king Yudhishtira, filled with wrath, checked him with keen shafts, even as an infuriate elephant is checked with iron-hooks.⁴¹ Then Calya sped a terrible arrow at Yudhishtira that resembled a snake of virulent poison. Piercing through the high-souled son of Kunti, that arrow quickly fell down upon the Earth.⁴² Then Vrikodara, filled with wrath, pierced Calya with seven arrows, and Sahadeva pierced him with five, and Nakula with ten.⁴³ The (five) sons of Draupadi poured upon that foe-slaying hero, viz., the impetuous Ārtāyani, showers of arrows like a mass of clouds pouring rain upon a mountain.⁴⁴ Beholding Calya struck by the Pārthas on every side, both Kritavarman and Kripa rushed in wrath towards that spot.⁴⁵ Uluka also of mighty energy, and Cakuni the son of Suvala, and the mighty car-warrior Aṣwatthāman with smiles on his lips, and all thy sons, protected Calya by every means in that battle.⁴⁶ Piercing Bhimasena with three arrows, Kritavarman, shooting a dense shower of shafts, checked that warrior who then seemed to be the embodiment of wrath.⁴⁷ Excited with rage, Kripa struck Dhrishtadyumna with many arrows. Cakuni proceeded against the sons Draupadi, and Aṣwatthāman against the twins.⁴⁸ That foremost of warriors, viz., Duryodhana, possessed of fierce energy, proceeded, in that battle, against Keçava and Arjuna, and endued with might, he struck them both with many arrows.⁴⁹ Thus hundreds of combats, O monarch, that were fierce and beautiful, took place between thine and the enemy, on diverse parts of the field.⁵⁰ The chief of the Bhojas then slew the brown steeds of Bhimasena's car in that encounter. The steedless son of Pāndu, alighting from his car, began to fight with his mace, like the Destroyer himself with his uplifted bludgeon.⁵¹ The ruler of the Madras then slew the steeds of Sahadeva before his eyes, Then Sahadeva slew Calya's son with his sword.⁵²

The preceptor Gautama once more fearlessly fought with Dhrishtadyumna, both exerting themselves with great care.⁴³ The preceptor's son Açwatthāman, without much wrath and as if smiling in that battle, pierced each of the five heroic sons of Draupadi with ten arrows.⁴⁴ Once more the steeds of Bhima-sena were slain in that battle. The steedless son of Pāndu, quickly alighting from his car,⁴⁵ took up his mace like the Destroyer his bludgeon. Excited with wrath, that mighty hero crushed the steeds and the car of Kritavarman. Jumping down from his vehicle, Kritavarman then fled away.⁴⁶ Calya also, excited with rage, O king, slaughtered many Somakas and Pāndavas, and once more afflicted Yudhishtira with many keen shafts.⁴⁷ Then the valiant Bhima, biting his nether lip, and infuriate with rage, took up his mace in that battle, and aimed it at Calya for the latter's destruction.⁴⁸ Resembling the very bludgeon of Yama, impending (upon the head of the foe) like the death-night, exceedingly destructive of the lives of elephants and steeds and human beings,⁴⁹ twined round with cloth of gold, looking like a blazing meteor, equipt with a sling, fierce as a she-snake, hard as thunder, and made wholly of iron,⁵⁰ smeared with sandal-paste and other unguents like a desirable lady, smutted with marrow and fat and blood, resembling the very tongue of Yama,⁵¹ producing shrill sounds in consequence of the bells attached to it, like unto the thunder of Indra, resembling in shape a snake of virulent poison just freed from its slough, drenched with the juicy seretions of elephants,⁵² inspiring hostile troops with terror and friendly troops with joy, celebrated in the world of men, and capable of riving mountain summits,⁵³ that mace, with which the mighty son of Kunti had in Kailāsa challenged the enraged Lord of Alakā, the friend of Maheçwara,⁵⁴—that weapon with which Bhima, though resisted by many, had in wrath slain a large number of proud *Guhyakas* endued with powers of illusion on the breasts of Gandhamādana for the sake of procuring *Mandāra* flowers for doing what was agreeable to Draupadi,⁵⁵—uplifting that

* I. e., Kuvera, Alakā being the capital or abode of the king of the *Guhyakas* or *Yakshas*.—T.

mace which was rich with diamonds and jewels and gems and possessed of eight sides and celebrated as Indra's thunder,—the mighty-armed son of Pāndu now rushed against Calya.⁵⁶ With that mace of awful sound, Bhima, skilled in battle, crushed the four steeds of Calya that were possessed of great fleetness.⁵⁷ Then the heroic Calya, excited with wrath in that battle, hurled a lance at the broad chest of Bhima and uttered a loud shout. That lance, piercing through the armour of Pāndu's son, penetrated into his body.⁵⁸ Vrikodara, however, fearlessly plucking out the weapon, pierced therewith the driver of Calya in the chest.⁵⁹ His vitals pierced, the driver, vomiting blood, fell down with agitated heart. At this the ruler of the Madras came down from his car and cheerlessly gazed at Bhima.⁶⁰ Beholding his own feat thus counteracted, Calya became filled with wonder. Of tranquil soul, the ruler of the Madras took up his mace and began to cast his glances upon his foe.⁶¹ Beholding that terrible feat of his in battle, the Pārthas, with cheerful hearts, worshipped Bhima who was incapable of being tired with exertion.⁶²

SECTION XII.

"Sanjaya said,—'Seeing his driver fallen, Calya, O king, quickly took up his mace made wholly of iron and stood immovable as a hill.¹ Bhima, however, armed with his mighty mace, rushed impetuously towards Calya who then looked like the blazing *Yuga* fire, or the Destroyer armed with the noose, or the Kailāsa mountain with its formidable crest, or Vāsava with his thunder, or Mahādeva with his trident, or an infuriate elephant in the forest.'² At that time the blare of thousands of conchs and trumpets and loud leonine roars arose there, enhancing the delight of heroes.⁴ The combatants of both armies, looking at those two foremost of warriors from every side, applauded them both, saying,—Excellent, Excellent!⁶ Save the ruler of the Madras, or Rāma, that delighter of the Yadus, there is none else that can venture to endure the impetuosity of Bhima in battle!⁶ Similarly, save Bhima, there is no other warrior that can venture to endure the force of the

mace of the illustrious king of the Madras in battle?—Those two combatants then, viz., Vrikodara and the ruler of the Madras, roaring like bulls, careered in circles, frequently jumping up in the air.⁸ In that encounter between those two lions among men, no difference could be noticed between them either in respect of their careering in circles or of their wielding the mace.⁹ The mace of Calya, wrapped round with a resplendent cloth of gold that looked like a sheet of fire, inspired the spectators with dread.¹⁰ Similarly, the mace of the high-souled Bhima, as the latter careered in circles, looked like lightning in the midst of the clouds.¹¹ Struck by the ruler of the Madras with his mace, the mace of Bhima, O king, produced sparks of fire in the welkin which thereupon seemed to be ablaze.^{12*} Similarly, struck by Bhima with his mace, the mace of Calya produced a shower of blazing coals which seemed exceedingly wonderful.¹³ Like two gigantic elephants striking each other with their tusks, or two huge bulls striking each other with their horns, those two heroes began to strike each other with their foremost of maces, like a couple of combatants striking each other with iron-bound clubs.^{14†} Their limbs being struck with each other's mace, they soon became bathed in blood and looked handsomer in consequence like two flowering *Kinçukas*.¹⁵ Struck by the ruler of the Madras on both his left and right, the mighty-armed Bhimasena stood immovable like a mountain.¹⁶ Similarly, though struck repeatedly with the force of Bhima's mace, Calya, O king, moved not, like a mountain assailed by an elephant with his tusks.¹⁷ The noise made by the blows of the maces of those two lions among men was heard on all sides like successive peals of thunder.¹⁸ Having ceased for a moment, those two warriors of great energy once more began, with uplifted maces, to career in closer circles.¹⁹ Once more the clash took place between those two warriors of superhuman feats, each having advanced towards the other but eight steps, and each assailing the other with his uplifted iron club.²⁰ Then,

* The correct reading, as in the Bombay edition, is *dahyamānava* *khe*.—T.

† *Totras* were clubs with heads of iron.—T.

wishing to get at each other, they once more careered in circles. Both accomplished (in the use of the mace) they began to display their superiority of skill.²¹ Uplifting their terrible weapons, they then again struck each other like mountains striking each other with their crests at the time of an earthquake.²² Exceedingly crushed with each other's mace in consequence of each other's strength, both those heroes fell down at the same time like a couple of poles set up for Indra's worship.²³ The brave combatants then of both armies, at that sight, uttered cries of *Oh* and *Alas*. Struck with great force in their vital limbs, both of them had become exceedingly agitated.²⁴ Then the mighty Kripa, taking up Calya, that bull among the Madras, on his own car, quickly bore him away from the field of battle.²⁵ Within, however, the twinkling of an eye, Bhimasena, rising up, and still reeling as if drunk, challenged, with uplifted mace, the ruler of the Madras.²⁶ Then the heroic warriors of thy army, armed with diverse weapons, fought with the Pāndavas, causing diverse musical instruments to be blown and beat.²⁷ With uplifted arms and weapons, and making a loud noise, O monarch, thy warriors headed by Duryodhana rushed against the Pāndavas.²⁸ Beholding the Kaurava host, the sons of Pāndu, with leonine roars, rushed against those warriors headed by Duryodhana.²⁹ Then thy son, O bull of Bharata's race, singling out Chekitāna amongst those rushing heroes, pierced him deeply with a lance in the chest.³⁰ Thus assailed by thy son, Chekitāna fell down on the terrace of his car, covered with blood, and overcome with a deep swoon.³¹ Beholding Chekitāna slain, the great car-warriors among the Pāndavas incessantly poured their arrowy showers (upon the Kauravas).³² Indeed, the Pāndavas, inspired with desire of victory, O monarch, careered beautifully on all sides amongst thy divisions.³³ Kripa, and Kritavarman, and the mighty son of Suvala, placing the ruler of the Madras before them, fought with king Yudhishtira the just.³⁴ Duryodhana, O monarch, fought with Dhrishtadyumna, the slayer of Bharadwāja's son, that hero endued with abundant energy and prowess.³⁵ Three thousand cars, O king, despatched by thy son and headed by Drona's son, battled with Vijaya (Arjuna).³⁶ All those

combatants, O king, had firmly resolved to win victory and had cast off fear with life itself.* Indeed, O king, thy warriors penetrated into the midst of the Pāndava army like swans into a large lake.³⁷ A fierce battle then took place between the Kurus and the Pāndavas, the combatants being actuated with the desire of slaughtering one another and deriving great pleasure from giving and receiving blows.³⁸ During the progress, O king, of that battle which was destructive of great heroes, an earthy dust, terrible to behold, was raised by the wind.³⁹ From only the names we heard (of the Pāndava warriors) that were uttered in course of that battle and from those (of the Kuru warriors) that were uttered by the Pāndavas, we knew the combatants that fought with one another fearlessly.⁴⁰ That dust, however, O tiger among men, was soon dispelled by the blood that was shed, and all the points of the compass became once more clear when that dusty darkness was driven away.⁴¹ Indeed, during the progress of that terrible and awful battle, no one among either thy warriors or those of the foe, turned his back.⁴² Desirous of attaining to the regions of Brahman and longing for victory by fair fight, the combatants displayed their prowess, inspired with the hope of heaven.⁴³ For paying off the debt they owed to their masters on account of the sustenance granted by the latter, or firmly resolved to accomplish the objects of their friends and allies, the warriors, with hearts fixed on heaven, fought with one another on that occasion.⁴⁴ Shooting and hurling weapons of diverse kinds, great car-warriors roared at or smote one another.⁴⁵—*Slay, pierce, seize, strike, cut off*,—these were the words that were heard in that battle, uttered by thy warriors and those of the foe.⁴⁶ Then Calya, O monarch, desirous of slaying him, pierced king Yudhishtira the just, that mighty car-warrior, with many sharp arrows.⁴⁷ Conversant with what are the vital limbs of the body, the son of Prithā, however, O monarch, with the greatest ease, struck the ruler of the Madras with four and ten cloth-yard shafts, aiming at the latter's vital limbs.⁴⁸ Resisting the son of Pāndu with his

* A mode of expression signifying that they had cast off fear and were ready to lay down their lives.—T.

shafts, Calya of great fame, filled with rage and desirous of slaying his adversary, pierced him in that battle with innumerable arrows equipt with *Kanka* feathers.⁴⁹ Once more, O monarch, he struck Yudhishtira with a straight shaft in the very sight of all the troops.⁵⁰ King Yudhishtira the just, possessed of great fame and filled with rage, pierced the ruler of the Madras with many keen arrows equipt with feathers of *Kankas* and peacocks.⁵¹ That mighty car-warrior then pierced Chandrasena with seventy arrows, and Calya's driver with nine, and Drumasena with four and sixty.⁵² When the two protectors of his car-wheels were (thus) slain by the high-souled son of Pāndu, Calya, O king, slew five and twenty warriors among the Chedis.⁵³ And he pierced Sātyaki with five and twenty keen arrows, and Bhimasena with seven, and the two sons of Mādri with a hundred, in that battle.⁵⁴ While Calya was thus careering in that battle, that best of kings, viz., the son of Prithā, sped at him many shafts that resembled snakes of virulent poison.⁵⁵ With a broad-headed arrow, Yudhishtira the son of Kunti then cut off from his car the standard-top of his adversary as the latter stood in his front.⁵⁶ We saw the standard of Calya, which was thus cut off by the son of Pāndu in that great battle, fall down like a riven mountain summit.⁵⁷ Seeing his standard fallen and observing the son of Pāndu standing before him, the ruler of the Madras became filled with rage and shot showers of shafts.⁵⁸ That bull amongst Kshatriyas, viz., Calya of immeasurable soul, poured over the Kshatriyas in that battle dense showers of arrows like the deity of the clouds pouring torrents of rain.⁵⁹ Piercing Sātyaki and Bhimasena and the twin sons of Mādri by Pāndu, each with five arrows, he afflicted Yudhishtira greatly.⁶⁰ We then, O monarch, beheld a net of arrows spread before the chest of Pāndu's son like a mass of risen clouds.⁶¹ The mighty car-warrior Calya, in that battle, filled with rage, shrouded Yudhishtira with straight shafts.⁶² At this, king Yudhishtira, afflicted with those showers of shafts, felt himself deprived of his prowess, even as the *Asura* Jambha had become before the slayer of Vritra.⁶³

SECTION XIII.

"Sanjaya said,—'When king Yudhishtira the just was thus afflicted by the ruler of the Madras, Sātyaki and Bhimasena and the two sons of Mādri by Pāndu, encompassing Calya with their cars, began to afflict him in that battle.¹ Beholding the unsupported Calya thus afflicted by those great car-warriors (and seeing him successfully repel those attacks), loud sounds of applause were heard, and the *Siddhas* (who witnessed the encounter) became filled with delight. The ascetics, assembled together (for witnessing the battle), declared it to be wonderful.² Then Bhimasena in that encounter, having pierced Calya who had become (as his name implied) an irresistible dart in prowess, with one arrow, next pierced him with seven.³ Sātyaki, desirous of rescuing the son of Dharma, pierced Calya with a hundred arrows and uttered a loud leonine roar.⁴ Nakula pierced him with five arrows, and Sahadeva with seven; the latter then once more pierced him with as many.⁵ The heroic ruler of the Madras, struggling carefully in that battle, thus afflicted by those mighty car-warriors, drew a formidable bow capable of bearing a great strain and of imparting great force to the shafts sped from it,⁶ and pierced Sātyaki, O sire, with five and twenty shafts and Bhima with three and seventy and Nakula with seven.⁷ Then cutting off with a broad-headed arrow the bow, with shaft fixed on the string, of Sahadeva, he pierced Sahadeva himself, in that battle, with three and seventy shafts.⁸ Sahadeva then, stringing another bow, pierced his maternal uncle of great splendour with five shafts that resembled snakes of virulent poison or blazing fire.⁹ Filled with great rage, he then struck his adversary's driver with a straight shaft in that battle and then Calya himself once more with three.¹⁰ Then Bhimasena pierced the ruler of the Madras with seventy arrows, and Sātyaki pierced him with nine, and king Yudhishtira with sixty.¹¹ Thus pierced, O monarch, by those mighty car-warriors, blood began to flow from Calya's body, like crimson streams running adown the breast of a mountain of red chalk,¹² Calya, however, quickly

pierced in return each of those great bowmen with five arrows, O king, which feat seemed exceedingly wonderful.¹³ With another broad-headed arrow, that mighty car-warrior then, O sire, cut off the stringed bow of Dharma's son in that encounter.¹⁴ Taking up another bow, that great car-warrior, viz., the son of Dharma, covered Calya, his steeds, and driver, and standard, and car, with many arrows.¹⁵ Thus shrouded in that battle by the son of Dharma with his shafts, Calya struck the former with ten keen arrows.¹⁶ Then Sātyaki, filled with rage upon beholding the son of Dharma thus afflicted with shafts, checked the heroic ruler of the Madras with clouds of arrows.¹⁷ At this, Calya cut off with a razor-faced arrow the formidable bow of Sātyaki, and pierced each of the other Pāndava warriors with three arrows.¹⁸ Filled with rage, O monarch, Sātyaki of unbaffled prowess then hurled at Calya a lance equipt with a golden staff and decked with many jewels and gems.¹⁹ Bhimasena sped at him a clothyard shaft that looked like a blazing snake; Nakula hurled at him a dart, Sahadeva an excellent mace, and the son of Dharma a *Çataghni*, impelled by the desire of despatching him.²⁰ The ruler of the Madras, however, quickly baffled in that battle all those weapons, hurled from the arms of those five warriors at him, as these coursed towards his car.²¹ With a number of broad-headed arrows Calya cut off the lance hurled by Sātyaki. Possessed of valour and great lightness of hand, he cut off into two fragments the gold-decked shaft sped at him by Bhima.²² He then resisted with clouds of shafts the terrible dart, equipt with a golden handle, that Nakula sped at him and the mace also that Sahadeva had thrown.²³ With a couple of other arrows, O Bhārata, he cut off the *Çataghni* sped at him by the king, in the very sight of the sons of Pāndu, and uttered a loud leonine roar. The grandson of Cini, however, could not endure the defeat of his weapon in that battle.²⁴ Insensate with rage, Sātyaki took up another bow, and pierced the ruler of the Madras with two shafts and his driver with three.²⁵ At this, Calya, O monarch, excited with rage, deeply pierced all of them with ten arrows, like persons piercing mighty elephants with sharp-pointed lances.²⁶ Thus checked in that battle by

the ruler of the Madras, O Bhārata, those slayers of foes became unable to stay in front of Calya.²⁷ King Duryodhana, beholding the prowess of Calya, regarded the Pāndavas, the Pāṇchālas, and the Srinjayas as already slain.²⁸ Then, O king, the mighty-armed Bhimasena, possessed of great prowess and mentally resolved to cast off his life-breaths, encountered the ruler of the Madras.²⁹ Nakula and Sahadeva and Sātyakī of great might, encompassing Calya, shot their arrows at him from every side.³⁰ Though encompassed by those four great bowmen and mighty car-warriors among the Pāndavas, the valiant ruler of the Madras still fought with them.³¹ Then, O king, the royal son of Dharma, in that dreadful battle, quickly cut off with a razor-headed arrow one of the protectors of Calya's car-wheels.³² When that brave and mighty car-warrior, viz., that protector of Calya's car-wheel, was thus slain, Calya of great strength covered the Pāndava troops with showers of arrows.³³ Beholding his troops shrouded with arrows, O monarch, in that battle, king Yudhishtira the just began to reflect in this strain,³⁴—Verily, how shall those grave words of Mādhava become true! I hope, the ruler of the Madras, excited with rage, will not annihilate my army in battle!³⁵—Then the Pāndavas, O elder brother of Pāndu, with cars and elephants and steeds, approached the ruler of the Madras and began to afflict him from every side.³⁶ Like the wind dispersing mighty masses of clouds, the king of the Madras, in that battle, dispersed that risen shower of arrows and diverse other kinds of weapons in profusion.³⁷ We then beheld the downpour of gold-winged arrows shot by Calya, coursing through the welkin like a flight of locusts.³⁸ Indeed, those arrows shot by the ruler of the Madras from the van of battle were seen to fall like swarms of birds.³⁹ With the gold-decked shafts that issued from the bow of the Madra king, the welkin, O monarch, became so filled that there was not an inch of empty space.⁴⁰ When a thick gloom appeared, caused by the arrows shot by the mighty ruler of the Madras owing to his extreme lightness of hands in that dreadful battle,⁴¹ and when they beheld the vast host of the Pāndavas thus agitated by that hero, the gods and the *Gandharvas* became filled with great wonder.⁴² Afflicting

with vigor all the Pāṇḍava warriors with his shafts from every side, O sire, Calya shrouded king Yudhishtira the just and roared repeatedly like a lion.⁴³ The mighty car-warriors of the Pāṇḍavas, thus shrouded by Calya in that battle, became unable to proceed against that great hero for fighting with him.⁴⁴ Those, however, amongst the Pāṇḍavas, that had Bhimasena at their head and that were led by king Yudhishtira the just, did not fly away from that ornament of battle, viz., the brave Calya.⁴⁵

SECTION XIV.

“Sanjaya said,—‘Meanwhile Arjuna, in that battle, pierced with many arrows by the son of Drona as also by the latter’s followers, viz., the heroic and mighty car-warriors among the Trigartas,¹ pierced Drona’s son in return with three shafts, and each of the other warriors with two. Once again, the mighty-armed Dhananjaya covered his enemies with showers of shafts.² Though struck with keen arrows and though they looked like porcupines in consequence of those arrows sticking to their limbs, still thy troops, O bull of Bharata’s race, fled not from Pārtha in that battle.³ With Drona’s son at their head, they encompassed that mighty car-warrior and fought with him, shooting showers of shafts.⁴ The gold-decked arrows, O king, shot by them, speedily filled the terrace of Arjuna’s car.⁵ Beholding those two great bowmen, those two foremost of all warriors, viz., the two Krishnas, covered with arrows, those invincible (Kaurava) combatants became filled with delight.⁶ Indeed, at that time, the *Kuvara*, the wheels, the shaft, the traces, the yoke, and the *Anukarsha*, O lord, of Arjuna’s car, became entirely enveloped with arrows.⁷ The like of what thy warriors then did unto Pārtha had never before, O king, been either seen or heard.⁸ That car looked resplendent with those keen arrows of beautiful wings like a celestial vehicle blazing with hundreds of torches dropped on the Earth.⁹ Then Arjuna, O monarch, covered that hostile division with showers of straight shafts like a cloud pouring torrents of rain on a mountain.¹⁰ Struck in that battle with arrows inscribed with

Pārtha's name, those warriors, beholding that state of things, regarded the field of battle to be full of Pārtha.¹¹ Then the Pārtha-fire, having arrows for its wonderful flames and the loud twang of *Gāndiva* for the wind that fanned it, began to consume the fuel constituted by thy troops.¹² Then, O Bhārata, heaps of fallen wheels and yokes, of quivers, of banners and standards, with the vehicles themselves that bore them, of shafts and *Anukarshas* and *Trivenus*, of axles and traces and goads, of heads of warriors decked with ear-rings and head-gears, of arms, O monarch, and thighs in thousands, of umbrellas along with fans, and of diadems and crowns, were seen along the tracks of Pārtha's car.¹³⁻¹⁶ Indeed, along the track of the angry Pārtha's car, O monarch, the ground, miry with blood, became impassable, O chief of the Bharatas, like the sporting ground of Rudra. The scene inspired the timid with fear and the brave with delight.¹⁷⁻¹⁸ Having destroyed two thousand cars with their fences, that scorcher of foes, viz., Pārtha, looked like a smokeless fire with blazing flames.¹⁹ Indeed, even as the illustrious Agni when he blazes forth (at the end of the *Yuga*) for destroying the mobile and the immobile universe, even so looked, O king, the mighty car-warrior Pārtha.²⁰ Beholding the prowess of Pāndu's son in that battle, the son of Drona, on his car equipt with many banners, endeavoured to check him.²¹ Those two tigers among men, both having white steeds yoked unto their vehicles and both regarded as the foremost of car-warriors, quickly encountered each other, each desirous of slaying the other.²² The arrowy showers shot by both became exceedingly terrible and were as dense, O bull of Bharata's race, as the torrents of rain poured by two masses of clouds at the close of summer.²³ Each challenging other, those two warriors mangled each other with straight shafts in that battle, like a couple of bulls tearing each other with their horns.²⁴ The battle between them, O king, was fought equally for a long while. The clash of weapons became terrific.²⁵ The son of Drona then, O Bhārata, pierced Arjuna with a dozen gold-winged arrows of great energy and Vāsudeva with ten.²⁶ Having shown for a short while some regard for the preceptor's son in that great battle, Vibhatsu then, smiling,

the while, stretched his bow *Gāndiva* with force.²⁷ Soon, however, the mighty car-warrior Savyasāchin made his adversary steedless and driverless and carless, and without putting forth much strength pierced him with three arrows.²⁸ Staying on that steedless car, Drona's son, smiling the while, hurled at the son of Pāndu a heavy mallet that looked like a dreadful mace with iron spikes.²⁹ Beholding that weapon, which was decked with cloth of gold, course towards him, the heroic Pārtha, that slayer of foes, cut it off into seven fragments.³⁰ Seeing his mallet cut off, Drona's son of great wrath took up a terrible mace equipt with iron spikes and looking like a mountain summit. Accomplished in battle, the son of Drona hurled it then at Pārtha.³¹ Beholding that spiked mace coursing towards him like the Destroyer himself in rage, Pāndu's son Arjuna quickly cut it off with five excellent shafts.³² Cut off with Pārtha's shafts in that great battle, that weapon fell down on the Earth, riving the hearts, as it were, O Bhārata, of the (hostile) kings.³³ The son of Pāndu then pierced Drona's son with three other shafts. Though deeply pierced by the mighty Pārtha, Drona's son, however, of great might, relying upon his own manliness, showed no sign of fear or agitation.³⁴ That great car-warrior, viz., the son of Drona, then, O king, shrouded Suratha with showers of shafts before the eyes of all the Kshatriyas.³⁵ At this, Suratha, that great car-warrior among the Pāṇchālas, in that battle, riding upon his car whose rattle was as deep as the roar of the clouds, rushed against the son of Drona.³⁶ Drawing his foremost of bows, firm and capable of bearing a great strain, the Pāṇchāla hero covered Aṇwatthāman with arrows that resembled flames of fire or snakes of virulent poison.³⁷ Seeing the great car-warrior Suratha rushing towards him in wrath, the son of Drona became filled with rage like a snake struck with a stick.³⁸ Furrowing his brow into three lines, and licking the corners of his mouth with his tongue, he looked at Suratha in rage and then rubbed his bowstring and sped a keen cloth-yard shaft that resembled the fatal rod of Death.³⁹ Endued with great speed, that shaft pierced the heart of Suratha and passing out entered the Earth, riving her through, like the

thunder-bolt of Cakra hurled from the sky.⁴⁰ Struck with that shaft, Suratha fell down on the Earth like a mountain summit riven with thunder.⁴¹ After the fall of that hero, the valiant son of Drona, that foremost of car-warriors, speedily mounted upon the vehicle of his slain foe.⁴² Then, O monarch, that warrior, invincible in battle, viz., the son of Drona, well equipt with armour and weapons, and supported by the *Samsaptakas*, fought with Arjuna.⁴³ That battle, at the hour of noon, between one and the many, enhancing the population of Yama's domains, became exceedingly fierce.⁴⁴ Wonderful was the sight that we then beheld, for, noticing the prowess of all those combatants, Arjuna, alone and unsupported, fought with all his foes at the same time.⁴⁵ The encounter was exceedingly fierce that thus took place between Arjuna and his enemies, resembling that between Indra, in days of yore, and the vast host of the *Asuras*.⁴⁶

SECTION XV.

"Sanjaya said,—'Duryodhana, O king, and Dhrishtadyumna the son of Prishata, fought a fierce battle, using arrows and darts in profusion.¹ Both of them, O monarch, shot showers of arrows like showers of rain poured by the clouds in the rainy season.² The (Kuru) king, having pierced with five arrows the slayer of Drona, viz., Prishata's son of fierce shafts, once more pierced him with seven arrows.³ Endued with great might and steady prowess, Dhrishtadyumna, in that battle, afflicted Duryodhana with seventy arrows.⁴ Beholding the king thus afflicted, O bull of Bharata's race, his uterine brothers, accompanied by a large force, encompassed the son of Prishata.⁵ Surrounded by those *Atirathas* on every side, the Pāṇchāla hero, O king, careered in that battle, displaying his quickness in the use of weapons.⁶ Cikhandin, supported by the Prabhadrakas, fought with two Kuru bowmen, viz., Kritavarman and the great car-warrior Kripa.⁷ Then also, O monarch, that battle became fierce and awful since the warriors were all resolved to lay down their lives and since all of them fought, making life the stake.⁸ Calya, shooting showers

of shafts on all sides, afflicted the Pāṇḍavas with Sātyaki and Vrikodara amongst them.⁹ With patience and great strength, O monarch, the king of the Madras at the same time fought with the twins (Nakula and Sahadeva), each of whom resembled the Destroyer himself in prowess.¹⁰ The great car-warriors among the Pāṇḍavas who were mangled in that great battle with the shafts of Calya, failed to find a protector.¹¹ Then the heroic Nakula, the son of Mādri, seeing king Yudhishtira the just greatly afflicted, rushed with speed against his maternal uncle.¹² Shrouding Calya in that battle (with many arrows), Nakula, that slayer of hostile heroes smiling the while, pierced him in the centre of the chest with ten other arrows,¹³ made entirely of iron, polished by the hands of the smith, equipt with wings of gold, whetted on stone, and propelled from his bow with great force.¹⁴ Afflicted by his illustrious nephew, Calya afflicted his nephew in return with many straight arrows.¹⁵ Then king Yudhishtira, and Bhimasena, and Sātyaki, and Sahadeva the son of Mādri, all rushed against the ruler of the Madras.¹⁶ That vanquisher of foes, viz., the generalissimo of the Kuru army, received in that battle all those heroes that rushed towards him quickly, filling the cardinal and the subsidiary points of the compass with the rattle of their cars and causing the Earth to tremble therewith.¹⁷ Piercing Yudhishtira with three arrows and Bhima with seven, Calya pierced Sātyaki with a hundred arrows in that battle and Sahadeva with three.¹⁸ Then the ruler of the Madras, O sire, cut off, with a razor-headed arrow, the bow with arrow fixed on it of the high-souled Nakula. Struck with Calya's shafts, that bow broke into pieces.¹⁹ Taking up another bow, Mādri's son, that great car-warrior, quickly covered the ruler of the Madras with winged arrows.²⁰ Then Yudhishtira and Sahadeva, O sire, each pierced the ruler of the Madras with ten arrows in the chest.²¹ Bhimasena and Sātyaki, rushing at the ruler of the Madras, both struck him with arrows winged with *Kanka* feathers, the former with sixty, and the latter with nine.²² Filled with rage at this, the ruler of the Madras pierced Sātyaki with nine arrows and once again with seventy straight shafts.²³ Then, O sire, he cut off

at the handle the bow, with arrow fixed on it, of Sātyaki and then despatched the four steeds of the latter to Yama's abode.³⁴ Having made Sātyaki careless, that mighty car-warrior, viz., the ruler of the Madras, struck him with a hundred arrows from every side.³⁵ He next pierced the two angry sons of Mādri, and Bhimasena the son of Pāndu, and Yudhishtira, O thou of Kuru's race, with ten arrows each.³⁶ The prowess that we then beheld of the ruler of the Madras was exceedingly wonderful, since the Pārthas, even unitedly, could not approach him in that battle.³⁷ Riding then upon another car, the mighty Sātyaki, of prowess incapable of being baffled, beholding the Pāndavas afflicted and succumbing to the ruler of the Madras, rushed with speed against him.³⁸ That ornament of assemblies, viz. Calya, on his car, rushed against the car of Sātyaki, like one infuriate elephant against another.³⁹ The collision that then took place between Sātyaki and the heroic ruler of the Madras, became fierce and wonderful to behold, even like that which had taken place in days of yore between the *Asura* Camvara and the chief of the celestials.⁴⁰ Beholding the ruler of the Madras staying before him in that battle, Sātyaki pierced him with ten arrows and said,—Wait, Wait!⁴¹—Deeply pierced by that high-souled warrior, the ruler of the Madras pierced Sātyaki in return with sharp shafts equipt with beautiful feathers.⁴² Those great bowmen then, viz., the Pārthas, beholding the king of the Madras assailed by Sātyaki, quickly rushed towards him from desire of slaying that maternal uncle of theirs.⁴³ The encounter then that took place between those struggling heroes, marked by a great flow of blood, became exceedingly awful like that which takes place between a number of roaring lions.⁴⁴ The struggle, O monarch, that took place between them resembled that which takes place between a number of roaring lions fighting with each other for meat.⁴⁵ With the dense showers of shafts shot by them, the Earth became entirely enveloped, and the welkin also suddenly became one mass of arrows.⁴⁶ All around the field a darkness was caused by those arrows. Indeed, with the shafts shot by those illustrious warriors, a shadow as that of the clouds was caused there.⁴⁷ Then, O king, with those blazing shafts sped by the

warriors, that were equipt with wings of gold and that looked like snakes just freed from their sloughs, the points of the compass seemed to be ablaze.³³ That slayer of foes, viz., Calya, then achieved the most wonderful feat, since that hero, alone, and unsupported, contended with many arrows in that battle.³⁴ The Earth became shrouded with the fierce shafts, equipt with feathers of *Kankas* and peacocks, that fell, sped from the arms of the ruler of the Madras.⁴⁰ Then, O king, we beheld the car of Calya careering in that dreadful battle like the car of Cakra in days of yore on the occasion of the destruction of the *Asuras*.⁴¹

SECTION XVI.

"Sanjaya said,—'Then, O lord, thy troops, with Calya at their head, once more rushed against the Pārthas in that battle with great impetuosity.¹ Although afflicted, still those troops of thine, who were fierce in battle, rushing against the Pārthas, very soon agitated them in consequence of their superior numbers.² Struck by the Kurus, the Pāndava troops, in the very sight of the two Krishnas, stayed not on the field, though sought to be checked by Bhimasena.³ Filled with rage at this, Dhananjaya covered Kripa and his followers, as also Kritavarman, with showers of shafts.⁴ Sahadeva checked Cakuni with all his forces. Nakula cast his glances on the ruler of the Madras from one of his flanks.⁵ The (five) sons of Draupadi checked numerous kings (of the Kuru army). The Pāñchāla prince Cikhandin resisted the son of Drona.⁶ Armed with his mace, Bhimasena held the king in check. Kunti's son Yudhishtira resisted Calya at the head of his forces.⁷ The battle then commenced once more between those pairs as they stood, among thy warriors and those of the enemy, none of whom had ever retreated from fight.⁸ We then beheld the highly wonderful feat that Calya, achieved, since, alone, he fought with the whole Pāndava army!⁹ Calya then, as he stayed in the vicinity of Yudhishtira in that battle, looked like the planet Saturn in the vicinity of the Moon.¹⁰ Afflicting the king

with shafts that resembled snakes of virulent poison, Calya rushed against Bhima, covering him with showers of arrows.¹¹ Beholding that lightness of hand and that mastery over weapons displayed by Calya, the troops of both the armies applauded him highly.¹² Afflicted by Calya, the Pāṇḍavas, exceedingly mangled, fled away, leaving the battle, and disregarding the cries of Yudhishtira commanding them to stop.¹³ While his troops were thus being slaughtered by the ruler of the Madras, Pāṇḍu's son, king Yudhishtira the just, became filled with rage.¹⁴ Relying upon his prowess, that mighty car-warrior began to afflict the ruler of the Madras, resolved to either win the battle or meet with death.¹⁵ Summoning all his brothers and also Krishna of Madhu's race, he said unto them,—Bhishma, and Drona, and Karna, and the other kings,¹⁶ that put forth their prowess for the sake of the Kauravas, have all perished in battle ! Ye all have exerted your valour according to your courage and in respect of the shares allotted to you !¹⁷ Only one share, viz., mine, that is constituted by the mighty car-warrior Calya, remains. I desire to vanquish that ruler of the Madras today in battle ! Whatever wishes I have regarding the accomplishment of that task I will now tell you !¹⁸ These two heroes, viz., the two sons of Mādravati, will become the protectors of my wheels. They are counted as heroes incapable of being vanquished by Vāsava himself !¹⁹ Keeping the duties of a Kshatriya before them, these two that are deserving of every honor and are firm in their vows, will fight with their maternal uncle.²⁰ Either Calya will slay me in battle or I will slay him. Blessed be ye ! Listen to these true words, ye foremost of heroes in the world !²¹ Observant of Kshatriya duties, I will fight with my maternal uncle, ye lords of Earth, firmly resolved to either obtain victory or be slain !²² Let them that furnish cars quickly supply my vehicle, according to the rules of science, with weapons and all kinds of implements in a larger measure than Calya's.²³ The grandson of Cini will protect my right wheel, and Dhrishtadyumna my left. Let Prithā's son Dhananjaya guard my rear today.²⁴ And let Bhima, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, fight in my front. I shall thus be superior to Calya in the great battle that will occur !²⁵

—Thus addressed by the king, all his well-wishers did as they were requested.²⁶ Then the Pāṇḍava troops once more became filled with joy, especially the Pāṇchālas, the Somakas, and the Matsyas.²⁷ Having made that vow, the king proceeded against the ruler of the Madras. The Pāṇchālas then blew and beat innumerable conchs and drums and uttered leonine roars.²⁸ Endued with great activity and filled with rage, they rushed, with loud shouts of joy, against the ruler of the Madras, that bull among the Kurus.²⁹ And they caused the Earth to resound with the noise of the elephants' bells, and the loud blare of conchs and trumpets.³⁰ Then thy son and the valiant ruler of the Madras, like the Udaya and the Asta hills, received those assailants.³¹ Boasting of his prowess in battle, Calya poured a shower of arrows on that chastiser of foes, viz., king Yudhishtira the just, like Maghavat pouring rain.³² The high-souled king of the Kurus also, having taken up his beautiful bow, displayed those diverse kinds of lessons that Drona had taught him.³³ And he poured successive showers of arrows beautifully, quickly, and with great skill. As he careered in battle, none could mark any *laohes* in him.³⁴ Calya and Yudhishtira, both endued with great prowess in battle, mangled each other, like a couple of tigers fighting for a piece of meat.³⁵ Bhima was engaged with thy son, that delighter in battle. The Pāṇchāla prince (Dhrishtadyumna), and Sātyaki, and the two sons of Mādri by Pāṇdu, received Cakuni and the other Kuru heroes around.³⁶ In consequence of thy evil policy, O king, there again occurred in that spot an awful battle between thy warriors and those of the foe, all of whom were inspired with the desire of victory.³⁷ Duryodhana then, with a straight shaft, aiming at the gold-decked standard of Bhima, cut it off in that battle.³⁸ The beautiful standard of Bhimasena, adorned with many bells, fell down, O giver of honors!³⁹ Once more the king, with a sharp razor-faced arrow, cut off the beautiful bow of

* The reading *Kurupungavas* is incorrect. It should be in the accusative form. Then again, I read, following the Bengal texts, *taraswinas* and not *taraswinam* as in the Bombay edition.—T.

Bhima that looked like the trunk of an elephant.⁴⁰ Endued with great energy, the bowless Bhima then, putting forth his prowess, pierced the chest of thy son with a dart. At this, thy son sat down on the terrace of his car.⁴¹ When Duryodhana swooned away, Vrikodara once more, with a razor-faced shaft, cut off the head of his driver from his trunk.⁴² The steeds of Duryodhana's car, deprived of their driver, ran wildly on all sides, O Bhārata, dragging the car after them, at which loud wails arose (in the Kuru army).⁴³ Then the mighty car-warrior Aṣwatthāman, and Kripa, and Kritavarman, followed that car, desirous of rescuing thy son.⁴⁴ The (Kaurava) troops (at sight of this) became exceedingly agitated. The followers of Duryodhana became terrified. At that time, the wielder of *Gāndīva*, drawing his bow, began to slay them with his arrows.⁴⁵ Then Yudhishtira, excited with rage, rushed against the ruler of the Madras, himself urging his steeds white as ivory and fleet as thought.⁴⁶ We then saw something that was wonderful in Yudhishtira, the son of Kunti, for though very mild and soft before, he then became exceedingly fierce.⁴⁷ With eyes opened wide and body trembling in rage, the son of Kunti cut off hostile warriors in hundreds and thousands by means of his sharp shafts.⁴⁸ Those amongst the soldiers against whom the eldest Pāndava proceeded, were overthrown by him, O king, like mountain summits riven with thunder.⁴⁹ Felling cars with steeds and drivers and standards and throwing down car-warriors in large numbers, Yudhishtira, without any assistance, began to sport there like a mighty wind destroying masses of clouds.⁵⁰ Filled with rage, he destroyed steeds with riders and steeds without riders and foot-soldiers by thousands in that battle, like Rudra destroying living creatures (at the time of the universal dissolution).⁵¹ Having made the field empty by shooting his shafts on all sides, Yudhishtira rushed against the ruler of the Madras and said,—Wait, Wait!⁵²—Beholding the feats then of that hero of terrible deeds, all thy warriors became inspired with fear. Calya, however, proceeded against him.⁵³ Both of them filled with rage, both blew their conchs. Returning and challenging each other, each then encountered the other.⁵⁴ Then

Calya covered Yudhishtira with showers of arrows. Similarly, the son of Kuntī covered the ruler of the Madras with showers of arrows.⁵⁵ Then those two heroes, viz., the ruler of the Madras and Yudhishtira, mangled in that battle with each other's arrows and bathed in blood, looked⁵⁶ beautiful like a *Çālmali* and a *Kinçuka* tree decked with flowers. Both possessed of splendour and both invincible in battle, those two illustrious warriors uttered loud roars.⁵⁷ Beholding them both, the soldiers could not conclude which of them would be victorious. Whether the son of Prithā would enjoy the Earth, having slain the ruler of the Madras, or, Calya, having slain the son of Pāndu, would bestow the Earth on Duryodhana,⁵⁸ could not be ascertained, O Bhārata, by the warriors present there. King Yudhishtira, in course of that battle, placed his foes to his right.⁵⁹ Then Calya shot a hundred foremost of arrows at Yudhishtira. With another arrow of great sharpness, he cut off the latter's bow.⁶⁰ Taking up another bow, Yudhishtira pierced Calya with three hundred shafts and cut off the latter's bow with a razor-faced arrow.⁶¹ The son of Pāndu then slew the four steeds of his antagonist with some straight arrows. With two other very sharp shafts, he then cut off the two *Pārshni* drivers of Calya.⁶² Then with another blazing, well-tempered, and sharp shaft, he cut off the standard of Calya staying in his front. Then, O chastiser of foes, the army of Duryodhana broke.⁶³ The son of Drona, at this time, speedily proceeded towards the ruler of the Madras who had been reduced to that plight, and quickly taking him up on his own car, fled away quickly.⁶⁴ After the two had proceeded for a moment, they heard Yudhishtira roar aloud. Stopping, the ruler of the Madras then ascended another car⁶⁵ that had been equipt duly. That best of cars had a rattle deep as the roar of the clouds. Well furnished with weapons and instruments and all kinds of utensils, that vehicle made the hair of foes stand on end.⁶⁶

SECTION XVII.

Sanjaya said,—‘Taking up another bow that was very strong and much tougher, the ruler of the Madras pierced Yudhishtira and roared like a lion.’ Then that bull amongst Kshatriyas, of immeasurable soul, poured upon all the Kshatriyas showers of arrows even like the deity of the clouds pouring rain in torrents.* Piercing Sātyaki with ten arrows and Bhima with three and Sahadeva with as many, he afflicted Yudhishtira greatly.* And he afflicted all the other great bowmen with their steeds and cars and elephants with many shafts like hunters afflicting elephants with blazing brands.* Indeed, that foremost of car-warriors destroyed elephants and elephant-riders, horses and horsemen, and cars and car-warriors.* And he cut off the arms of combatants with weapons in grasp and the standards of vehicles, and caused the Earth to be strewn with (slain) warriors like the sacrificial altar with blades of *Kuça* grass.* Then the Pāndus, the Pāñchālas, and the Somakas, filled with rage, encompassed that hero who was thus slaughtering their troops like all destroying Death.* Bhimasena, and the grandson of Cini, and those two foremost of men, viz., the two sons of Mādri, encompassed that warrior while he was fighting with the (Pāndava) king of terrible might. And all of them challenged him to battle.* Then those heroes, O king, having obtained the ruler of the Madras, that foremost of warriors, in battle, checked that first of men in that encounter and began to strike him with winged arrows of fierce energy.* Protected by Bhimasena, and the two sons of Mādri, and by him of Madhu’s race, the royal son of Dharma struck the ruler of the Madras in the centre of the chest with winged arrows of fierce energy.* Then the car-warriors and other combatants of thy army, clad in mail and equip with weapons, beholding the ruler of the Madras exceedingly afflicted with arrows in that battle, surrounded him on all side. at the command of Duryodhana.* The ruler of the Madras at this time quickly pierced Yudhishtira with seven arrows

in that battle. The high-souled son of Prithā, O king, in return, pierced his foe with nine arrows in that dreadful encounter.¹² Those two great car-warriors, viz., the ruler of the Madras and Yudhishtira, began to cover each other with arrows washed in oil and shot from their bowstrings stretched to their ears.¹³ Those two best of kings, both endued with great strength, both incapable of being defeated by foes, and both foremost of car-warriors, watchful of each other's *laches*, quickly and deeply pierced each other with each other's shafts.¹⁴ The loud noise of their bows, bowstrings, and palms, resembled that of Indra's thunder as those high-souled warriors, viz., the brave ruler of the Madras and the heroic Pāndava, showered upon each other their numberless arrows.¹⁵ They careered on the field of battle like two young tigers in the deep forest fighting for a piece of meat. Swelling with pride of prowess, they mangled each other like a couple of infuriate elephants equipt with powerful tusks.¹⁶ Then the illustrious ruler of the Madras, endued with fierce impetuosity, putting forth his vigor, pierced the heroic Yudhishtira of terrible might in the chest with a shaft possessed of the splendour of fire or the Sun.¹⁷ Deeply pierced, O king, that bull of Kuru's race, viz., the illustrious Yudhishtira, then struck the ruler of the Madras with a well-shot shaft and became filled with joy.¹⁸ Recovering his senses within a trice, that foremost of kings (viz., Calya), possessed of prowess equal to that of him of a thousand eyes, with eyes red in wrath, quickly struck the son of Prithā with a hundred arrows.¹⁹ At this, the illustrious son of Dharma, filled with rage, quickly pierced Calya's chest and then, without losing a moment, struck his golden mail with six shafts.²⁰ Filled with joy, the ruler of the Madras then, drawing his bow and having shot many arrows, at last cut off, with a pair of razor-faced shafts, the bow of his royal foe, viz., that bull of Kuru's race.²¹ The illustrious Yudhishtira then, taking a new and more formidable bow in that battle, pierced Calya with many arrows of keen points from every side like Indra piercing the *Asura* Namuchi.²² The illustrious Calya then, cutting off the golden coats of mail of both Bhima and king Yudhishtira with nine arrows, pierced the arms of both

of them.²³ With another razor-faced arrow endued with the splendour of fire or the Sun, he then cut off the bow of Yudhishtira. At this time Kripa, with six arrows, slew the king's driver who thereupon fell down in front of the car.²⁴ The ruler of the Madras then slew with four shafts the four steeds of Yudhishtira. Having slain the steeds of the king, the high-souled Calya then began to slay the troops of the royal son of Dharma.²⁵ When the (Pāndava) king had been brought to that plight, the illustrious Bhimasena, quickly cutting off the bow of the Madra king with an arrow of great impetuosity, deeply pierced the king himself with a couple of arrows.²⁶ With another arrow he severed the head of Calya's driver, from his trunk the middle of which was encased in mail. Exceedingly excited with rage, Bhimasena next slew, without a moment's delay, the four steeds also of his foe.²⁷ That foremost of all bowmen, viz., Bhima, then covered with a hundred arrows that hero who, endued with great impetuosity, was careering alone in that battle. Sahadeva, the son of Mādri, did the same. Beholding Calya stupified with those arrows, Bhima cut off his armour with other shafts.²⁸ His armour having been cut off by Bhimasena, the high-souled ruler of the Madras, taking up a sword and a shield decked with a thousand stars, jumped down from his car and rushed towards the son of Kunti. Cutting off the shaft of Nakula's car, Calya of terrible strength rushed towards Yudhishtira.²⁹ Beholding him rushing impetuously towards the king, even like the Destroyer himself rushing in rage, Dhrishtadyumna and Cikhandin and the (five) sons of Draupadi and the grandson of Cini suddenly advanced towards him.³⁰ Then the illustrious Bhima cut off with ten arrows the unrivalled shield of the advancing hero. With another broad-headed arrow he cut off the sword also of that warrior at the hilt. Filled with joy at this, he roared aloud in the midst of the troops.³¹ Beholding that feat of Bhima, all the foremost car-warriors among the Pāndavas became filled with joy. Laughing aloud, they uttered fierce roars and blew their conchs white as the moon.³² At that terrible noise the army protected by thy heroes became cheerless, covered with sweat, bathed in blood, exceedingly melancholy, and al-

most lifeless.³³ The ruler of the Madras, assailed by those foremost of Pāṇḍava warriors headed by Bhimasena, proceeded (regardless of them) towards Yudhishtira, like a lion proceeding for seizing a deer.³⁴ King Yudhishtira the just, steedless and driverless, looked like a blazing fire in consequence of the wrath with which he was then excited. Beholding the ruler of the Madras before him, he rushed towards that foe with great impetuosity.³⁵ Recollecting the words of Govinda, he quickly set his heart on the destruction of Calya. Indeed, king Yudhishtira the just, staying on his steedless and driverless car, desired to take up a dart.³⁶ Beholding that feat of Calya and reflecting upon the fact that that hero who had been allotted to him as his share still remained unslain, the son of Pāṇḍu firmly set his heart upon accomplishing that which Indra's younger brother had counselled him to achieve.³⁷ King Yudhishtira the just took up a dart whose handle was adorned with gold and gems and whose effulgence was as bright as that of gold. Rolling his eyes that were wide open, he cast his glances on the ruler of the Madras, his heart filled with rage.³⁸ Thus looked at, O god among men, by that king of cleansed soul and sins all washed away, the ruler of the Madras was not reduced to ashes. This appeared to us to be exceedingly wonderful, O monarch!³⁹ The illustrious chief of the Kurus then hurled with great force at the king of the Madras that blazing dart of beautiful and fierce handle and effulgent with gems and corals.⁴⁰ All the Kuravas beheld that blazing dart emitting sparks of fire as it coursed through the welkin after having been hurled with great force, even like at large meteor falling from the skies at the end of the *Yuga*.⁴¹ King Yudhishtira the just, in that battle, carefully hurled that dart which resembled the Death-night armed with the fatal noose or the foster-mother of fearful aspect of Yama himself, and which, like the Brāhmana's curse, was incapable of being baffled.⁴² Carefully the sons of Pāṇḍu had always worshipped that weapon with perfumes and garlands and foremost of seats and the best kinds of viands and drinks. That weapon seemed to blaze like the *Samvartaka* fire and was as fierce as a rite performed according to the *Atharvan* of Angirasa.⁴³ Created by Tashtri (the

celestial artificer) for the use of Içāna, it was a consumer of the life-breaths and the bodies of all foes. It was capable of destroying by its force the Earth and the welkin and all the receptacles of water and creatures of every kind.⁴⁴ Adorned with bells and banners and gems and diamonds and decked with stones of *lapis lazuli* and equipt with a golden handle, Tashtri himself had forged it with great care after having observed many vows. Unerringly fatal, it was destructive of all haters of *Brakma*.⁴⁵ Having carefully inspired it with many fierce *mantras*, and endued it with terrible velocity by the exercise of great might and great care, king Yudhishtira hurled it along the best of tracks for the destruction of the ruler of the Madras.⁴⁶ Saying in a loud voice the words,—*Thou art slain, O wretch!*—the king hurled it, even as Rudra had, in days of yore, shot his shaft for the destruction of the *Asura* Andhaka, stretching forth his strong (right) arm graced with a beautiful hand, and apparently dancing in wrath.⁴⁷ Calya, however, roared aloud and endeavoured to catch that excellent dart of irresistible energy hurled by Yudhishtira with all his might, even as a fire leaps forth for catching a jet of clarified butter poured over it.⁴⁸ Piercing through his very vitals and his fair and broad chest, that dart entered the Earth as easily as it would any water without the slightest resistance and bearing away (with it) the world-wide fame of the king (of the Madras).⁴⁹ Covered with the blood that issued from his nostrils and eyes and ears and mouth, and that which flowed from his wound, he then looked like the Krauncha mountain of gigantic size when it was pierced by Skanda.⁵⁰ His armour having been cut off by that descendant of Kuru's race, the illustrious Calya, strong as Indra's elephant, stretching his arms, fell down on the Earth, like a mountain summit riven by thunder.⁵¹ Stretching his arms, the ruler of the Madras fell down on the Earth, with face directed towards king Yudhishtira the just, like a tall banner erected to the honor of Indra falling down on the ground.⁵² Like a dear wife advancing to receive her dear lord about to fall on her breast, the Earth then seemed, from affection, to rise a little for receiving that bull among men as he fell down

with mangled limbs bathed in blood.⁵³ The puissant Calya, having long enjoyed the Earth like a dear wife, now seemed to sleep on the Earth's breast, embracing her with all his limbs.⁵⁴ Slain by Dharma's son of righteous soul in fair fight, Calya seemed to assume the aspect of a goodly fire lying extinguished on the sacrificial platform.⁵⁵ Though deprived of his weapons and standard, and though his heart had been pierced, beauty did not yet seem to abandon the lifeless ruler of the Madras.⁵⁶ Then Yudhishtira, taking up his bow whose splendour resembled that of Indra's bow, began to destroy his foes in that battle like the prince of birds destroying snakes. With the greatest speed he began to cut off the bodies of his enemies with his keen shafts.⁵⁷ With the showers of shafts that the son of Prithā then shot, thy troops became entirely shrouded. Overcome with fear and with eyes shut, they began to strike one another (so stupified were they then). With blood issuing from their bodies, they became deprived of their weapons of attack and defence and divested of their life-breaths.⁵⁸ Upon the fall of Calya, the youthful younger brother of the king of the Madras, who was equal to his (deceased) brother in every accomplishment, and who was regarded as a mighty car-warrior, proceeded against Yudhishtira.⁵⁹ Invincible in battle and desirous of paying the last dues of his brother, that foremost of men quickly pierced the Pāndava with very many shafts.⁶⁰ With great speed king Yudhishtira the just pierced him with six arrows. With a couple of razor-faced arrows, he then cut off the bow and the standard of his antagonist.⁶¹ Then with a blazing and keen arrow of great force and broad-head, he struck off the head of his foe staying before him.⁶² I saw that head adorned with ear-rings fall down from the car like a denizen of heaven falling down on the exhaustion of his merits.⁶³ Beholding his headless trunk, bathed all over with blood, fallen down from the car, the Kaurava troops broke.⁶⁴ Indeed, upon the slaughter of the younger brother of the Madras clad in beautiful armour, the Kurus, uttering cries of *Oh* and *Alas*, fled away with speed.⁶⁵ Beholding Calya's younger brother slain, thy troops, hopeless of their lives, were inspired with the fear of the Pāndavas and fled, covered with dust.⁶⁶

The grandson of Cini then, viz., Sātyaki, O bull of Bharata's race, shooting his shafts, proceeded against the frightened Kauravas while the latter were flying away.⁶⁷ Then Hridikā's son, O king, quickly and fearlessly received that invincible warrior, that irresistible and mighty bowman, as he advanced (against the beaten army).⁶⁸ Those two illustrious and invincible heroes of Vrishni's race, viz., Hridikā's son and Sātyaki, encountered each other like two furious lions.⁶⁹ Both resembling the Sun in effulgence, they covered each other with arrows of blazing splendour that resembled the rays of the Sun.⁷⁰ The arrows of those two lions of Vrishni's race, shot forcibly from their bows, we saw, looked like swiftly-coursing insects in the welkin.⁷¹ Piercing Sātyaki with ten arrows and his steeds with three, the son of Hridikā cut off his bow with a straight shaft.⁷² Laying aside his best of bows which was thus cut off, that bull of Cini's race, quickly took up another that was tougher than the first.⁷³ Having taken up that foremost of bows, that first of bowmen pierced the son of Hridikā with ten arrows in the centre of the chest.⁷⁴ Then cutting off his car and the shaft also of that car with many well-shot arrows, Sātyaki quickly slew the steeds of his antagonist as also his two *Pārshni* drivers.⁷⁵ The valiant Kripa then, the son of Caradwat, O lord, beholding Hridikā's son made carless, quickly bore him away, taking him up on his car.⁷⁶ Upon the slaughter of the king of the Madras and upon Kritavarman having been made carless, the entire army of Duryodhana once more turned its face from the battle.⁷⁷ At this time the army was shrouded with a dusty cloud. We could not see anything. The greater portion, however, of thy army fell. They who remained alive had turned away their faces from battle.⁷⁸ Soon it was seen that that cloud of earthy dust which had arisen became allayed, O bull among men, in consequence of the diverse streams of blood that drenched it on every side.⁷⁹ Then Duryodhana, seeing from a near point his army broken, alone resisted all the Pārthas advancing furiously.⁸⁰ Beholding the Pāndvas on their cars as also Dhrishtadyumna the son of Prishata and the invincible chief the Ānartas (viz., Sātyaki), the Kuru king covered all of them with sharp arrows.⁸¹ The enemy (at

that time) approached him not, like mortal creatures fearing to approach the Destroyer standing before them. Meanwhile the son of Hridikā, riding upon another car, advanced to that spot.³² The mighty car-warrior Yudhishtira then quickly slew the four steeds of Kritavarman with four shafts, and pierced the son of Gotama with six broad-headed arrows of great force.³³ Then Aṣwatthāman, taking up on his car the son of Hridikā who had been made steedless and careless by the (Pāndava) king, bore him away from Yudhishtira's presence.³⁴ The son of Caradwat pierced Yudhishtira in return with eight arrows, and his steeds also with eight keen shafts.³⁵ Thus, O monarch, the embers of that battle began to glow here and there, in consequence, O king, of the evil policy of thyself and thy son, O Bhārata!³⁶ After the slaughter of that foremost of bowmen on the field of battle by that bull of Kuru's race, the Pārthas, beholding Calya slain, united together, and filled with great joy, blew their conchs.³⁷ And all of them applauded Yudhishtira in that battle, even as the celestials, in days of yore, had applauded Indra after the slaughter of Vritra. And they beat and blew diverse kinds of musical instruments, making the Earth resound on every side with that noise.'³⁸

SECTION XVIII.

"Sanjaya said,—'After the slaughter of Calya, O king, the followers of the Madra king, numbering seventeen hundred heroic car-warriors, proceeded for battle with great energy.¹ Duryodhana riding upon an elephant gigantic as a hill, with an umbrella held over his head, and fanned the while with yak-tails, forbade the Madraka warriors, saying,—*Do not proceed, Do not proceed!*²—Though repeatedly forbidden by Duryodhana, those heroes, desirous of slaying Yudhishtira, penetrated into the Pāndava host.³ Those brave combatants, O monarch, loyal to Duryodhana, twanging their bows loudly, fought with the Pāndavas.⁴ Meanwhile hearing that Calya had been slain and that Yudhishtira was afflicted by the mighty car-warriors of the Madrakas devoted to the welfare of the

Madraka king,⁸ the great car-warrior Pārtha came there, stretching his bow *Gāndiva*, and filling the Earth with the rattle of his car.⁹ Then Arjuna, and Bhima, and the two sons of Mādri by Pāndu, and that tiger among men, viz., Sātyaki, and the (five) sons of Draupadi,⁷ and Dhrishtadyumna, and Cikhandin, and the Pāñchālas and the Somakas, desirous of rescuing Yudhishtira, surrounded him on all sides.⁸ Having taken their places around the king, the Pāndavas, those bulls among men, began to agitate the hostile force like *Makaras* agitating the ocean. Indeed, they caused thy army to tremble like a mighty tempest shaking the trees.⁹ Like the great river Ganges agitated by a hostile wind, the Pāndava host, O king, once more became exceedingly agitated.¹⁰ Causing that mighty host to tremble, the illustrious and mighty car-warriors, (viz., the Madrakas), all shouted loudly, saying,—*Where is that king Yudhishtira !¹¹ Why are not his brave brothers, viz., the Pāndavas, to be seen here ? What has become of the Pāñchālas of great energy as also of the mighty car-warrior Cikhandin ? Where are Dhrishtadyumna and the grandson of Çini and those great car-warriors, viz., the (five) sons of Draupadi !¹²*—At this, those mighty car-warriors, viz., the sons of Draupadi, began to slaughter the followers of the Madra king who were uttering those words and battling vigorously.¹³ In that battle, some, amongst thy troops, were seen to be crushed by car-wheels and some slain by means of their lofty standards.¹⁴ Beholding, however, the heroic Pāndavas, the brave warriors of thy army, O Bhārata, though forbidden by thy son, still rushed against them.¹⁵ Duryodhana, speaking softly, sought to prevent those warriors from fighting with the foe. No great car-warrior, however, amongst them obeyed his behest.¹⁶ Then Cakuni, the son of the Gāndhāra king, possessed of eloquence, O monarch, said unto Duryodhana these words :¹⁷—How is this that we are standing here, while the Madraka host is being slaughtered before our eyes ? When thou, O Bhārata, art here, this does not look well !¹⁸ The understanding made was that all of us should fight unitedly ! Why then, O king, dost thou tolerate our foes when they are thus slaying our troops ?¹⁹—

“Duryodhana said,—Though forbidden by me before, they did not obey my behest. Unitedly have these men penetrated into the Pāndava host !²⁰—

“Cakuni said,—Brave warriors, when excited with rage in battle, do not obey the commands of their leaders. It does not behove thee to be angry with those men. This is not the time to stand indifferently !²¹ We shall, therefore, all of us, united together with our cars and horse and elephants, proceed, for rescuing those great bowmen, viz., the followers of the Madra king !²² With great care, O king, we shall protect one another !—Thinking after the manner of Cakuni, all the Kauravas then proceeded to that place where the Madras were.²³ Duryodhana also, thus addressed (by his maternal uncle), proceeded, encompassed by a large force, against the foe, uttering leonine shouts and causing the Earth to resound with that noise.²⁴—*Slay, pierce, seize, strike, cut off*,—these were the loud sounds that were heard then, O Bhārata, among those troops.²⁵ Meanwhile the Pāndavas, beholding in that battle, the followers of the Madra king assailing them unitedly, proceeded against them, arraying themselves in the form called *Madhyama*.²⁶ Fighting hand to hand, O monarch, for a short while, those heroic warriors, viz., the followers of the Madra king, were seen to perish.²⁷ Then, whilst we were proceeding, the Pāndavas, united together and endued with great activity, completed the slaughter of the Madrakas, and filled with delight, uttered joyous shouts.²⁸ Then headless forms were seen to arise all around. Large meteors seemed to fall down from the Sun's disc.²⁹ The Earth became covered with cars and broken yokes and axles and slain car-warriors and lifeless steeds.³⁰ Steeds fleet as the wind, and still attached to yokes of cars (but without drivers to guide them) were seen to drag car-warriors, O monarch, hither and thither on the field of battle.³¹ Some horses were seen to drag cars with broken wheels, while some ran on all sides, bearing after them portions of broken cars.³² Here and there also were seen steeds that were hampered in their motions by their traces. Car-warriors, while falling down from their cars, were seen to drop down like denizens of heaven on the exhaustion of their merits.³³ When the

brave followers of the Madra king were slain, the mighty car-warriors of the Pārthas, those great smiters, beholding a body of horse advancing towards them, rushed, towards it with speed from desire of victory.³⁴ Causing their arrows to whizz loudly and making diverse other kinds of noise mingled with the blare of their conchs, those effectual smiters possessed of sureness of aim, shaking their bows, uttered leonine roars.³⁵ Beholding then that large force of the Madra king exterminated and seeing also their heroic king slain in battle, the entire army of Duryodhana once more turned away from the field.³⁶ Struck, O monarch, by those firm bowmen, viz., the Pāṇḍavas, the Kuru army fled away on all sides, inspired with fear.³⁷

SECTION XIX.

"Sanjaya said,—'Upon the fall of that great king and mighty car-warrior, that invincible hero, (viz., Calya) in battle, thy troops as also thy sons almost all turned away from the fight.¹ Indeed, upon the slaughter of that hero by the illustrious Yudhishtira, thy troops were like ship-wrecked merchants on the vasty deep without a raft to cross it.² After the fall of the Madra king, O monarch, thy troops, struck with fear and mangled with arrows, were like masterless men desirous of a protector or a herd of deer afflicted by a lion.³ Like bulls deprived of their horns or elephants whose tusks have been broken, thy troops, defeated by Ajātaśatru, fled away at mid-day.⁴ After the fall of Calya, O king, none amongst thy troops set his heart on either rallying the army or displaying his prowess.⁵ That fear, O king, and that grief, which had been ours upon the fall of Bhishma, of Drona, and of the Suta's son, O Bhārata, now became ours once more, O monarch!⁶ Despairing of success upon the fall of the mighty car-warrior Calya, the Kuru army, with its heroes slain and exceedingly confused, began to be cut down with keen shafts. Upon the slaughter of the Madra king, O monarch, thy warriors all fled away in fear.⁷ Some on horse-back, some on elephants, some on cars, great car-warriors, with great speed, and foot-soldiers, also, fled away in fear.⁸ Two thousand elephants, looking like

hills, and accomplished in smiting, fled away, after Calya's fall, urged on with hooks and toes.⁹ Indeed, O chief of the Bharatas, thy soldiers fled on all sides. Afflicted with arrows, they were seen to run, breathing hard.¹⁰ Beholding them defeated and broken and flying away in dejection, the Pāṇchālas and the Pāṇḍavas, inspired with desire of victory, pursued them hotly.¹¹ The whizz of arrows and other noises, the loud leonine roars, and the blare of conchs, of heroic warriors, became tremendous.¹² Beholding the Kaurava host agitated with fear and flying away, the Pāṇchālas and the Pāṇḍavas addressed one another, saying.¹³—Today king Yudhishtira, firm in truth, hath vanquished his enemies! Today Duryodhana hath been divested of his splendour and kingly prosperity!¹⁴ Today, hearing of his son's death, let Dhritarāshtra, that king of men, stupified and prostrate on the Earth, feel the most poignant anguish!¹⁵ Let him know today that the son of Kunti is possessed of great might among all bowmen! Today that sinful and wicked-hearted king will censure his own self!¹⁶ Let him recollect today the time and beneficial words of Vidura! Let him from this day wait upon the Pārthas as their slave! Let that king today experience the grief that had been felt by the sons of Pāṇḍu.¹⁷ Let that king know today the greatness of Krishna! Let him hear today the terrible twang of Arjuna's bow in battle, as also the strength of all his weapons, and the might of his arms in fight!¹⁸ Today he will know the awful might of the high-souled Bhima when Duryodhana will be slain in battle even as the *Asura* Vali was slain by Indra!¹⁹ Save Bhima of mighty strength, there is none else in this world that can achieve that which was achieved by Bhima himself at the slaughter of Dusāsana!²⁰ Hearing of the slaughter of the ruler of the Madras who was incapable of defeat by the very gods, that king will know the prowess of the eldest son of Pāṇḍu!²¹ After the slaughter of the heroic son of Suvala and of all the Gāndhāras he will know the strength, in battle, of the two sons of Mādrī by Pāṇḍu!²² Why will not victory be theirs that have Dhananjaya for their warrior, as also Sātyaki, and Bhimasena, and Dhrishtadyumna the son of Prishata,²³ and the five sons

of Draupadi, and the two sons of Mādri, and the mighty bowman Cikhandin, and king Yudhishtira?²⁴ Why will not victory be theirs that have for their protector Krishna, otherwise called Janārdana, that Protector of the universe? Why will not victory be theirs that have righteousness for their refuge?²⁵ Who else than Yudhishtira the son of Prithā, who hath Hrishikeṣa, the refuge of righteousness and fame, for his protector, is competent to vanquish in battle Bhishma and Drona and Karna and the ruler of the Madras and the other kings by hundreds and thousands?²⁶⁻²⁷—Saying these words and filled with joy, the Srinjayas pursued thy troops in that battle who had been exceedingly mangled with shafts.²⁸ Then Dhananjaya of great valour proceeded against the car-division of the foe. The two sons of Mādri and the mighty car-warrior Sātyaki proceeded against Cakuni.²⁹ Beholding them all flying with speed in fear of Bhimasena, Duryodhana, as if smiling the while, addressed his driver, saying,³⁰—Pārtha, stationed there with his bow, is transgressing me. Take my steeds to the rear of the whole army.³¹ Like the ocean that cannot transgress its continents, Kunti's son Dhananjaya will never venture to transgress me if I take up my stand in the rear.³² Behold, O driver, this vast host that is pursued by the Pāndavas! Behold this cloud of dust that has arisen on all sides in consequence of the motion of the troops!³³ Hear those diverse leonine roars that are so awful and loud! Therefore, O driver, proceed slowly and take up thy position in the rear!³⁴ If I stay in battle and fight the Pāndavas, my army, O driver, will rally and come back with vigor to battle!³⁵—Hearing these words of thy son that were just those of a hero and man of honor, the driver slowly urged those steeds in trappings of gold.³⁶ One and twenty thousand foot-soldiers, deprived of elephants and steeds and car-warriors, and who were ready to lay down their lives, still stood for battle.³⁷ Born in diverse countries and hailing from diverse towns, those warriors maintained their ground, desirous of winning great fame.³⁸ The clash of those rushing warriors filled with joy became loud and exceedingly terrible,³⁹ Then Bhimasena, O king, and Dhrista-

dyumna the son of Prishata, resisted them with four kinds of forces.⁴⁰ Other foot-soldiers proceeded against Bhima, uttering loud shouts and slapping their armpits, all actuated by the desire of going to heaven.⁴¹ Those Dhārtarāshtra combatants, filled with rage and invincible in battle, having approached Bhimasena, uttered furious shouts. They then spoke not to one another. Encompassing Bhima in that battle, they began to strike him from all sides.⁴² Surrounded by that large body of warriors on foot and struck by them in that battle, Bhima did not stir from where he stood fixed like the Maināka mountain.⁴³ His assailants, meanwhile, filled with rage, O monarch, endeavoured to afflict that mighty car-warrior of the Pāndavas and checked other combatants (that tried to rescue him).⁴⁴ Encountered by those warriors, Bhima became filled with fury. Quickly alighting from his car, he proceeded on foot against them.⁴⁵ Taking up his massive mace adorned with gold, he began to slay thy troops like the Destroyer himself armed with his club.⁴⁶ The mighty Bhima, with his mace, crushed those one and twenty thousand foot-soldiers who were without cars and steeds and elephants.⁴⁷ Having slain that strong division, Bhima, of prowess incapable of being baffled, showed himself with Dhrishtadyumna in his front.⁴⁸ The Dhārtarāshtra foot-soldiers, thus slain, lay down on the ground, bathed in blood, like *Karnikāras* with their flowery burthens laid low by a tempest.⁴⁹ Adorned with garlands made of diverse kinds of flowers, and decked with diverse kinds of ear-rings, those combatants of diverse races, who had hailed from diverse realms, lay down on the field, deprived of life.⁵⁰ Covered with banners and standards, that large host of foot-soldiers, thus cut down, looked fierce and terrible and awful as they lay down on the field.⁵¹ The mighty car-warriors, with their followers, that fought under Yudhishtira's lead, all pursued thy illustrious son Duryodhana.⁵² Those great bowmen, beholding thy troops turn away from the battle, proceeded against Duryodhana, but they could not transgress him even as the ocean cannot transgress its continents.⁵³ The prowess that we then beheld of thy son was exceedingly wonderful, since all the Pārthas, united together, could not

transgress his single self.⁵⁴ Then Duryodhana, addressing his own army which had not fled far but which, mangled with arrows, had set its heart on flight, said these words:⁵⁵—I do not see the spot on plain or mountain, whither, if ye fly, the Pāndavas will not pursue and slay ye! What is the use then of flight?⁵⁶ The army of the Pāndavas hath been reduced in numbers. The two Krishnas are exceedingly mangled. If all of us make a stand, victory will be certainly ours!⁵⁷ If ye fly away, losing all order, the sinful Pāndavas, pursuing ye, will slay ye all! If, on the other hand, we make a stand, good will result to us!⁵⁸ Listen, all ye Kshatriyas that are assailed here! When the Destroyer always slays heroes and cowards, what man is there so stupid that, calling himself a Kshatriya, will not fight?⁵⁹ Good will result to us if we stay in the front of the angry Bhimasena! Death in battle, while struggling according to Kshatriya practices, is fraught with happiness!⁶⁰ Winning victory, one obtains happiness here. If slain, one obtains great fruits in the other world! Ye Kauravas, there is no better path to heaven than that offered by battle! Slain in battle, ye may, without delay, obtain all those regions of blessedness!⁶¹—Hearing these words of his, and applauding them highly, the (Kuru) kings once more rushed against the Pāndavas for battling with them.⁶² Seeing them advancing with speed, the Pārthas, arrayed in order of battle, skilled in smiting, excited with rage, and inspired with desire of victory, rushed against them.⁶³ The valiant Dhananjaya, stretching his bow *Gāndiva* celebrated over the three worlds, proceeded on his car against the foe.⁶⁴ The two sons of Mādri, and Sātyaki, rushed against Cakuni, and the other (Pāndava) heroes, smiling, rushed impetuously against thy forces.’⁶⁵

SECTION XX.

“Sanjaya said,—‘After the (Kuru) army had been rallied, Cālwa, the ruler of the *Mlecchas*, filled with rage, rushed against the large force of the Pāndavas,’ riding on a gigantic elephant, with secretions issuing from the usual limbs, looking

like a hill, swelling with pride, resembling *Airāvata* himself, and capable of crushing large bands of foes.² Cālwa's animal sprung from a high and noble breed. It was always worshipped by Dhritarāshtra's son. It was properly equipped and properly trained for battle, O king, by persons well conversant with elephant-lore. Riding on that elephant, that foremost of kings looked like the morning Sun at the close of summer.³ Mounting on that foremost of elephants, O monarch, he proceeded against the Pāndavas and began to pierce them on all sides with keen and terrible shafts that resembled Indra's thunder in force.⁴ While he shot his arrows in that battle and despatched hostile warriors to Yama's abode, neither the Kauravas nor the Pāndavas could notice any *laches* in him, even as the *Daityas*, O king, could not notice any in Vāsava, the wielder of the thunder, in days of yore, while the latter was employed in crushing their divisions.⁵ The Pāndavas, the Somakas, and the Srinjayas, beheld that one elephant look like a thousand elephants careering around them even as the foes of the gods had in days of yore beheld the elephant of Indra in battle.⁶ Agitated (by that animal), the hostile army looked on every side as if deprived of life. Unable to stand in battle, they then fled away in great fear, crushing one another as they ran.⁷ Then the vast host of the Pāndavas, broken by king Cālwa, suddenly fled on all sides, unable to endure the impetuosity of that elephant.⁸ Beholding the Pāndava host broken and flying away in speed, all the foremost of warriors of thy army worshipped king Cālwa and blew their conchs white as the moon.⁹ Hearing the shouts of the Kauravas uttered in joy and the blare of their conchs, the commander of the Pāndava and the Srinjaya forces, viz., the Pāṇchāla prince (Dhrishtadyumna), could not, from wrath, endure it.¹⁰ The illustrious Dhrishtadyumna then, with great speed, proceeded for vanquishing that elephant, even as the *Asura* Jambha had proceeded against *Airāvata*, the prince of elephants that Indra rode, in course of his encounter with Indra.¹¹ Beholding the ruler of the Pāndavas impetuously rushing against him, Cālwa, that lion among kings, quickly urged his elephant, O king, for the destruction of Drupada's

son.¹² The latter, seeing the animal approaching with precipitancy, pierced it with three foremost of shafts, polished by the hands of the smith, keen, blazing, endued with fierce energy, and resembling fire itself in splendour and force.¹³ Then that illustrious hero struck the animal at the frontal globes with five other whetted and foremost of shafts. Pierced therewith, that prince of elephants, turning away from the battle, ran with great speed.¹⁴ Cālwa, however, suddenly checking that foremost of elephants which had been exceedingly mangled and forced to retreat, caused it to turn back, and with hooks and keen lances urged it forward against the car of the Pāṇchāla king, pointing it out to the infuriate animal.¹⁵ Beholding the animal rushing impetuously at him, the heroic Dhṛishtadyumna, taking up a mace, quickly jumped down on the Earth from his car, his limbs stupified with fear.¹⁶ That gigantic elephant, meanwhile, suddenly crushing that gold-decked car with its steeds and driver, raised it up in the air with his trunk and then dashed it down on the Earth.¹⁷ Beholding the driver of the Pāṇchāla king thus crushed by that foremost of elephants, Bhima and Cikhandin and the grandson of Cini rushed with great speed against that animal.¹⁸ With their shafts they speedily checked the impetuosity of the advancing beast. Thus received by those car-warriors and checked by them in battle, the elephant began to waver.¹⁹ Meanwhile king Cālwa began to shoot his shafts like the Sun shedding his rays on all sides. Struck with those shafts, the (Pāṇḍava) car-warriors began to fly away.²⁰ Beholding that feat of Cālwa, the Pāṇchālas, the Srinjayas, and the Matsyas, O king, uttered loud cries of *oh* and *alas* in that battle. All those foremost of men, however, encompassed the animal on all sides.²¹ The brave Pāṇchāla king then, taking up his mace which resembled the lofty crest of a mountain, appeared there. Fearlessly, O king, that hero, that smiter of foes, rushed with speed against the elephant.²² Endued with great activity, the prince of the Pāṇchālas, approaching, began to strike with his mace that animal which was huge as a hill and which shed its secretions like a mighty mass of pouring clouds.²³ Its frontal globes suddenly split open, it uttering a loud cry; and vomiting a profuse quantity of blood, the

animal, huge as a hill, suddenly fell down, even as a mountain falling down during an earthquake.²⁴ While that prince of elephants was falling down, and while the troops of thy son were uttering wails of woe at the sight, that foremost of warriors among the Cinis cut off the head of king Cālwa with a sharp and broad-headed arrow.²⁵ His head having been cut off by the Sātвата hero, Cālwa fell down on the Earth along with his prince of elephants, even like a mountain summit suddenly riven by the thunder-bolt hurled by the chief of the celestials.²⁶

SECTION XXI.

"Sanjaya said,—'After the heroic Cālwa, that ornament of assemblies, had been slain, thy army speedily broke like a mighty tree broken by the force of the tempest.'¹ Beholding the army broken, the mighty car-warrior Kritavarman, possessed by heroism and great strength, resisted the hostile force in that battle.² Seeing the Sātвата hero, O king, standing in battle like a hill though pierced with arrows (by the foe), the Kuru heroes, who had fled away, rallied and came back.³ Then, O monarch, a battle took place between the Pāṇḍavas and the returned Kurus who made death itself their goal.⁴ Wonderful was that fierce encounter which occurred between the Sātвата hero and his foes, since alone he resisted the invincible army of the Pāṇḍavas.⁵ When friends were seen to accomplish the most difficult feats, friends, filled with delight, uttered leonine shouts that seemed to reach the very heavens.⁶ At those sounds the Pāṇchālas, O bull of Bharata's race, became inspired with fear. Then Sātyaki, the grandson of Cini, approached that spot.'⁷ Approaching king Kshemakirti of great strength, Sātyaki despatched him to Yama's abode, with seven keen shafts.⁸ Then the son of Hridikā, of great intelligence, rushed with speed against that bull of Cini's race, that mighty-armed warrior, as the latter came, shooting his whetted shafts.⁹ Those two bowmen, those two foremost of car-warriors, roared like lions and encountered each other with great force, both being armed with foremost of weapons.¹⁰

The Pāndavas, the Pāṇchālas, and the other warriors, became spectators of that terrible encounter between the two heroes.¹¹ Those two heroes of the Vrishni-Andhaka race, like two elephants filled with delight, struck each other with long arrows and shafts equipt with calf-toothed heads.¹² Careering in diverse kinds of tracks, the son of Hridikā and that bull of Cini's race soon afflicted each other with showers of arrows.¹³ The shafts sped with great force from the bows of the two Vrishni lions were seen by us in the welkin to resemble flights of swiftly coursing insects.¹⁴ Then the son of Hridikā, approaching Sātyaki of true prowess, pierced the four steeds of the latter with four keen shafts.¹⁵ The long-armed Sātyaki, enraged at this like an elephant struck with a lance, pierced Kritavarman with eight foremost of arrows.¹⁶ Then Kritavarman pierced Sātyaki with three arrows whetted on stone and sped from his bow drawn to its fullest stretch and then cut off his bow with another arrow.¹⁷ Laying aside his broken bow, that bull of Cini's race quickly took up another with arrow fixed on it.¹⁸ Having taken up that foremost of bows and stringed it, that foremost of all bowmen, that *Atiratha* of mighty energy and great intelligence and great strength, unable to endure the cutting of his bow by Kritavarman, and filled with fury, quickly rushed against the latter.¹⁹⁻²⁰ With ten keen shafts that bull of Cini's race then struck the driver, the steeds, and the standard of Kritavarman.²¹ At this, O king, the great bowman and mighty car-warrior Kritavarman, beholding his gold-decked car made driverless and steedless,²² became filled with rage. Uplifting a pointed lance, O sire, he hurled it with all the force of his arm at that bull of Cini's race, desirous of slaying him.²³ Sātyaki, however, of the Sātwata race, striking that lance with many keen arrows, cut it off into fragments and caused it to fall down, stupifying Kritavarman of Madhu's race (with his activity and prowess). With another broad-headed arrow he then struck Kritavarman in the chest.²⁴ Made steedless and driverless in that battle by Yuyudhāna skilled in weapons, Kritavarman came down on the Earth.²⁵ The heroic Kritavarman having been deprived of his car by Sātyaki in that single-combat, all the (Kaurava),

troops became filled with a great fear.³⁶ A great sorrow afflicted the heart of thy sons, when Kritavarman was thus made steedless and driverless and carless.³⁷ Beholding that chastiser of foes made steedless and driverless, Kripa, O king, rushed at that bull of Cini's race, desirous of despatching him to Yama's abode.³⁸ Taking Kritavarman upon his car in the very sight of all the bowmen, the mighty-armed Kripa bore him away from the press of battle.³⁹ After Kritavarman had been made carless and the grandson of Cini had become powerful on the field, the whole army of Duryodhana once more turned away from the fight.⁴⁰ The enemy, however, did not see it, for the (Kuru) army was then shrouded with a dusty cloud. All thy warriors fled, O monarch, except king Duryodhana.⁴¹ The latter, beholding from a near point that his own army was routed, quickly rushing, assailed the victorious enemy, alone resisting them all.⁴² Fearlessly that invincible warrior, filled with rage, assailed with keen arrows all the Pāndus, and Dhrishtadyumna the son of Prishata, and Cikhandin, and the sons of Draupadi, and the large bands of the Pānchālas, and the Kaikeyas, O sire, and the Somakas!⁴³⁻⁴⁴ With firm determination thy mighty son stood in battle, even as a blazing and mighty fire on the sacrificial platform, sanctified with *mantras*. Even thus, king Duryodhana careered all over the field, in that battle.⁴⁵ His foes could not approach him then, like living creatures unable to approach the Destroyer. Then the son of Hridikā came there, riding on another car."⁴⁶

SECTION XXII.

"Sanjaya said,—"That foremost of car-warriors, O monarch, viz., thy son, riding on his car and filled with the courage of despair, looked resplendent in that battle like Rudra himself of great valour.¹ With the thousands of shafts shot by him, the Earth became completely covered. Indeed, he drenched his enemies with showers of arrows like the clouds pouring rain on mountain breasts.² There was then not a man amongst the Pāndavas in that great battle, or a steed, or an elephant, or a car, who or which was not struck with Duryodhana's arrows.³

Upon whomsoever amongst the warriors I then cast my eyes, O monarch, I beheld that every one, O Bhārata, was struck by thy son with his arrows.⁴ The Pāṇḍava army was then covered with the shafts of that illustrious warrior even as a host is covered with the dust it raises while marching or rushing to battle.⁵ The Earth then, O lord of Earth, was seen by me to be made one entire expanse of arrows by thy son Duryodhana, that bowman possessed of great lightness of hands.⁶ Amongst those thousands upon thousands of warriors on the field, belonging to thy side or that of the enemy, it seemed to me that Duryodhana was then the only man.⁷ The prowess that we then beheld of thy son seemed to be exceedingly wonderful, since the Pārthas, even uniting together, could not approach his single self.⁸ He pierced Yudhishtira, O bull of Bhārata's race, with a hundred arrows, and Bhimasena with seventy, and Sahadeva with seven.⁹ And he pierced Nakula with four and sixty, and Dhṛishtadyumna with five, and the sons of Draupadi with seven, and Sātyaki with three arrows. With a broad-headed arrow, he then, O sire, cut off the bow of Sahadeva.¹⁰ Laying aside that broken bow, the valiant son of Mādri, took up another formidable bow, and rushing against the king, viz., Duryodhana; pierced him with ten shafts in that battle.¹¹ The great bowman Nakula, possessed of courage, then pierced the king with nine terrible arrows and uttered a loud roar.¹² Sātyaki struck the king with a single straight shaft; the sons of Draupadi struck him with three and seventy, and king Yudhishtira struck him with five. And Bhimasena afflicted the king with eighty shafts.¹³ Though pierced thus from every side with numerous arrows by these illustrious warriors, Duryodhana still, O monarch, did not waver, in the presence of all the troops who stood there as spectators.¹⁴ The quickness, the skill, and the prowess of that illustrious warrior were seen by all the men there to exceed those of every creature.¹⁵ Meanwhile the Dhārtarāshtras, O monarch, who had not fled far from that spot, beholding the king, rallied and returned there, clad in mail.¹⁶ The noise made by them when they came back, became exceedingly awful, like the roar of the surging ocean in the season of rains.¹⁷ Approaching their un-

vanquished king in that battle, those great bowmen proceeded against the Pāndavas for fight.¹⁸ The son of Drona resisted in that battle the angry Bhimasena.¹⁹ With the arrows, O monarch, that were shot in that battle, all the points of the compass became completely shrouded; so that the brave combatants could not distinguish the cardinal from the subsidiary points of the compass.²⁰ As regards Aṣwatthāman and Bhimasena, O Bhārata, both of them were achievers of cruel feats. Both of them were irresistible in battle. The arms of both contained many cicatrices in consequence of both having repeatedly drawn the bowstring. Counteracting each other's feats, they continued to fight with each other, frightening the whole universe.²¹ The heroic Cakuni assailed Yudhishtira in that battle. The mighty son of Suvala, having slain the four steeds of the king, uttered a loud roar, causing all the troops to tremble with fear.²² Meanwhile the valiant Sahadeva bore away the heroic and vanquished king on his car from that battle.²³ Then king Yudhishtira the just, riding upon another car, (came back to battle), and having pierced Cakuni at first with nine arrows, once more pierced him with five. And that foremost of all bowmen then uttered a loud roar.²⁴ That battle, O sire, awful as it was, became wonderful to behold. It filled the spectators with delight and was applauded by the *Siddhas* and the *Chāranas*.²⁵ Uluka of immeasurable soul rushed against the mighty bowman Nakula, in that battle, shooting showers of arrows from every side.²⁶ The heroic Nakula, however, in that battle, resisted the son of Cakuni with a thick shower of arrows from every side.²⁷ Both those heroes were well-born and both were mighty car-warriors. They were seen to fight with each other, each highly enraged with the other.²⁸ Similarly Kritavarman, O king, fighting with the grandson of Cini, that scorcher of foes, looked resplendent, like Cakra battling with the *Asura* Vala.²⁹ Duryodhana, having cut off Dhrishtadyumna's bow in that battle, pierced his bowless antagonist with keen shafts.³⁰ Dhrishtadyumna then, in that encounter, having taken up a formidable bow, fought with the king in the sight of all the bowmen.³¹ The battle between those two heroes became ex-

ceedingly fierce, O bull of Bharata's race, like the encounter between two wild and infuriate elephants with juicy secretions trickling adown their limbs.³³ The heroic Gautama, excited with rage in that battle, pierced the mighty sons of Draupadi with many straight shafts.³⁴ The battle that took place between him and those five resembled that which takes place between an embodied being and his (five) senses. It was awful and exceedingly fierce and neither side showed any consideration for the other.³⁵ The (five) sons of Draupadi afflicted Kripa like the (five) senses afflicting a foolish man. He, on the other hand, fighting with them, controlled them with vigor.³⁶ Even such and so wonderful, O Bhārata, was that battle between him and them. It resembled the repeated combats, O lord, between embodied creatures and their senses.³⁷ Men fought with men, elephants with elephants, steeds, with steeds, and car-warriors with car-warriors. Once more, O monarch, that battle became general and awful.³⁸ Here an encounter was beautiful, there another was awful, and there another was exceedingly fierce, O lord! Many and awful, O monarch, were the encounters that took place in course of that battle.³⁹ Those chastisers of foes, (belonging to both armies), encountering one another, pierced and slew one another in that dreadful engagement.⁴⁰ A dense cloud of dust was then seen there, raised by the vehicles and the animals of the warriors. Thick also, O king, was the dust raised by the running steeds, a dust that was carried from one place to another by the wind.⁴¹ Raised by the wheels of cars and the breaths of the elephants, the dust, thick as an evening cloud, rose into the welkin.⁴² That dust having been raised and the Sun himself having been dimmed therewith, the Earth became shrouded, and the heroic and mighty car-warriors could not be seen.⁴³ Anon that dust disappeared and everything became clear when the Earth, O best of the Bharatas, became drenched with the blood of heroes.⁴⁴ Indeed, that dense and awful cloud of dust was allayed. Then, O Bhārata, I could once more see the diverse single combats, O Bhārata,⁴⁵ that the combatants fought at noon of day, each according to his strength and his rank, all of which were exceedingly fierce. The blazing splendour of those

feats, O monarch, appeared full in view.⁴⁵ Loud became the noise of falling shafts in that battle, resembling that made by a vast forest of bamboos while burning on every side.’⁴⁶

SECTION XXIII.

“Sanjaya said,—During the progress of that terrible and awful battle, the army of thy son was broken by the Pāndavas.¹ Rallying their great car-warriors, however, with vigorous efforts, thy sons continued to fight with the Pāndava army.² The (Kuru) warriors, desirous of thy son’s welfare, suddenly returned. Upon their return, the battle once more became exceedingly fierce,³ between thy warriors and those of the foe, resembling that between the gods and the *Asuras* in days of old. Neither amongst the enemies nor amongst thine was there a single combatant that turned away from that battle.⁴ The warriors fought, aided by guess and by the names they uttered. Great was the destruction that occurred as they thus fought with one another.⁵ Then king Yudhishtira, filled with great wrath, and becoming desirous of vanquishing the Dhārtarāshtras and their king in that battle,⁶ pierced the son of Caradwat with three arrows winged with gold and whetted on stone, and next slew with four others the four steeds of Kritavarman.⁷ Then Aṣwatthāman bore away the celebrated son of Hridikā. Caradwat’s son pierced Yudhishtira in return with eight arrows.⁸ Then king Duryodhana despatched seven hundred cars to the spot where king Yudhishtira was battling.⁹ Those cars ridden by excellent warriors and endued with the speed of the wind or thought, rushed in that battle against the car of Kunti’s son.¹⁰ Encompassing Yudhishtira on every side, they made him invisible with their shafts like clouds hiding the Sun from the view.¹¹ Then the Pāndava heroes headed by Cikhandin, beholding king Yudhishtira the just assailed in that way by the Kauravas, became filled with rage and unable to put up with it.¹² Desirous of rescuing Yudhishtira the son of Kunti, they came to that spot upon their cars possessed of great speed and adorned with rows of bells.¹³ Then commenced an awful battle, in which blood

flowed as water, between the Pāndavas and the Kurus, that increased the population of Yama's domains.¹⁴ Slaying those seven hundred hostile car-warriors of the Kuru army, the Pāndavas and the Pāṇchālas once more resisted (the whole Kuru army).¹⁵ There a fierce battle was fought between thy son and the Pāndavas. We had never before seen or heard of its like.¹⁶ During the progress of that battle in which no consideration was showed by any body for any body, and while the warriors of thy army and those of the foe were falling fast,¹⁷ and the combatants were all shouting and blowing their conchs, and the bowmen were roaring and uttering loud noises of diverse kinds,¹⁸ while, indeed, the battle was raging fiercely and the very vitals of the combatants were being struck, and the troops, O sire, desirous of victory, were rushing with speed,¹⁹ while, verily, everything on Earth seemed to be undergoing a woeful destruction, during that time when innumerable ladies of birth and beauty were being made widows,²⁰ during, indeed, the progress of that fierce engagement in which the warriors behaved without any consideration for friends and foes, awful portents appeared, presaging the destruction of everything.²¹ The Earth, with her mountains and forests, trembled, making a loud noise. Meteors like blazing brands equipt with handles dropped from the sky, O king, on every side on the Earth as if from the solar disc.²² A hurricane arose, blowing on all sides, and bearing away hard pebbles along its lower course. The elephants shed copious tears and trembled exceedingly.²³ Disregarding all these fierce and awful portents, the Kshatriyas, taking counsel with one another, cheerfully stood on the field for battle again, on the beautiful and sacred field called after Kuru, desirous of obtaining heaven.²⁴ Then Cakuni, the son of the Gāndhāra king, said,—Fight all of ye in front ! I, however, will slay the Pāndavas from behind !²⁵—Then the Madraka warriors, endued with great activity, amongst those on our side that were advancing, became filled with joy and uttered diverse sounds of delight. Others too did the same.²⁶ The invincible Pāndavas, however, possessed of sureness of aim, once more coming against us, shook their bows and covered us with showers of arrows.²⁷ The forces of the Madrakas then were

slain by the foe. Beholding this, the troops of Duryodhana once more turned away from the battle.³³ The mighty king of the Gāndhāras, however, once more said these words:—Stop, ye sinful ones! Fight (with the foe)! What use is there of flight?³⁴—At that time, O bull of Bharata's race, the king of the Gāndhāras had full ten thousand horsemen capable of fighting with bright lances.³⁵ During the progress of that great carnage, Cakuni, aided by that force, put forth his valor and assailed the Pāndava army at the rear, slaughtering it with his keen shafts.³⁶ The vast force of the Pāndus then, O monarch, broke even as a mass of clouds is dispersed on all sides by a mighty wind.³⁷ Then Yudhishtira, beholding from a near point his own army routed, coolly urged the mighty Sahadeva, saying,³⁸—Yonder the son of Suvala, afflicting our rear, stayeth, clad in mail! He slaughtereth our forces! Behold that wicked wight, O son of Pāndu!³⁹ Aided by the sons of Draupadi, proceed towards him and slay Cakuni the son of Suvala! Supported by the Pāñchālas, O sinless one, I will meanwhile destroy the car-force of the enemy!⁴⁰ Let all the elephants and all the horse and three thousand foot, proceed with thee! Supported by these, slay Cakuni!⁴¹—At this, seven hundred elephants ridden by combatants armed with the bow, and five thousand horse, and the valiant Sahadeva,⁴² and three thousand foot-soldiers, and the sons of Draupadi, all rushed against Cakuni difficult of defeat in battle.⁴³ Suvala's son, however, of great valour, O king, prevailing over the Pāndavas and longing for victory, began to slay their forces from the rear.⁴⁴ The horsemen, infuriate with rage, belonging to the Pāndavas endued with great activity, penetrated the division of Suvala's son, prevailing over the latter's car-warriors.⁴⁵ Those heroic horsemen, staying in the midst of their own elephants, covered the large host of Suvala's son with showers of shafts.⁴⁶ In consequence of thy evil counsels, O king, dreadful was the battle that then ensued in which maces and lances were used and in which heroes only took part.⁴⁷ The twang of bowstrings was no longer heard there, for all the car-warriors stood as spectators of that fight. At that time no difference could be seen between the contending parties.⁴⁸ Both

the Kurus and the Pāṇḍavas, O bull of Bharata's race, beheld the darts hurled from heroic arms course like meteors through the welkin.⁴⁴ The entire welkin, O monarch, shrouded with falling swords of great brightness, seemed to become exceedingly beautiful.⁴⁵ The aspect presented, O chief of the Bharatas, by the lances hurled all around, became like that of swarms of locusts in the welkin.⁴⁶ Steeds, with limbs bathed in blood in consequence of wounds inflicted by horsemen themselves wounded with arrows, dropped down on all sides in hundreds and thousands.⁴⁷ Encountering one another and huddled together, many of them were seen to be mangled and many to vomit blood from their mouths. A thick darkness came there when the troops were covered with a dusty cloud.⁴⁸ When that darkness shrouded everything, O king, we beheld those brave combatants, steeds and men,—move away from that spot.⁴⁹ Others were seen to fall down on the Earth, vomiting blood in profusion. Many combatants, entangled with one another by their locks, could not stir.⁵⁰ Many, endued with great strength, dragged one another from the backs of their horses, and encountering one another thus, slew one another like combatants in a wrestling match.⁵¹ Many deprived of life, were borne away on the backs of the steeds they rode.⁵² Many men, proud of their valor and inspired with desire of victory, were seen to fall down on the Earth.⁵³ The Earth became strewn over with hundreds and thousands of combatants bathed in blood, deprived of limbs, and divested of hair.⁵⁴ In consequence of the surface of the Earth being covered with elephant-riders and horsemen and slain steeds and combatants with blood-stained armour and others armed with weapons and others who had sought to slay one another with diverse kinds of terrible weapons, all lying closely huddled together in that battle fraught with fearful carnage, no warrior could proceed far on his horse.⁵⁵⁻⁵⁶ Having fought for a little while, Cakuni the son of Suvala, O monarch, went away from that spot with the remnant of his cavalry numbering six thousand.⁵⁶ Similarly the Pāṇḍava force, covered with blood, and its animals fatigued, moved away from that spot with its remnant consisting of six thousand horse.⁵⁷ The blood-stained horse men

of the Pāndava army then, with hearts intent on battle and prepared to lay down their lives, said,⁶⁸—It is no longer possible to fight here on cars; how much more difficult then to fight here on elephants! Let cars proceed against cars, and elephants against elephants!⁶⁹ Having retreated, Cakuni is now staying within his own division. The royal son of Suvala will not again come to battle!⁷⁰—Then the sons of Draupadi and those infuriate elephants proceeded to the place where the Pāṇchāla prince Dhrishtadyumna, that great car-warrior, was.⁷¹ Sahadeva also, when that dusty cloud arose, proceeded alone to where king Yudhishtira was.⁷² After all those had gone away, Cakuni the son of Suvala, excited with wrath, once more fell upon Dhrishtadyumna's division and began to strike it.⁷³ Once more a dreadful battle took place, in which the combatants were all regardless of their lives, between thy soldiers and those of the foe, all of whom were desirous of slaying one another.⁷⁴ In that encounter of heroes, the combatants first eyed one another steadfastly, and then rushed, O king, and fell upon one another in hundreds and thousands.⁷⁵ In that destructive carnage, heads, severed with swords, fell down with a noise like that of falling palmyra fruits.⁷⁶ Loud also became the noise, making the very hair to stand on end, of bodies falling down on the ground, divested of armour and mangled with weapons and of falling weapons also, O king, and of arms and thighs severed from the trunk.⁷⁷ Striking brothers and sons and even sires with keen weapons, the combatants were seen to fight like birds, for pieces of meat⁷⁸ Excited with rage, thousands of warriors, falling upon one another, impatiently struck one another in that battle.⁷⁹ Hundreds and thousands of combatants, killed by the weight of slain horsemen while falling down from their steeds, fell down on the field.⁸⁰ Loud became the noise of neighing steeds of great fleetness, and of shouting men clad in mail, and of the falling darts and swords, O king, of combatants desirous of piercing the vitals of one another in consequence, O monarch, of thy evil policy.⁸¹⁻⁸² At that time, thy soldiers, overcome with toil, spent with rage, their animals fatigued, themselves parched with thirst, mangled with keen weapons, began to turn away

from the battle.⁷³ Maddened with the scent of blood, many became so insensate that they slew friends and foes alike, in fact, every one they got at.⁷⁴ Large numbers of Kshatriyas, O king, inspired with desire of victory, were struck down with arrows, O king, and fell prostrate on the Earth.⁷⁵ Wolves and vultures and jackalls began to howl and scream in glee and make a loud noise. In the very sight of thy son, thy army suffered a great loss.⁷⁶ The Earth, O monarch, became strewn with the bodies of men and steeds, and covered with streams of blood that inspired the timid with terror.⁷⁷ Struck and mangled repeatedly with swords and battle-axes and lances, thy warriors, as also the Pāndavas, O Bhārata, ceased to approach one another.⁷⁸ Striking one another according to the measure of their strength, and fighting to the last drop of their blood, the combatants fell down, vomiting blood from their wounds.⁷⁹ Headless forms were seen, seizing the hair of their heads (with one hand) and with uplifted swords dyed with blood (in the other).⁸⁰ When many headless forms, O king, had thus risen up, when the scent of blood had made the combatants nearly senseless,⁸¹ and when the loud noise had somewhat subsided, Suvala's son (once more) approached the large host of the Pāndavas, with the small remnant of his horse.⁸² At this, the Pāndavas, inspired with desire of victory and endued with great activity, rushed towards Cakuni, with foot-soldiers and elephants and cavalry, all with uplifted weapons.⁸³ Desirous of reaching the end of the hostilities, the Pāndavas, forming a wall, encompassed Cakuni on all sides, and began to strike him with diverse kinds of weapons.⁸⁴ Beholding those troops of thine assailed from every side, the Kauravas, with horse, foot, elephants, and cars, rushed towards the Pāndavas.⁸⁵ Some foot-soldiers of great courage, destitute of weapons, attacked their foes in that battle, with feet and fists, and brought them down.⁸⁶ Car-warriors fell down from cars, and elephant-men from elephants, like meritorious persons falling down from their celestial vehicles upon the exhaustion of their merits.⁸⁷ Thus the combatants, engaged with one another in that great battle, slew sires and brothers and friends and sons.⁸⁸ Thus occurred that battle, O best of the Bharatas, in which no consideration

was shown by anybody for anyone, and in which lances and swords and arrows fell fast on every side and made the scene exceedingly terrible to behold.'"²

SECTION XXIV.

"Sanjaya said,—When the loud noise of battle had somewhat subsided and the Pāṇdavas had slain large numbers of their foes, Suvala's son (once more) came for fight, with the remnant of his horse numbering seven hundred.¹ Quickly approaching his own soldiers and urging them to battle, he repeatedly said,—Ye chastisers of foes, fight cheerfully!²—And he asked the Kshatriyas present there, saying,—Where is the king, that great car-warrior?—Hearing these words of Cakuni, O bull of Bharata's race, they answered, saying,—Yonder stayeth that great car-warrior, viz., the Kuru king,³—there where that large umbrella, of splendour equal to that of the full moon, is visible,—there where those car-warriors, clad in mail, are staying,⁴—there where that loud noise, deep as the roar of clouds, is being heard! Proceed quickly thither, O king, and thou wilt then see the Kuru monarch!⁵—Thus addressed by those brave warriors, Suvala's son Cakuni, O king, proceeded to that spot where thy son was staying, surrounded on all sides by unretreating heroes.⁶ Beholding Duryodhana stationed in the midst of that car-force, Cakuni, gladdening all those car-warriors of thine,⁷ O king, cheerfully, said these words unto Duryodhana. Indeed, he said the following words in a manner which showed that he regarded all his purposes to have been already achieved.⁸—Slay, O king, the car-divisions (of the Pāṇdavas)! All their horse have been vanquished by me! Yudhishtira is incapable of being conquered in battle unless one is prepared to lay down his life!⁹ When that car-force, protected by the son of Pāṇdu, will have been destroyed, we shall then slay all those elephants and foot-soldiers and others!¹⁰—Hearing these words of his, thy warriors, inspired with desire of victory, cheerfully rushed towards the Pāṇdava army.¹¹ With quivers on their backs and bows in their hands, all of them shook their bows and uttered leonine roars.¹² Once

more, O king, the fierce twang of bows and the slapping of palms and the whiz of arrows shot with force was heard.¹³ Beholding those Kuru combatants approach the Pāṇḍava army with uplifted bows, Kunti's son Dhananjaya said unto the son of Devaki these words:¹⁴—Urge the steeds fearlessly and penetrate this sea of troops ! With my keen shafts I shall today reach the end of these hostilities!¹⁵ Today is the eighteenth day, O Janārdhana, of this great battle that is raging between the two sides!¹⁶ The army of those high-souled heroes, which was literally numberless, hath been nearly destroyed ! Behold the course of Destiny !¹⁷ The army of Dhritarāshtra's son, O Mādhava, which was vast as the ocean, hath, O Achyuta, become, after encountering ourselves, even like the indent caused by a cow's hoof !¹⁸ If peace had been made after Bhishma's fall, O Mādhava, everything would have been well ! The foolish Duryodhana of weak understanding, however, did not make peace !¹⁹ The words that were uttered by Bhishma, O Mādhava, were beneficial and worthy of adoption. Suyodhana, however, who had lost his understanding, did not act according to them.²⁰ After Bhishma had been struck and thrown down on the Earth, I do not know the reason why the battle proceeded !²¹ I regard the Dhārtarāshtras to be foolish and of weak understanding in every way, since they continued the battle even after the fall of Cāntanu's son !²² After that when Drona, that foremost of all utterers of *Brahma*, fell, as also the son of Rādhā, and Vikarna, the carnage did not still cease !²³ Alas, when a small remnant only of the (Kaurava) army remained after the fall of that tiger among men, viz., Karna, with his sons, the carnage did not still cease !²⁴ After the fall of even the heroic Crutāyush, of also Jalasandha of Puru's race, and of king Crutāyudha, the carnage did not still cease !²⁵ After the fall of Bhuriçravas, of Calya, of Cālwa, O Janārdhana, and of the Āvanti heroes, the carnage did not still cease !²⁶ After the fall of Jayadratha, of the *Rākshasa* Alāyudha, of Vālhika, and of Somadatta, the carnage did not still cease !²⁷ After the fall of the heroic Bhagadatta, of the Kāmvoja chief Sadakshina, and of Duçāsana, the carnage did not still cease !²⁸ Beholding even diverse

heroic and mighty kings, each owning extensive territories, slain in battle, the carnage, O Krishna did not still cease!³² Beholding even a full *Akshauhini* of troops slain by Bhimasena in battle, the carnage did not still cease, in consequence of either the folly or the covetousness of the Dhārtarāshtras!³³ What king born in a noble race, a race especially like that of Kuru, save of course the foolish Duryodhana, would thus fruitlessly wage such fierce hostilities?³⁴ Who is there, possessed of reason and wisdom and capable of discriminating good from evil, that would thus wage war, knowing his foes to be superior to him in merit, strength, and courage?³⁵ How could he listen to the counsels of another, when, indeed, he could not make up his mind to make peace with the Pāndavas in obedience to the words uttered by thee?³⁶ What medicine can be acceptable to that person today who disregarded Bhishma the son of Cāntanu, and Drona, and Vidura, while they urged him to make peace?³⁷ How can he accept good counsels who, from folly, O Janārdhana, insolently disregarded his own aged sire as also his own well-meaning mother while speaking beneficial words unto him?³⁸ It is evident, O Janārdhana, that Duryodhana took his birth for exterminating his race! His conduct and his policy, it is seen, point to that line, O lord! He will not give us our kingdom yet! This is my opinion, O Achyuta!³⁹ The high-souled Vidura, O sire, told me many a time that as long as life remained in Dhritarāshtra's son, he would never give us our share of the kingdom!⁴⁰ Vidura further told me,—As long also as Dhritarāshtra will live, O giver of honors, even that sinful wight will act sinfully towards you!⁴¹ Ye will never succeed in vanquishing Duryodhana without battle!—Even thus, O Mādhava, did Vidura of true foresight often speak to me!⁴² All the acts of that wicked-souled wight, I now find, to be exactly as the high-souled Vidura had said!⁴³ That person of wicked understanding who, having listened to the beneficial and proper words of Jamadagni's son, disregarded them, should certainly be held as standing in the face of destruction.⁴⁴ Many persons crowned with ascetic success said as soon as Duryodhana was born, that the entire Kshatriya order would be exterminated in conse-

quence of that wretch.⁴² Those words of the sages, O Janārdana, are now being realised, since the Kshatriyas are undergoing almost entire extermination in consequence of Duryodhana's acts ! I shall, O Mādhava, slay all the warriors today !⁴³ After all the Kshatriyas will have been slain and the (Kaurava) camp made empty, Duryodhana will then desire battle with us for his own destruction.⁴⁴ That will end these hostilities ! Exercising my reason, O Mādhava, and reflecting in my own mind, O thou of Vrishni's race, thinking of Vidura's words, and taking into account the acts of the wicked-souled Duryodhana himself, I have come to this conclusion ! Penetrate the Bharata army, O hero, for I shall slay the wicked-souled Duryodhana and his army today with my keen shafts !⁴⁵⁻⁴⁶ Slaying this weak army in the very sight of Dhritarāshtra's son, I shall today do what is for Yudhishtira's good !⁴⁷—

"Sanjaya continued,—Thus addressed by Savyasāchin, he of Daçārha's race, reins in hand, fearlessly penetrated that vast hostile force for battle.⁴⁸ That was a terrible forest of bows (which the two heroes entered). Darts constituted its prickles. Maces and spiked bludgeons were its paths. Cars and elephants were its mighty trees.⁴⁹ Cavalry and infantry were its creepers. And the illustrious Keçava, as he entered that forest on that car decked with many banners and penons, looked exceedingly resplendent.⁵⁰ Those white steeds, O king, bearing Arjuna in battle, were seen careering everywhere, urged by him of Daçārha's race !⁵¹ Then that scorcher of foes, viz., Savyasāchin, proceeded on his car, shooting hundreds of keen shafts like a cloud pouring showers of rain. Loud was the noise produced by those straight arrows⁵² as also by those combatants that were covered with them in that battle by Savyasāchin. Showers of shafts, piercing through the armour of the combatants, fell down on the Earth.⁵³ Impelled from *Gāndiva*, arrows, whose touch resembled that of Indra's thunder, striking men and elephants and horses, O king, fell in that battle with a noise like that of winged insects.⁵⁴ Everything was shrouded with those shafts shot from *Gāndiva*. In that battle, the points of the compass, cardinal and subsidiary, could not be distinguished.⁵⁵ The whole world seemed to be

filled with gold-winged shafts, steeped in oil, polished by the hands of the smith, and marked with Pārtha's name.⁶⁶ Struck with those keen shafts, and burnt therewith by Pārtha even as a herd of elephants is burnt with burning brands, the Kauravas became languid and lost their strength.^{67*} Armed with bow and arrows, Pārtha, resembling the blazing Sun, burnt the hostile combatants in that battle like a blazing fire consuming a heap of dry grass.⁶⁸ As a roaring fire of blazing flames and great energy, (arising from embers) cast away on the confines of a forest by its denizens, fast consumes those woods abounding with trees and heaps of dry creepers,⁶⁹ even so that hero possessed of great activity and fierce energy and endued with prowess of weapons, and having shafts for his flames, quickly burnt all the troops of thy son from wrath.⁷⁰ His gold-winged arrows, endued with fatal force and shot with care, could not be baffled by any armour. He had not to shoot a second arrow at man, steed, or elephant of gigantic size.⁷¹ Like the thunder-wielding Indra striking down the *Daityas*, Arjuna, alone, entering that division of mighty car-warriors, destroyed it with shafts of diverse forms.⁷²

SECTION XXV.

"Sanjaya said,—Dhananjaya, with his *Gāndiva*, frustrated the purpose of those unreturning heroes struggling in battle and striking their foes.¹ The shafts shot by Arjuna, irresistible and endued with great force and whose touch was like that of the thunder, were seen to resemble torrents of rain poured by a cloud.² That army, O chief of the Bharatas, thus struck by Kiritin, fled away in the very sight of thy son.³ Some deserted their sires and brothers; others, their comrades. Some car-warriors were deprived of their animals. Others lost their drivers. Some had their poles or yokes or wheels broken, O king!⁴ The arrows of some were exhausted. Some were seen afflicted with arrows. Some, though unwounded, fled in a body,

* The Bombay edition reads the first half of the second line of 57 differently.—T.

afflicted with fear.⁵ Some endeavoured to rescue their sons, having lost all their kinsmen and animals. Some loudly called upon their sires, some upon their comrades and followers.⁶ Some fled, deserting their kinsmen, O tiger among men, and brothers and other relatives, O monarch!⁷ Many mighty car-warriors, struck with Pārtha's shafts and deeply pierced therewith, were seen to breathe hard, deprived of their senses.⁸ Others, taking them up on their own cars, and soothing them for a while, and resting them and dispelling their thirst by offering them drink, once more proceeded to battle.⁹ Some, incapable of being easily defeated in battle, deserting the wounded, once more advanced to battle, desirous of obeying the behests of thy son.¹⁰ Some, having slaked their thirst or groomed their animals, and some, wearing (fresh) armour, O chief of the Bharatas,¹¹ and some, having comforted their brothers and sons and sires, and placed them in camp, once more came to battle.¹² Some, arraying their cars in the order, O king, of superiors and inferiors, advanced against the Pāndavas once more for battle.¹³ Those heroes, (on their cars) covered with rows of bells, looked resplendent like *Daityas* and *Dānavas* intent on the conquest of the three worlds.¹⁴ Some, advancing with precipitancy on their vehicles decked with gold, fought with Dhrishtadyumna amid the Pāndava divisions.¹⁵ The Pāñchāla prince Dhrishtadyumna, and the great car-warrior Cikhandin, and Catānika the son of Nakula, fought with the car-force of the enemy.¹⁶ The Pāñchāla prince then, filled with rage and supported by a large army, rushed against thy angry troops from desire of slaying them.¹⁷ Then thy son, O ruler of men, sped many showers of arrows, O Bhārata, at the Pāñchāla prince thus rushing at him.¹⁸ Then, O king, Dhrishtadyumna was quickly pierced with many arrows in his arms and chest by thy son fighting with his bow.¹⁹ Deeply pierced therewith like an elephant with pointed lances, that great bowman then despatched with his shafts the four steeds of Duryodhana to the regions of death. With another broad-headed arrow he next cut off from his trunk the head of his enemy's driver.²⁰ Then that chastiser of foes, viz., king Duryodhana, having thus lost his car, rode on horseback and

retreated to a spot not remote.²¹ Beholding his own army destitute of prowess, thy son, the mighty Duryodhana, O king, proceeded to the place where Suvala's son was.²² When the Kaurava cars were broken, three thousand gigantic elephants encompassed those car-warriors, viz., the five Pāndavas.²³ Encompassed by that elephant force, O Bhārata, the five brothers looked beautiful, O tiger among men, like the planets surrounded by the clouds.²⁴ Then the mighty-armed and white-steeded Arjuna, O king, of sureness of aim and having Krishna for his driver, advanced on his car.²⁵ Surrounded by those elephants huge as hills, he began to destroy those animals with his keen and polished arrows.²⁶ Each slain with a single arrow, we beheld those huge elephants fallen or falling down, mangled by Savyasāchin.²⁷ The mighty Bhimasena, himself like an infuriate elephant, beholding those elephants, took up his formidable mace and rushed at them, quickly jumping down from his car, like the Destroyer armed with his club.²⁸ Seeing that great car-warrior of the Pāndavas with uplifted mace, thy soldiers became filled with fright and passed urine and excreta. The whole army became agitated upon beholding Bhimasena armed with mace.²⁹ We then beheld those elephants, huge as hills, running hither and thither, with their frontal globes split open by Bhima with his mace and all their limbs bathed in blood.³⁰ Struck with Bhima's mace, those elephants, running off from him, fell down with cries of pain, like wingless mountains.³¹ Beholding those elephants, many in number, with their frontal globes split open, running hither and thither or falling down, thy soldiers were inspired with fear.³² Then Yudhishtira also, filled with wrath, and the two sons of Mādri, began to slay those elephant-warriors with arrows equipt with vulturine wings.³³ Dhrishtadyumna, after the defeat of the (Kuru) king in battle, and after the flight of the latter from that spot on horse-back, saw that the Pāndavas had all been surrounded by the (Kaurava) elephants.³⁴ Beholding this, O monarch, Dhrishtadyumna the son of the Pāṇchāla king proceeded towards those elephants, from desire of slaughtering them.³⁵ Meanwhile, not seeing Duryodhana in the midst of the car-force, Aṣwatt'āman and Kripa, and Kritavarman of

the Sātвата race, asked all the Kshatriyas there, saying,—Where has Duryodhana gone?³⁶—Not seeing the king in the midst of that carnage, those great car-warriors all thought thy son to have been slain. Hence, with sorrowful faces, they enquired after him.³⁷ Some persons told them that after the fall of his driver, he had gone to Suvala's son.³⁸ Other Kshatriyas, present there, who had been exceedingly mangled with wounds, said,—What need is there with Duryodhana? See, if he is yet alive! Do you all fight unitedly! What will the king do to you?³⁹—Other Kshatriyas, who were exceedingly mangled, who had lost many of their kinsmen, and who were still being afflicted with the arrows of the enemy, said these words in indistinct tones.⁴⁰—Let us slay these forces by whom we are encompassed! Behold, the Pāṇḍavas are coming hither, after having slain the elephants!⁴¹—Hearing these words of theirs, the mighty Aṇwatthāman, piercing through that irresistible force of the Pāṇchāla king,⁴² proceeded, with Kripa and Kritavarman, to the spot where Suvala's son was. Indeed, those heroes, those firm bowmen, leaving the car-force, repaired (in search of Duryodhana).⁴³ After they had gone away, the Pāṇḍavas, headed by Dhrishtadyumna, advanced, O king, and began to slay their enemies.⁴⁴ Beholding those valiant and heroic and mighty car-warriors cheerfully rushing towards them, thy troops, amongst whom the faces of many had turned pale, became hopeless of their lives.⁴⁵ Seeing those soldiers of ours almost deprived of weapons and surrounded (by the foe), I myself, O king, having only two kinds of forces, and becoming reckless of life,⁴⁶ joined the five leaders of our army, and fought with the forces of the Pāṇchāla prince, posting our men on that spot where Caradwat's son was stationed.⁴⁷ We had been afflicted with the shafts of Kiritin. Nevertheless, a fierce battle took place between us and the division of Dhrishtadyumna. At last, vanquished by the latter, all of us retreated from that encounter.⁴⁸ I then beheld the mighty car-warrior Sātyaki rushing against us. With four hundred cars that hero pursued me in battle.⁴⁹ Having escaped with difficulty from Dhrishtadyumna whose steeds had been tired, I fell among the forces of Mādhava even

as a sinner falleth into hell. There a fierce and terrible battle took place for a short while.³⁰ The mighty-armed Sātyaki, having cut off my armour, became desirous of taking me alive. He seized me while I lay down on the ground insensible.³¹ Then within a short while that elephant force was destroyed by Bhimasena with his mace and Arjuna with his arrows.³² In consequence of those mighty elephants, huge as hills, falling down on every side with crushed limbs, the Pāṇḍava warriors found their way almost entirely blocked up.³³ Then the mighty Bhimasena, O monarch, dragging away these huge elephants, made a way for the Pāṇḍavas to come out.³⁴ Meanwhile Aṣwatthāman and Kripa and Kritavarman of the Sātawata race, not seeing that chastiser of foes, viz., Duryodhana, amid the car-division, sought for thy royal son.³⁵ Abandoning the prince of the Pāṇchālas, they proceeded to the spot where Suvala's son was, anxious to have a sight of the king during that terrible carnage.'"³⁶

SECTION XXVI.

"Sanjaya said,—'After that elephant division had been destroyed, O Bhārata, by the son of Pāṇḍu, and while thy army was being thus slaughtered by Bhimasena in battle,¹ beholding the latter,—that chastiser of foes,—careering like the all-killing Destroyer himself in rage armed with his club,² the remnant of thy unslaughtered sons, those uterine brothers, O king, united together at that time when he of Kuru's race, viz., thy son Duryodhana, could not be seen, and rushed against Bhimasena.³ They were Durmarshana and Crutānta and Jaitra and Bhurivala and Ravi, and Jayatsena and Sujāta and that slayer of foes, viz., Durvishaha,⁴ and he called Durvimochana, and Dushpradharsha, and the mighty-armed Crutarvan. All of them were accomplished in battle.⁵ These sons of thine, uniting together, rushed against Bhimasena and shut him up on all sides.⁶ Then Bhima, O monarch, once more mounting on his own car, began to shoot keen shafts at the vital limbs of thy sons.⁷ Those sons of thine, covered with arrows by Bhimasena in that dreadful battle, began to drag that warrior⁸

like men dragging an elephant from off a cross-way.⁸ Excited with rage, Bhimasena, quickly cutting off the head of Durmarshana with a razor-headed arrow, felled it on the Earth.⁹ With another broad-headed arrow capable of penetrating every armour, Bhima next slew that mighty car-warrior, viz., thy son Crutānta.¹⁰ Then with the greatest ease, piercing Jayatsena with a cloth-yard shaft, that chastiser of foes, viz., the son of Pāndu, felled that scion of Kuru's race from his car. The prince, O King, fell down and immediately expired.¹¹ At this thy son Crutarvan, excited with rage, pierced Bhima with a hundred straight arrows winged with vulturine feathers.¹² Then Bhima, inflamed with rage, pierced Jaitra and Ravi and Bhurivala, those three, with three shafts resembling poison or fire.¹³ Those mighty car-warriors, thus struck, fell down from their cars, like *Kinçukas* variegated with flowers in the season of spring cut down (by the axeman).¹⁴ Then that scorcher of foes, with another broad-headed arrow of great keenness struck Durvimochana and despatched him to Yama's abode.¹⁵ Thus struck, that foremost of car-warriors fell down on the ground from his car, like a tree growing on the summit of a mountain when broken by the wind.¹⁶ The son of Pāndu next struck thy other two sons at the head of their forces, viz., Dushpradharsha and Sujāta, each with a couple of arrows in that battle. Those two foremost of car-warriors, pierced with those shafts, fell down.¹⁷ Beholding next another son of thine, viz., Durvishaha, rushing at him, Bhima pierced him with a broad-headed arrow in that battle. That prince fell down from his car in the very sight of all the bowmen.¹⁸ Beholding so many of his brothers slain by the single-handed Bhima in that battle, Crutarvan, under the influence of rage, rushed at Bhima,¹⁹ stretching his formidable bow decked with gold and shooting a large number of arrows that resembled poison or fire in energy.²⁰ Cutting off the bow of Pāndu's son in that dreadful battle, the Kuru prince pierced the bowless Bhima with twenty arrows.²¹ Then Bhimasena, that mighty car-warrior, taking up another bow, shrouded thy son with arrows and addressing him, said,—Wait, Wait!²²—The battle that took place between the two was beautiful and fierce, like that which

had occurred in days of yore between Vāsava and the *Asura* Jambha, O lord!³³ With the keen shafts, resembling the fatal rods of Yama, sped by those two warriors, the Earth, the sky, and all the points of the compass, became shrouded.³⁴ Then Crutarvan, filled with rage, took up his bow and struck Bhimasena in that battle, O king, with many arrows on his arms and chest.³⁵ Deeply pierced, O monarch, by thy son armed with the bow, Bhima became exceedingly agitated like the ocean at the full or the new moon.³⁶ Filled with wrath, Bhima then, O sire, despatched with his arrows the driver and the four steeds of thy son to Yama's abode.³⁷ Beholding him careless, Pāndu's son of immeasurable soul, displaying the lightness of his hands, covered him with winged arrows.³⁸ The careless Crutarvan then, O king, took up a sword and shield. As the prince, however, careered with his sword and bright shield decked with a hundred moons, the son of Pāndu struck off his head from his trunk with a razor-headed arrow and felled it on the Earth.³⁹ The trunk of that illustrious warrior, rendered headless by means of that razor-headed arrow, fell down from his car, filling the Earth with a loud noise.⁴⁰ Upon the fall of that hero, thy troops, though terrified, rushed in that battle against Bhimasena from desire of fighting with him.⁴¹ The valiant Bhimasena, clad in mail, received those warriors rushing quickly at him from among the unslain remnant of that ocean of troops. Approaching him, those warriors encompassed that hero on all sides.⁴² Thus surrounded by those warriors of thine, Bhima began to afflict them all with keen shafts like him of a thousand eyes afflicting the *Asuras*.⁴³ Having destroyed five hundred great cars with their fences, he once more slew seven hundred elephants in that battle.⁴⁴ Slaying next ten thousand foot-soldiers with his mighty shafts, as also eight hundred steeds, the son of Pāndu looked resplendent.⁴⁵ Indeed, Bhimasena the son of Kunti, having slain thy sons in battle, regarded his object achieved, O lord, and the purpose of his birth accomplished.⁴⁶ Thy troops, at that time, O Bhārata, ventured not to even gaze at that warrior who was battling in that fashion and slaying thy men in that way.⁴⁷ Routing all the Kurus and slaying those followers of theirs, Bhima then

slapped his arm-pits, terrifying the huge elephants with the noise he produced.¹⁸ Then thy army, O monarch, which had lost a very large number of men, and which then consisted of a very few soldiers, became exceedingly cheerless, O king.¹⁹

SECTION XXVII.

"Sanjaya said,—Duryodhana, O king, and thy son Sudarṣa, the only two of thy children yet unslain, were at that time in the midst of the (Kaurava) cavalry.¹ Beholding Duryodhana staying in the midst of the cavalry, Devaki's son (Krishna) said unto Dhananjaya the son of Kunti,²—A large number of our foes,—kinsmen that had received our protection,—have been slain. There, that bull of Cini's race is returning, having taken Sanjaya captive!³ Both Nakula and Sahadeva, O Bhārata, are fatigued, having fought with the wretched Dhār-tarāshtras and their followers!⁴ Those three, viz., Kripa and Kritavarman and the mighty car-warrior Açwatthāman, have left Duryodhana's side and taken up their position elsewhere!⁵ Having slain Duryodhana's troops, the Pāṇchāla prince stayeth yonder, endued with great beauty, in the midst of the Prabhadrakas.⁶ There, O Pārtha, Duryodhana stayeth in the midst of his cavalry, with the umbrella held over his head and himself flinging his glances all around!⁷ Having rearayed the (remnant of his) army, he stayeth in the midst of his forces. Slaying this one with thy keen shafts, thou mayst achieve all thy objects!⁸ As long as these troops do not fly away beholding thee, in their midst and witnessing also the destruction of their elephant force, do thou, O chastiser of foes, endeavour to slay Duryodhana!⁹ Let somebody go to the Pāṇchāla prince and ask him to come hither. The (Kaurava) troops are all tired, O sire! The sinful Duryodhana will never succeed in escaping!¹⁰ Having slain a large number of thy troops in battle, the son of Dhritarāshtra wears a proud aspect as if he believes that the Pāṇdavas have been vanquished!¹¹ Beholding his own troops afflicted and slain by the Pāṇdavas, the Kuru king will certainly come to battle for his own destruction!—Thus addressed by Krishna, Phālguna replied unto him, say-

ing,¹²—Almost all the sons of Dhritarāshtra, O giver of honors, have been slain by Bhima! Only these two are yet alive! They, however, O Krishna, shall also meet with destruction today!¹³ Bhishma hath been slain, Drona hath been slain, Karna, otherwise called Vaikartana, hath been slain! Calya the king of the Madras hath been slain, and Jayadratha also, O Krishna, hath been slain!¹⁴ Only five hundred horse form the remnant of the troops of Cakuni the son of Suvala! Of cars, only two hundred still remain, O Janārdhana! Of elephants there remain only a hundred that are formidable, and of foot only three thousand!¹⁵ There remain also Aṇwatthāman and Kripa and the ruler of the Trigartas and Uluka and Cakuni and Kritavarman of the Sātвата race!¹⁶ These, O Mādhava, form the remnant of Duryodhana's force! Truly, there is no escape from death for anybody on Earth!¹⁷ Although such a tremendous carnage has taken place, behold, Duryodhana is still alive! Today king Yudhishtira, however, will be freed from all his foes! None amongst the enemy will escape me, I ween!¹⁸ Even if they be more than men, O Krishna, I shall yet slay all those warriors today, however furious in battle, if only they do not fly away from the field!¹⁹ Filled with wrath in today's battle, I shall, by slaying the prince of Gāndhāra with my keen shafts, dispel that sleeplessness which the king has suffered for a long time!²⁰ I shall win back all those valuable possessions which Suvala's son of wicked conduct won from us at the gambling match in the assembly!²¹ Hearing of the slaughter of their husbands and sons at the hands of the Pāṇḍavas in battle, all the ladies of the city called after the elephant will utter loud wails!²² Today, O Krishna, our task will be ended! Today Duryodhana shall abandon all his blazing prosperity as also his life-breaths!²³ Thou mayest take the foolish son of Dhritarāshtra to be dead, O thou of Vrishni's race, if, O Krishna, he does not today fly away from the battle to be waged by me!²⁴ Those steeds are incapable of enduring the twang of my bow and the slaps of my palms! Proceed thither, O Krishna, for I will slay them!²⁵

* The true reading is *Rotsyanti* and not *Vetsyanti*.—T.

—Thus addressed by Pāṇḍu's son of great force of mind, he of Daśārha's race urged his steeds, O king, towards the division of Duryodhana.²⁶ Beholding that force (within which Duryodhana was), three mighty ear-warriors prepared themselves for assailing it, for Bhimasena and Arjuna and Sahadeva, O sire, together proceeded against it with loud leonine roars from desire of slaying Duryodhana.²⁷ Beholding those three warriors rushing quickly together with uplifted bows, Suvala's son proceeded towards that spot against those Pāṇḍava foes.²⁸ Thy son Sudarçana rushed against Bhimasena. Suçarman and Çakuni encountered Kiritin. Thy son Duryodhana on horse-back proceeded against Sahadeva.²⁹ Then thy son, O ruler of men, with great speed and care, forcibly struck Sahadeva's head with a lance.³⁰ Thus assailed by thy son, Sahadeva sat down on the terrace of his car, all his limbs bathed in blood and himself sighing like a snake.³¹ Regaining his senses then, O king, Sahadeva, filled with rage, covered Duryodhana with keen arrows.³² Kunti's son Dhananjaya, otherwise called Pārtha, putting forth his prowess, cut off the heads of many brave combatants on horse-back.³³ Indeed, Pārtha, with many arrows, destroyed that (cavalry) division. Having felled all the steeds, he then proceeded against the cars of the Trigartas.³⁴ At this, the great car-warriors of the Trigartas, uniting together, covered Arjuna and Vāsudeva with showers of shafts.³⁵ Assailing Satyakarman with a razor-headed arrow, the son of Pāṇḍu, possessed of great fame, cut off his adversary's car-shafts.³⁶ With another razor-headed arrow, O lord, whetted on stone, that celebrated hero, smiling the while, cut off his antagonist's head adorned with bright gold.³⁷ He next attacked Satyeshu in the sight of all the warriors, like a hungry lion, O king, in the forest, attacking a deer.³⁸ Having slain him, Pārtha pierced Suçarman with three arrows and then slew all those car-warriors adorned with ornaments of gold.³⁹ He then proceeded against Suçarman the ruler of Prashthala with great speed, vomiting the virulent poison of his wrath cherished for many long years.⁴⁰ Covering him first, O bull of Bharata's race, with a hundred arrows, Arjuna then slew all the steeds of that bowman.⁴¹ Fixing then on his bow-

string a mighty arrow that resembled the rod of Yama, Pārtha, smiling the while, quickly sped it at Suçarman, aiming it at him.⁴³ Sped by that bowman blazing with wrath, that arrow, reaching Suçarman, pierced through his heart in that battle.⁴⁴ Deprived of life, O monarch, Suçarman fell down on the Earth, gladdening all the Pāṇdavas and paining all thy warriors.⁴⁵ Having slain Suçarman in that battle, Pārtha then, with his shafts, despatched the five and thirty sons of that king, all of whom were great car-warriors, to Yama's abode.⁴⁶ Slaying next all the followers of Suçarman with his keen arrows, the mighty car-warrior Arjuna proceeded against the remnant of the Bharata host.⁴⁷ Bhima, in that battle, filled with rage, O ruler of men, made thy son Sudarçana invisible with his arrows, smiling the while.⁴⁸ Filled with rage, the son of Pāṇdu, smiling the while, cut off from his antagonist's trunk his head with a razor-headed arrow of great sharpness. Deprived of life, the prince fell down on the Earth.⁴⁹ Upon the fall of that (Kuru) hero, his followers encompassed Bhima in that battle, shooting showers of whetted arrows at him.⁵⁰ Vrikodara, however, with his keen arrows, whose touch resembled that of Indra's thunder, covered that force around him. Within a very short time, Bhima slew them all, O bull of Bharata's race!⁵¹ Whilst they were being thus exterminated, many Kaurava leaders of great might, O Bhārata, approached Bhima and began to fight with him.⁵² The son of Pāṇdu, O king, covered all of them with his arrows. Similarly, thy warriors, O monarch, covered the great car-warriors of the Pāṇdavas with dense showers of arrows from every side.⁵³ All the warriors then, of both sides, thus engaged in battle with one another, became exceedingly agitated.⁵⁴ Struck by one another, the combatants of both armies, O king, began to fall down, wailing aloud for their (deceased) kinsmen.'⁵⁵

SECTION XXVIII.

"Sanjaya said,—During the progress of that battle which was so destructive of men and steeds and elephants, Suvala's son Cakuni, O king, rushed against Sahadeva.¹ The valiant Saha-

deva, as Cakuni rushed quickly towards him, sped showers of swift arrows at that warrior as numerous as a flight of insects. At that time Uluka also encountered Bhima and pierced him with ten arrows.³ Cakuni meanwhile, O monarch, having pierced Bhima with three arrows, covered Sahadeva with ninety.⁴ Indeed, those heroes, O king, encountering one another in that battle, pierced one another with many keen arrows equipt with *Kanka* and peacock feathers, winged with gold, whetted on stone, and sped from bowstrings drawn to their ears.⁴ Those showers of arrows sped from their bows and arms, O monarch, shrouded all the points of the compass like a thick shower of rain poured from the clouds.⁵ Then Bhima, filled with rage, and Sahadeva of great valor, both endued with great might, careered in that battle, making an immense carnage.⁶ That army, O Bhārata, was covered with hundreds of arrows by those two warriors. In consequence thereof, the welkin, on many parts of the field, became shrouded with darkness.⁷ In consequence, O monarch, of steeds, covered with arrows, dragging after them, as they ran, a large number of slain combatants, the tracks on many parts of the field became entirely blocked up.⁸ Covered with steeds slain with their riders, with broken shields and lances, O monarch, and with swords and darts and spears all around, the Earth looked variegated as if strewn with flowers.⁹ The combatants, O king, encountering one another, careered in battle, filled with wrath and taking one another's life.¹⁰ Soon the field became strewn with heads, beautiful as the filaments of the lotus, adorned with ear-rings and graced with faces set with eyes upturned in wrath and lips bit in rage.¹¹ Covered also, O monarch, with the severed arms of warriors that resembled the trunks of huge elephants, that were adorned with *Angulas* and cased in leathern fences, and that still held swords and lances and battle-axes,¹² and with headless bodies risen on their feet and bleeding and dancing on the field, and swarming with carnivorous creatures of diverse kinds, the Earth, O lord, presented a frightful aspect!¹³ After the Bharata army had been reduced to a small remnant, the Pāṇdavas, filled with delight in that dreadful battle, began to despatch the Kauravas to Yama's

abode.¹⁴ Meanwhile the heroic and valiant son of Suvala's son very forcibly struck Sahadeva in the head with a lance.¹⁵ Exceedingly agitated, O monarch, in consequence of that blow, Sahadeva sat down on the terrace of his car.¹⁶ Beholding Sahadeva in that plight, the valiant Bhima, filled with rage, O Bhārata, held the whole Kuru army in check.¹⁷ With his cloth-yard shafts he pierced hundreds and thousands of hostile warriors, and having pierced them so, that chastiser of foes uttered a leonine roar.¹⁸ Frightened at that roar, all the followers of Cakuni, with their steeds and elephants, precipitately fled away in fear.¹⁹ Beholding them broken, king Duryodhana said unto them:—Stop, ye Kshatriyas unacquainted with morality! Fight! What is the use of flight?²⁰ That hero who without showing his back casteth away his life-breaths in battle, achieveth fame here and enjoyeth regions of bliss hereafter!²¹—Thus exhorted by the king, the followers of Suvala's son once more advanced against the Pāndavas, making death their goal.²² Awful, O monarch, was the noise made by those rushing warriors, resembling that of the agitated ocean. At this, the field of battle became agitated all around.²³ Beholding those followers of Suvala's son thus advancing to battle, the victorious Pāndavas, O monarch, proceeded against them.²⁴ Comforted a little, the invincible Sahadeva, O monarch, pierced Cakuni with ten arrows and his steeds with three. With the greatest ease he then cut off the bow of Suvala's son with a number of other arrows.²⁵ Invincible in battle, Cakuni, however, took up another bow and pierced Nakula with sixty arrows and then Bhimasena with seven.²⁶ Uluka also, O king, desirous of rescuing his sire in that engagement, pierced Bhima with seven arrows and Sahadeva with seventy.²⁷ Bhimasena in that encounter pierced Uluka with many keen arrows and Cakuni with four and sixty, and each of the other warriors who fought around them, with three arrows.²⁸ Struck by Bhimasena with shafts steeped in oil, the Kauravas, filled with rage in that battle, covered Sahadeva with showers of arrows like lightning-charged clouds pouring rain on a mountain breast.²⁹ The heroic and valiant Sahadeva then, O monarch, cut off, with a broad-headed arrow, the head of Uluka as the latter advanced

against him.³⁰ Slain by Sahadeva, Uluka, gladdening the Pāndavas in that battle, fell down on the Earth from his car, all his limbs bathed in blood.³¹ Beholding his son slain, Cakuni, O Bhārata, with voice choked in tears and drawing deep breaths, recollected the words of Vidura.³² Having reflected for a moment with tearful eyes, Cakuni, breathing heavily, approached Sahadeva and pierced him with three arrows.³³ Baffling those arrows sped by Suvala's son with showers of shafts, the valiant Sahadeva, O monarch, cut off his antagonist's bow in that battle.³⁴ Seeing his bow cut off, O king, Cakuni the son of Suvala took up a formidable scimitar and hurled it at Sahadeva.³⁵ The latter, however, with the greatest ease, O monarch, cut off in twain that terrible scimitar of Suvala's son as it coursed towards him in that encounter.³⁶ Beholding his sword cut in twain, Cakuni took up a formidable mace and hurled it at Sahadeva. That mace also, unable to achieve its object, fell down on the Earth.³⁷ After this, Suvala's son, filled with rage, hurled at the son of Pāndu an awful dart that resembled an impending death-night.³⁸ With the greatest ease Sahadeva, in that encounter, cut off, with his gold-decked shafts, into three fragments, that dart as it coursed swiftly towards him.³⁹ Cut off into fragments, that dart adorned with gold, fell down on the Earth like a blazing thunder-bolt from the firmament, diverging into many flashes.⁴⁰ Beholding that dart baffled and Suvala's son afflicted with fear, all thy troops fled away in fright. Suvala's son himself joined them.⁴¹ The Pāndavas then, eager for victory, uttered loud shouts. As regards the Dhārtarāshtras, almost all of them turned away from the fight.⁴² Seeing them so cheerless, the valiant son of Mādri, with many thousand shafts, checked them in that battle.⁴³ Then Sahadeva came upon Suvala's son as the latter, who was still expectant of victory, was flying away, protected by the excellent cavalry of the Gāndhāras.⁴⁴ Recollecting, O king, that Cakuni, who had fallen to his share, was still alive Sahadeva, on his car adorned with gold, pursued that warrior.⁴⁵ Stringing his formidable bow and drawing it with great force, Sahadeva, filled with rage, pursued the son of Suvala and vigorously struck him with many shafts equipt with vulturine

feathers and whetted on stone, even like a person striking a mighty elephant with pointed lances.⁴⁶ Endued with great energy of mind, Sahadeva, having afflicted his foe thus, addressed him, as if for calling back to his mind (his past misdeeds), in these words:—Adhering to the duties of a Kshatriya, fight (with me) and be a man!⁴⁷—Thou hadst, O fool, rejoiced greatly in the midst of the assembly, while gambling with dice! Receive now, O thou of wicked understanding, the fruit of that act!⁴⁸ All those wicked-souled ones that had ridiculed us then have perished! Only that wretch of his race, viz., Duryodhana, is still alive, and thyself, his maternal uncle!⁴⁹ Today I shall slay thee, striking off thy head with a razor-headed arrow like a person plucking a fruit from a tree with a stick!⁵⁰—Saying these words, O monarch, Sahadeva of great strength, that tiger among men, filled with rage, rushed impetuously against Cakuni.⁵¹ Approaching his enemy, the invincible Sahadeva, that foremost of warriors, forcibly drawing his bow and as if burning his foe with wrath,⁵² pierced Cakuni with ten arrows and his steeds with four. Then cutting off his umbrella and standard and bow, he roared like a lion.⁵³ His standard and bow and umbrella thus cut off by Sahadeva, Suvala's son was pierced with many arrows in all his vital limbs.⁵⁴ Once again, O monarch, the valiant Sahadeva sped at Cakuni an irresistible shower of arrows.⁵⁵ Filled with rage, the son of Suvala then, single-handed, rushed with speed against Sahadeva in that encounter, desirous of slaying the latter with a lance adorned with gold.⁵⁶ The son of Mādri, however, with three broad-headed arrows, simultaneously cut off, without losing a moment, that uplifted lance as also the two well rounded arms of his enemy at the van of battle, and then uttered a loud roar.⁵⁷ Endued with great activity, the heroic Sahadeva then, with a broad-headed arrow made of hard iron, equipt with wings of gold, capable of penetrating every armour, and sped with great force and care, cut off from his trunk his enemy's head.⁵⁸ Deprived of his head by the son of Pāndu with that gold-decked arrow of great sharpness and splendour like the Sun's, Suvala's son fell down on the Earth in that battle.⁵⁹ Indeed, the son of Pāndu, filled with

rage, struck off that head which was the root of the evil policy of the Kurus, with that impetuous shaft winged with gold and whetted on stone.⁶⁰ Beholding Cakuni lying headless on the ground and all his limbs drenched with gore, thy warriors, rendered powerless with fear, fled away on all sides with weapons in their hands.⁶¹ At that time thy sons, with cars, elephants, horse, and foot, entirely broken, heard the twang of *Gandiva* and fled away with colorless faces, afflicted with fear and deprived of their senses.⁶² Having thrown down Cakuni from his car, the Pāṇdavas, O Bhārata, became filled with delight. Rejoicing with Keçava among them, they blew their conchs in that battle, gladdening their troops.⁶³ All of them, with glad hearts, worshipped Sahadeva, and said,—By good luck, O hero, Cakuni of wicked soul, that man of evil courses, hath, with his son, been slain by thee !—”⁶⁴

SECTION XXIX.

(*Hrada-praveça Parva*).

“Sanjaya said,—‘After this, the followers of Suvala’s son, O monarch, became filled with rage. Prepared to lay down their lives in that dreadful battle, they began to resist the Pāṇdavas.¹ Resolved to aid Sahadeva in his victory, Arjuna, as also Bhimasena possessed of great energy and resembling an angry snake of virulent poison in aspect, received those warriors.² With his *Gāndiva*, Dhananjaya baffled the purpose of those warriors who, armed with darts and swords and lances, desired to slay Sahadeva.³ Vibhatsu, with his broad-headed arrows, cut off the steeds, the heads, and the arms, with weapons in grasp, of those rushing combatants.⁴ The steeds of those foremost of heroes endued with activity, struck by Savyasāchin, fell down on the Earth, deprived of their lives.⁵ King Duryodhana, beholding that carnage of his own troops, O lord, became filled with rage. Assembling together the remnant of his cars which still numbered many hundreds,⁶ as also his elephants and horse and foot, O scorcher of foes, thy

son said these words unto those warriors,⁷—Encountering all the Pāṇḍavas with their friends and allies, in this battle, and the prince of Pāṇchāla also with his own troops, and slaying them quickly, turn back from the fight!⁸—Respectfully accepting that command of his, those warriors, difficult of defeat in battle, proceeded once more against the Pārthas in that battle, at the behest of thy son.⁹ The Pāṇḍavas, however, covered with their arrows resembling snakes of virulent poison all those warriors, forming the remnant of the Kaurava army, that thus rushed quickly against them in that dreadful battle.¹⁰ That army, O chief of the Bharatas, as it came to battle, was in a moment exterminated by those high-souled warriors, for it failed to obtain a protector.¹¹ In consequence of the (Kaurava) steeds running hither and thither that were all covered with the dust raised by the army, the cardinal and the subsidiary points of the compass could not be distinguished.¹² Many warriors, issuing out of the Pāṇḍava array, O Bhārata, slew thy troops in a moment in that battle.¹³ Eleven *Akshauhini*s, O Bhārata, of troops had been assembled for thy son! All those, O lord, were slain by the Pāṇḍus and the Srinjayas!¹⁴ Amongst those thousands upon thousands of high-souled kings on thy side, only Duryodhana now, O monarch, exceedingly wounded, was seen to be alive!¹⁵ Casting his eyes on all sides and seeing the Earth empty, himself destitute of all his troops while the Pāṇḍavas, filled with joy in that battle, were roaring aloud in consequence of the accomplishment of all their objects, Duryodhana, O monarch, unable to endure the whiz of the shafts shot by those high-souled heroes, became stupified! Destitute of troops and animals, he set his heart on retreat from the field.¹⁶⁻¹⁸

“Dhritarāshtra said,—‘When my troops were slain and our camp made entirely empty, what was the strength, O Suta, of the troops that still remained to the Pāṇḍavas? I desire to know this. Therefore, tell me, O Sanjaya, for thou art skilled (in narration)!¹⁹ Tell me also, O Sanjaya, that which was done by my son, the wicked Duryodhana, that lord of the Earth, the sole survivor of so many men, when he saw his army exterminated.’²⁰

“Sanjaya continued,—‘Two thousand cars, seven hundred elephants, five thousand horse, and ten thousand foot,’—this was the remnant, O monarch, of the mighty host of the Pāndavas! Taking care of this force, Dhrishtadyumna waited in that battle.²² Meanwhile, O chief of the Bharatas, king Duryodhana, that foremost of car-warriors, saw not in that battle a single warrior on his side.²³ Beholding his enemies roaring aloud and witnessing the extermination of his own army, that lord of Earth, O monarch, viz., Duryodhana, without a companion, abandoned his slain steed, and fled from the field with face turned eastwards.²⁴ That lord of eleven *Akshauhinis*, viz., thy son Duryodhana, of great energy, taking up his mace, fled on foot towards a lake.²⁵ Before he had proceeded far on foot, the king recalled the words of the intelligent and virtuous Vidura.²⁶—Without doubt, this had been foreseen by Vidura of great wisdom, viz., this great carnage of Kshatriyas and of ourselves in battle!²⁷—Reflecting on this, the king, with heart burning in grief at having witnessed the extermination of his army, desired to penetrate into the depths of that lake.²⁸ The Pāndavas, O monarch, with Dhrishtadyumna at their head, filled with rage, O king, rushed against (the small remnant of) thy army.²⁹ With his *Gāndiva*, Dhananjaya baffled the purpose of the (Kaurava) troops, who, armed with darts and swords and lances, were uttering loud roars.³⁰ Having, with his sharp shafts, slain those troops with their allies and kinsmen, Arjuna, as he stood on his car having white steeds yoked unto it, looked exceedingly beautiful.³¹ Upon the fall of Suvala’s son along with horse, cars, and elephants, thy army looked like a large forest laid low (by the wind).³² In Duryodhana’s army then, O monarch, which had numbered many hundred thousands of warriors, not another great car-warrior was seen to be alive,³³ save the heroic son of Drona, and Kritavarman, and Kripa the son of Gotama, O monarch, and that lord of Earth, viz., thy son!³⁴ Dhrishtadyumna, seeing me, laughingly addressed Sātyaki, saying.—What is the use of seizing this one? Nothing will be gained by keeping him alive.³⁵—Hearing these words of Dhrishtadyumna, the grandson of Cini, that great car-warrior, uplifting his sharp

sword, prepared to slay me.³⁶ Just at that juncture, the Island-born Krishna of great wisdom, (viz., Vyāsa), coming there, said, —Let Sanjaya be dismissed alive! By no means should he be slain!³⁷—Hearing these words of the Island-born, the grandson of Cini joined his hands, and then, setting me free, said unto me,—Peace to thee, O Sanjaya, thou mayst go hence!³⁸—Permitted by him, myself then, putting off my armour and making over my weapons, set out on the evening on the road leading to the city, my limbs bathed in blood.³⁹ After I had come about two miles, O monarch, I beheld Duryodhana, standing alone, mace in hand, and exceedingly mangled.⁴⁰ His eyes were full of tears and, therefore, he could not see me. I stood cheerlessly before him. He looked accordingly at me without recognising me.⁴¹ Beholding him standing alone on the field and indulging in grief, I also, overwhelmed with sorrow, succeeded not for a little while to speak a single word.⁴² Then I said unto him everything about my own capture and my release through the grace of the Island-born.⁴³ Having reflected for a moment, and regained his senses, he enquired of me after his brothers and his troops.⁴⁴ I had seen everything with my eyes and, therefore, told him everything, viz., that his brothers had all been slain and that all his troops had been exterminated.⁴⁵ I told the king that we had at that time only three car-warriors left alive, for the Island-born had said so unto me when I set out (from the place where the Pāṇḍavas were).⁴⁶ Drawing deep breaths and looking repeatedly at me, thy son touched me with his hand and said,⁴⁷—Except thee, O Sanjaya, there is none else that liveth, amongst those engaged in this battle! I do not see another (on my side), while the Pāṇḍavas have their allies living!⁴⁸ Say, O Sanjaya, unto that lord, viz., the blind king Dhritarāshtra, that his son Duryodhana hath entered the depths of a lake!⁴⁹ Destitute of friends such as those (I lately had), deprived of sons and brothers, and seeing his kingdom taken by the Pāṇḍavas, who is there like me that would desire to live?⁵⁰ Say all this unto the king and tell him further that I have escaped with life from that dreadful battle, and that, alive, though exceedingly wounded, I shall rest within the depths of this lake!⁵¹—Having said these words unto me, O monarch,

the king entered that lake. That ruler of men, by his power, of illusion, then charmed the waters of that lake, making a space for him within them.⁵³ After he had entered that lake, myself, without anybody on my side, saw those three car-warriors (of our army) coming together to that spot with their tired animals.⁵⁴ They were Kripa the son of Caradwat, and the heroic Aṣwatthāman, that foremost of car-warriors, and Kritavarman of Bhoja's race. Mangled with shafts, all of them came together to that spot.⁵⁵ Beholding me, they all urged their steeds to greater speed and coming up to me, said,—By good luck, O Sanjaya, thou livest yet!⁵⁶—All of them then enquired after thy son, that ruler of men, saying,—Is our king Duryodhana still alive, O Sanjaya?⁵⁷—I then told them that the king was well in body. I also told them everything that Duryodhana had said unto me. I also pointed out to them the lake that the king had entered.⁵⁸ Then Aṣwatthāman, O king, having heard those words from me, cast his eyes on that extensive lake and began to wail in grief, saying,⁵⁹—Alas, Alas, the king knew not that we are still alive! With him amongst us, we are still quite able to fight with our foes!⁶⁰—Those mighty car-warriors, having wept there for a long time, fled away at sight of the sons of Pāndu.⁶¹ Those three car-warriors that formed the remnant of our army took me up on the well-adorned car of Kripa and then proceeded to the Kuru camp.⁶² The Sun had set a little before. The troops forming the outposts of the camp, learning that all thy sons had been slain, wept aloud.⁶³ Then, O monarch, the old men that had been appointed to look after the ladies of the royal household, proceeded towards the city, taking the princesses after them.⁶⁴ Loud were the wails uttered by those crying and weeping ladies when they heard of the destruction of the whole army.⁶⁵ The women, O king, crying ceaselessly, caused the Earth to resound with their voices like a flight of she-ospreys.⁶⁶ They tore their bodies with their nails and struck their heads with their hands, and untied their braids, indulging all the while in loud cries.⁶⁷ Filling the air with sounds such as *Oh* and *Alas*, and beating their breasts, they cried aloud and wept and uttered loud shrieks, O mon-

arch !⁶⁷ Then the friends of Duryodhana, deeply afflicted and made voiceless by their tears, set out for the city, taking the ladies of the royal household with them.⁶⁸ The camp-guards quickly fled towards the city, taking with them many white beds overlaid with costly coverlets.⁶⁹ Others, placing their wives on cars drawn by mules, proceeded towards the city.⁷⁰ Those ladies, O monarch, who while in their houses could not be seen by the very Sun, were now, as they proceeded towards the city, exposed to the gaze of the common people.⁷¹ Those women, O chief of Bharata's race, who were very delicate, now proceeded with speed towards the city, having lost their near ones and kinsmen.⁷² The very cowherds and shepherds and common men, filled with panic and afflicted with the fear of Bhimasena, fled towards the city.⁷³ Even these were filled with a great fear of the Pārthas. Looking at one another, all of them fled towards the city.⁷⁴ During the progress of that general flight attended with such circumstances of fear, Yuyutsu, deprived of his senses by grief, thought upon what he should do in view of the emergency that had come.⁷⁵—Duryodhana hath been vanquished in battle by the Pāṇḍavas of terrible prowess! He had eleven *Akṣauhini*s of troops under him! All his brothers have been slain!⁷⁶ All the Kauravas, headed by Bhishma and Drona, have perished! Through the influence of Destiny, only I have been saved!⁷⁷ All those that were in the Kuru camp have fled! Alas, they are flying on all sides, deprived of energy and destitute of protectors!⁷⁸ Such a sight had never been seen before! Afflicted with sorrow, with eyes anxious in fear, they are flying away on all sides like a herd of deer, looking at one another!⁷⁹ Those amongst the counsellors of Duryodhana that are yet alive have fled towards the city, taking with them the ladies of the royal household!⁸⁰ I think, O lord, that the time hath come when I also should enter the city with them, after taking the permission of Yudhishtira and Vāsudeva!—For this purpose that mighty-armed prince presented himself before both those heroes.⁸¹ King Yudhishtira, who is always compassionate, became highly pleased with him. The mighty-armed Pāṇḍava embraced that child of a Vaiçyā mother and dismissed him affectionately.⁸²

Riding upon his own car, he urged his steeds to great speed. He then supervised the removal of the ladies of the royal household to the city.³³ The Sun was setting: With those ladies, Yuyutsu entered the city of Hastināpura, with tearful eyes and with voice choked in grief.³⁴ He then saw Vidura of great wisdom, sitting with tearful eyes. He had come away from Dhritarāshtra, his heart having been afflicted with great sorrow.³⁵ Bowing down unto Vidura, he stood before him. Devoted to truth, Vidura addressed him, saying,—By good luck, O son, thou livest amid this general destruction of the Kurus!³⁶ Why, however, hast thou come without king Duryodhana in thy company? Tell me in detail the cause of this!³⁷—Yuyutsu then said,—After the fall of Cakuni, O sire, with all his kinsmen and friends, king Duryodhana, abandoning the steed he rode, fled away in fear towards the east.³⁸ After the king had fled away, all the people in the (Kaurava) encampment, agitated with fear, fled towards the city.³⁹ Then the protectors of the ladies, placing the wives of the king, as also those of his brothers, on vehicles, fled away in fear.⁴⁰ Obtaining the permission of king Yudhishtira and Keçava, I set out for Hastināpura, for protecting the people thus flying away!⁴¹—Hearing these words spoken by the son of Dhritarāshtra's Vaiçyā wife, Vidura of immeasurable soul, conversant with every usage and feeling what was proper at that hour, applauded the eloquent Yuyutsu.⁴² And he said,—Thou hast acted properly, having regard for what has come, in view of this destruction of all the Bharatas of which thou art speaking! Thou hast also, from compassion, maintained the honor of thy race!⁴³ By good luck we behold thee come back with life from this terrible battle that is so destructive of heroes, like creatures beholding the Sun possessed of blazing glory!⁴⁴ Thou, O son, art now in every way the sole staff of the blind monarch bereft of foresight, afflicted with calamity, struck by Destiny, and who, though repeatedly dissuaded, could not abstain from pursuing his evil policy!⁴⁵ Take rest here for this day! Tomorrow thou mayst return to Yudhishtira!—Having said these words, Vidura, with tearful eyes,⁴⁶ took leave of Yuyutsu and entered the abode of the king.

which resounded with cries of *Oh* and *Alas* uttered by citizens and villagers afflicted with woe." The cheerless mansion seemed to have lost all its beauty; comfort and happiness seemed to have deserted it. It was all empty and pervaded by disorder. Already filled with sorrow, Vidura's grief increased at that sight.³ Conversant with every duty, Vidura, with a sorrowful heart, entered the palace, drawing deep breaths.⁴ As regards Yuyutsu, he passed that night in his own abode. Afflicted with woe, he failed to obtain any joy at the panegyrics with which he was greeted. He passed the time, thinking of the terrible destruction of the Bharatas at one another's hands.⁵ ¹⁰⁰

SECTION XXX.

"Dhritarāshtra said,—After all the Kaurava troops had been slain by the sons of Pāndu on the field of battle, what did those survivors of my army, viz., Kritavarman and Kripa and the valiant son of Drona do? What also did the wicked-souled king Duryodhana then do?"¹⁻³

"Sanjaya said,—After the flight of the ladies of those high-souled Kshatriyas, and after the (Kaurava) camp had become entirely empty, the three car-warriors (thou hast mentioned) became filled with anxiety.⁴ Hearing the shouts of the victorious sons of Pāndu, and beholding the camp deserted towards the evening, those three warriors of our side, desirous of rescuing the king, and unable to stay on the field, proceeded towards the lake.⁵ Yudhishtira, of virtuous soul, with his brothers in that battle, felt great joy and wandered over the field from desire of slaying Duryodhana.⁶ Filled with wrath, the Pāndavas, desirous of victory, searched for thy son. Though, however, they looked very carefully for him, they failed to discover the (Kuru) king.⁷ Mace in hand, he had fled with great speed from the field of battle and penetrated into that lake, having, by the aid of his powers of illusion, solidified its waters.⁸ When at last the animals of the Pāndavas became very much tired, the latter proceeded to their camp

and rested there with their soldiers.⁸ After the Pārthas had retired to their camp, Kripa and Drona's son and Kritavarman of the Sātwata race, slowly proceeded towards that lake.⁹ Approaching the lake within which lay the king, they addressed that invincible ruler of men asleep within the water, saying,¹⁰—Arise, O king, and fight with us against Yudhishthira! Either obtaining victory enjoy the Earth, or, slain, proceed to heaven!¹¹ The forces of the Pāṇdavas also, O Duryodhana, have all been slain by thee! Those amongst them that are yet alive have been exceedingly mangled!¹² They will not be able, O monarch, to bear thy impetuosity, especially when thou shalt be protected by us! Arise, therefore, O Bhārata!¹³—

“Duryodhana said,—By good luck, I see you, ye bulls among men, come back with life from this destructive battle between the Pāṇdavas and the Kauravas!¹⁴ After we have rested awhile and dispelled our fatigue, we shall encounter the enemy and conquer him! Ye also are tired and I myself am exceedingly mangled! The army of the Pāṇdavas is swelling with might! For these reasons I do not like to fight now!¹⁵ These exhortations on your part, ye heroes, are not at all wonderful, for your hearts are noble! Your devotion also to me is great! This, however, is not the time for prowess!¹⁶ Resting for this one night I shall, on the morrow, join you and fight with the foe! In this there is no doubt!¹⁷”

“Sanjaya continued,—Thus addressed, the son of Drona replied unto the king, who was invincible in battle, saying,—Arise, O king, blessed be thou, we shall yet vanquish the foe!¹⁸ I swear by all my religious acts, by all the gifts I have made, by truth itself, and my silent meditations, O king, that I shall today slay the Somakas!¹⁹ Let me not obtain the delight resulting from the performance of sacrifices, that delight which is felt by all pious men, if this night passes away without my slaying the Pāṇdavas in battle!²⁰ Without slaying all the Pāṇchālās, I will not, O lord, put off my armour! I tell thee this truly. Believe me, O ruler of men!²¹—While they were thus conversing, a number of hunters came there. Fatigued with the weight of meat they carried, they came there, not

of any set purpose, for slaking their thirst.²² Those huntsmen, O lord, used every day, to procure, with great regard, basketsful of meat for Bhimasena, O king!²³ As they sat concealed on the banks of that lake, those men heard every word of that conversation between Duryodhana and those warriors.²⁴ Finding the Kuru king unwilling to fight, those great bowmen, themselves desirous of battle, began to urge him greatly to adopt their counsels.²⁵ Seeing those car-warriors of the Kau-rava army, and understanding that the king unwilling to fight was staying within the waters²⁶ and hearing that conversation between those heroes and their master staying within the depths of the lake,—indeed, O monarch, the huntsmen, clearly perceiving that it was Duryodhana who was staying within the lake, formed a resolution.²⁷ A little while before, the son of Pāndu, while searching for the king, had met those men and asked them the whereabouts of Duryodhana.²⁸ Recollecting the words that the son of Pāndu had said, those hunters, O king, whisperingly said unto one another,²⁹—We will discover Duryodhana (unto the Pāndavas)! The son of Pāndu will then give us wealth! It is evident to us that the celebrated king Duryodhana is here!³⁰ Let us then, all of us, proceed to the spot where king Yudhishthira is, for telling him that the vindictive Duryodhana is concealed within the waters of this lake!³¹ Let us also, all of us, inform that great bowman, viz., the intelligent Bhimasena, that the son of Dhritarāshtra is concealed here within the waters of this lake!³² Gratified with us, he will give us much wealth! What need of fatiguing ourselves, day after day, with procuring meat and weakening ourselves with such toil?³³—Having said these words, those huntsmen, filled with joy and longing for wealth, took up their baskets of meat and proceeded towards the (Pāndava) camp.³⁴ Possessed of sure aim and skilled in smiting, the Pāndavas, O monarch, not seeing in battle Duryodhana who was then concealed, (were resting in their camp).³⁵ Desirous of reaching the end of that sinful wight's evil policy, they had despatched spies in all directions on the field of battle.³⁶ All the soldiers, however, that had been despatched on that mission, returned to the camp together and informed king Yudhishthira the just that

no trace could be found of king Duryodhana.³⁷ Hearing these words of the returned messengers, O bull of Bharata's race, king Yudhishtira became filled with great anxiety and began to breathe heavily.³⁸ While the Pāṇḍavas, O bull of Bharata's race, were staying in such cheerlessness, those huntsmen, O lord, having come with great speed from the banks of that lake,³⁹ arrived at the camp, filled with joy at having discovered Duryodhana. Though forbidden, they still entered the camp, in the very sight of Bhimasena.⁴⁰ Having approached that mighty son of Pāṇḍu, viz., Bhimasena, they represented everything unto him about what they had seen and heard.⁴¹ Then Vrikodara, that scorcher of foes, O king, giving them much wealth, represented everything unto king Yudhishtira the the just, saying,⁴²—Duryodhana, O king, hath been discovered by the huntsmen that supply me with meat! He, O king, for whom thou grieveest, now lies within a lake whose waters have been solidified by him!⁴³—Hearing these agreeable words of Bhimasena, O monarch, Kunti's son Ajātaśatru became, with all his brothers, filled with joy.⁴⁴ Having learnt that the mighty bowman Duryodhana had penetrated into the waters of a lake, the king proceeded thither with great speed, with Janārdana at his head.⁴⁵ Then a tumultuous noise arose, O monarch, from among the Pāṇḍavas and the Pāṇchālas all of whom were filled with joy.⁴⁶ The warriors uttered leonine roars, O bull of Bharata's race, and shouted loudly. All the Kshatriyas O king, proceeded with great speed towards that lake called *Dwaipāyana*.⁴⁷ The rejoicing Somakas all around loudly and repeatedly exclaimed,—*The sinful son of Dhritarāshtra has been found!*⁴⁸—The noise made by the cars of those impetuous warriors who proceeded with great speed, became very loud, O monarch, and touched the heavens.⁴⁹ Although their animals were tired, all of them still proceeded with speed behind king Yudhishtira who was bent upon finding out Duryodhana.⁵⁰ Arjuna, and Bhimasena, and the two sons of Mādri by Pāṇḍu, and the Pāṇchāla prince Dhṛishtadyumna, and the unvanquished Cikshandin,⁵¹ and Uttamaujas, and Yudhāmanyu, and the mighty car-warrior Sātyaki, and the (five) sons of Draupadi, and those amongst the Pāṇchālas, O king, that

were yet alive, and all the Pāndavas, and all their elephants, and foot-soldiers by hundreds upon hundreds, all proceeded with Yudhishtira.⁵⁵ Possessed of great valour, king Yudhishtira the just, O monarch, arrived at the lake known by the name of Dwaipāyana within which Duryodhana then was. Wide as the ocean itself, its aspect was agreeable and its waters were cool and transparent.⁵⁶ Solidifying the waters by means of his power of illusion,—by, indeed, a wonderful method,—thy son Duryodhana, O Bhārata, happened to be within that lake.⁵⁷ Indeed, within those waters lay, O lord, that king, armed with his mace, who, O ruler of men, could not be vanquished by any man!⁵⁸ Staying within the waters of that lake, king Duryodhana heard that tumultuous noise (of the Pāndava army) which resembled the very roar of the clouds.⁵⁹ Yudhishtira then, O king, with his brothers, repaired to that lake from desire of slaying Duryodhana.⁶⁰ Raising a thick dust, the son of Pāndu caused the Earth to tremble with the sound of his car-wheels and the loud blare of his conch.⁶¹ Hearing the noise made by the army of Yudhishtira, those great car-warriors, viz., Kritavarman and Kripa and the son of Drona, said these words unto the Kuru king:⁶²—Filled with joy and longing for victory, the Pāndavas are coming hither! We will, therefore, leave this place. Let it be known to thee!⁶³—Hearing those words of these heroes endowed with great activity, he answered them, saying,—So be it!—and remained (as before) within the waters, having, O lord, solidified them by his powers of illusion.⁶⁴ Those car-warriors headed by Kripa, filled with grief, took leave of the king, O monarch, and went away to a place far removed from that spot.⁶⁵ Having proceeded far, they beheld a banian, O sire, under whose shade they stopped, greatly tired, and exceedingly anxious about the king and indulging in such thoughts as these.⁶⁶—The mighty son of Dhritarāshtra, having solidified the waters of the lake, lay stretched at the bottom. The Pāndavas have reached that spot, from desire of battle.⁶⁷ How will the battle take place? What will become of the king? How will the Pāndavas find out the Kuru king?⁶⁸—Thinking of these things, O king, those heroes, viz., Kripa and

the others, liberated their horses from their cars and prepared to rest there for some time.' "66

SECTION XXXI.

"Sanjaya said.—'After those three car-warriors had left that spot, the Pāṇḍavas arrived at that lake within which Duryodhana was resting himself.¹ Having reached the banks of the Dwaipāyana lake, O chief of Kuru's race, they beheld that receptacle of waters enchanted by thy son. Then Yudhishtira, addressing Vāsudeva, said,²—Behold, the son of Dhritarāshtra hath applied his power of illusion to these waters! Having enchanted the waters, he lieth within them. He can have now no fear (of injury) from man!³ Having invoked a celestial illusion, he is now within the waters! By an act of deception, that wight conversant with every deception hath sought this refuge! He shall not, however, escape me with life!⁴ Even if the wielder of the thunder-bolt himself aid him in battle, people, O Mādhava, shall yet behold him slain today!⁵—

"Vāsudeva said,—With thy own powers of illusion, O Bhārata, destroy this illusion of Duryodhana who is an adept in it! One conversant with illusion should be slain with illusion! This is the truth, O Yudhishtira!⁶ With acts and means and applying thy power of illusion to these waters, slay, O chief of the Bharatas, this Suyodhana who is the very soul of illusion!⁷ With acts and means Indra himself slew the *Daityas* and the *Dānavas*: Vali himself was bound by that high-souled one, (viz., Upendra), with the aid of many acts and means!⁸ The great *Asura* Hiranyāksha, as also that other one, viz., Hiranyakaçipu, was slain by the aid of many acts and means. Without doubt, O king, Vritra also was slain by the aid of acts!⁹ Similarly was the *Rākshasa* Ravana of Pulastya's race, with his relatives and followers, slain by Rāma! Relying upon acts and contrivances, do thou also display thy prowess!¹⁰ Those two ancient *Daityas*, viz., Tāraka, and Viprachitti of great energy, were in ancient times, O king, slain by the aid of acts and means!¹¹ Similarly Vātāpi and Ilwala, and Triçiras, O lord, and the *Asuras* Sunda and

Upasunda, were all slain by the aid of means!¹² Indra himself enjoys heaven by the aid of acts and means! Acts are very efficacious, O king, and nothing else is so, O Yudhishthira!¹³ *Daityas* and *Dānavas* and *Rākshasas* and kings have been slain by the aid of acts and means. Do thou take, therefore, the help of acts!—¹⁴

"Sanjaya continued,—Thus addressed by Vāsudeva, Pāṇdu's son of rigid vows, smiling the while, addressed, O monarch, thy son of great might, who, O Bhārata, was then within the waters of that lake, saying,¹⁵—Why, O Suyodhana, hast thou done so these waters, after having caused all the Kshatriyas to perish and after having, O king, caused thy own race to be annihilated?¹⁶ Why hast thou entered into this lake today, wishing to save thy own life? Arise, O king, and fight us, O Suyodhana!¹⁷ Where, O foremost of men, hath that pride and that sense of honor which thou hadst now gone, since, O king, thou hast enchanted these waters and art now lying within them?¹⁸ All men speak of thee in assemblies as a hero. All that, however, is entirely untrue, I think, since thou art now concealed within these waters!¹⁹ Arise, O king, and fight, for thou art a Kshatriya born of a noble race! Thou art a *Kauraveya* in particular! Remember thy birth!²⁰ How canst thou boast of thy birth in Kuru's race when thou concealest thyself within the depths of this lake, having fled away from battle in fear?²¹ This is not the eternal duty of a Kshatriya, viz., staying away from battle! Flight from battle, O king, is not the practice of those that are honorable, nor does it lead to heaven!²² How is it that without having attained to the end of this war, inspired though thou wert with the desire of victory, thou stayest now within this lake, after having caused and witnessed the slaughter of thy sons and brothers and sires and relatives and friends and maternal uncles and kinsmen?²³⁻²⁴ Ever boastful of thy courage, thou art, however, *not* a hero! Falsely dost thou describe thyself, O Bhārata, when thou sayst in the hearing of all men that thou art a hero, O thou of wicked understanding!²⁵ They that are heroes never fly away at sight of foes! Or, tell us, O hero, about (the nature of) that courage in consequence of

which thou hast fled from battle !¹⁸ Arise, O prince, and fight, casting off thy fears ! Having caused all thy troops and thy brothers to be slain, O Suyodhana,¹⁷ thou shouldst not, if thou art inspired with righteous motives, think now of saving thy life ! One like thee, O Suyodhana, that has adopted Kshatriya duties, should not act in this way !¹⁸ Relying upon Karna, as also upon Cakuni the son of Suvala, thou hadst regarded thyself immortal and hadst, from folly, failed to understand thy own self !¹⁹ Having perpetrated such grievous sin, fight now, O Bhārata ! How is it that flight from battle recommends itself to one like thee ? Surely, thou forgettest thyself !²⁰ Where is that manliness of thine, O sire, and where, O Suyodhana, is that pride cherished by thee ? Where hath that prowess of thine now gone and where also that swelling and great energy which thou hadst ?²¹ Where is that accomplishment of thine in weapons ? Why dost thou lie within this lake now ? Arise, O Bhārata, and fight, observing the duties of a Kshatriya !²² Either rule the wide Earth after vanquishing us, or sleep, O Bhārata, on the bare ground, slain by us !²³ Even this is thy highest duty, as laid down by the illustrious Creator himself ! Act as it has been laid down truly in the scriptures, and be a king, O great car-warrior !²⁴—

“Sanjaya continued,—‘Thus addressed, O monarch, by the intelligent son of Dharma, thy son answered him from within the waters in these words.²⁵

“Duryodhana said,—It is not at all a matter of surprise, O king, that fear should enter the hearts of living creatures. As regards myself, however, O Bhārata, I have not fled from the field of battle actuated by the fear of life !²⁶ My car was destroyed, my quivers were gone, and my *pārshni* drivers were killed ! I was alone, without a single follower to stand by me in battle ! It was for this that I desired a little rest !²⁷ It was not for the sake of saving my life, it was not from fear, it was not from grief, O king, that I entered these waters ! It was only in consequence of fatigue that I did so !²⁸ Do thou, O son of Kunti, rest awhile with those that follow thee ! Rising from this lake I will certainly fight all of you in battle !²⁹—

“Yudhishtira said,—All of us have rested sufficiently. For a long while we were engaged in a search after thee! Rise then, even now, O Suyodhana, and give us battle!⁴⁰ Either slaying the Pārthas in battle make this kingdom that swelleth with prosperity thy own, or slain by us in battle proceed to those regions that are reserved for heroes!⁴¹—

“Duryodhana said,—They amongst the Kurus, O son of Kuru's race, for whose sake I desired sovereignty, that is, those brothers of mine, O king, all lie dead on the field!⁴² I do not, again, like to enjoy any longer the Earth that is now shorn of wealth and reft of superior Kshatriyas, and that hath, therefore, become like a widowed lady!⁴³ I, however, still hope to vanquish thee, O Yudhishtira, after curbing the pride, O bull of Bharata's race, of the Pāṇchālas and the Pāṇḍus!⁴⁴ There is, however, no longer any need for battle when Drona and Karna have been quieted and when our grandsire Bhishma hath been slain!⁴⁵ This shorn Earth, O king, now exists for thee! What king is there that would like to rule a kingdom divested of friends and allies?⁴⁶ Having caused friends such as I had to be slain and even sons and brothers and sires, and seeing my kingdom wrested by ye, who is there like myself that would like to live?⁴⁷ Clad in deer-skins I would retire into the woods! I have no desire for kingdom, deprived as I am of friends and allies, O Bhārata!⁴⁸ Reft almost entirely of friends and allies, of horses and elephants, this Earth exists for thee, O king! Do thou enjoy her now cheerfully!⁴⁹ As for myself, clad in deer-skins, I shall go to the woods! Friendless as I am, I have no desire, O lord, for even life!⁵⁰ Go, O monarch, and rule the Earth destitute of lords, without warriors, reft of wealth, and without citadels, as thou choosest!⁵¹—

“Sanjaya continued,—‘Hearing these words of poignant grief, the illustrious Yudhishtira addressed thy son Duryodhana who was still within those waters, saying,⁵²—Do not utter such ravings of sorrow, O sire, from within the waters. I do not, like Cakuni, feel any compassion for thee, O king, for such words as these!⁵³ Thou mayst now, O Suyodhana, be willing to make a gift of the Earth to me. I, however, do not

wish to rule the Earth thus given by thee!¹⁴ I cannot sinfully accept this Earth as a gift from thee! Acceptance of a gift, O king, is not the duty laid down for a Kshatriya!¹⁵ I do not, therefore, wish to have the wide Earth thus given away by thee! I shall, on the other hand, enjoy the Earth after vanquishing thee in battle!¹⁶ Thou art not now the lord of the Earth! Why then dost thou desire to make a gift of that over which thou hast no dominion? Why, O king, didst thou not then give us the Earth when we, observant of the rules of righteousness and desirous of the welfare of our race, had begged thee for our portion?¹⁷ Having first refused the request of the mighty Krishna, why dost thou now desire to give away the Earth? What is this folly of thine?¹⁸ What king is there who, assailed by foes, would wish to give away his kingdom? O son of Kuru's race, today thou art not competent to give away the Earth!¹⁹ Why then dost thou wish to make a gift of that over which thou hast no power? Vanquishing me in battle, rule thou this Earth!²⁰ Thou didst not formerly agree to give me even that much of the Earth which would be covered by the point of a needle!²¹ How then, O monarch, dost thou make me a gift of the whole Earth? How is it that thou, who couldst not formerly abandon even that much of land which the point of a needle would cover, now wishest to abandon the whole Earth?²² What fool is there that would, after having obtained such prosperity and ruled the entire Earth, think of making a gift of that Earth to his enemies?²³ Stupified by folly, thou seest not the impropriety of this! Although thou desirest to give away the Earth, thou shalt not yet escape me with life!²⁴ Either rule the Earth after having vanquished us, or go to regions of blessedness after being slain by us!²⁵ If both of us, that is, thyself and myself, be alive, then all creatures will remain in doubt as to whom the victory belongs!²⁶ Thy life, O thou of limited foresight, now depends upon me! If I like, I can suffer thee to live, but thou art not capable of protecting thy own life!²⁷ Thou hadst at one time especially endeavoured to burn us to death and to take our lives by means of snakes and other kinds of poison and by sinking us in water!²⁸ We were also wronged by thee, O king, by the deprivation of our kingdom,

by the cruel words spoken by thee, and by thy maltreatment of Draupadi!" For these reasons, O wretch, thy life must be taken! Rise, rise, and fight us! That will benefit thee!"⁹—

"Sanjaya continued,—'In this strain, O king, those heroes, viz., the Pāṇdavas, flushed with victory, repeatedly spoke there (rebuking and mocking Duryodhana).'"¹¹

SECTION XXXII.

(Gadāyuddha Parva).

"Dhritarāshtra said,—'Thus admonished (by his foes), how, indeed, did that scorcher of enemies, viz., my heroic and royal son, who was wrathful by nature, then behave?' He had never before listened to admonitions such as these! He had, again, been treated by all with the respect that is due to a king!" He who had formerly grieved to stand in the shade of an umbrella, thinking he had taken another's shelter,—he who could not endure the very effulgence of the Sun in consequence of his sensitive pride, how could he endure these words of his foes?" Thou hast, with thy own eyes, O Sanjaya, seen the whole Earth, with even her *Mlecchas* and nomad tribes, depend upon his grace!" Rebuked thus at that spot by the sons of Pāṇdu in particular, while lying concealed in such a solitary place after having been deprived of his followers and attendants, alas, what answer did he make unto the Pāṇdavas upon hearing such bitter and repeated taunts from his victorious enemies? Tell me everything, O Sanjaya, about it!"⁵⁻⁶

"Sanjaya continued,—'Thus rebuked, O monarch, by Yudhishtira and his brothers, thy royal son, lying within those waters, O king of kings, heard those bitter words and became very miserable. Breathing hot and long sighs repeatedly, the king waved his arms again and again, and setting his heart on battle, thus answered from within the waters, the royal son of Pāṇdu.'"⁷⁻⁹

"Duryodhana said,—'Ye Pārthas, all of you are possessed of friends, of cars, and of animals! I, however, am alone, cheerless, without a car, and without an animal!"¹⁰ Alone as

I am, and destitute of weapons, how can I venture to fight on foot, against numerous foes all well-armed and possessed of cars?¹¹ Do you, however, O Yudhishtira, fight me one at a time! It is not proper that one should in battle fight many endued with courage,¹² especially when that one is without armour, fatigued, afflicted with calamity, exceedingly mangled in his limbs, and destitute of both animals and troops!¹³ I do not entertain the least fear, O monarch, of either thee, or Vrikodara the son of Prithā, or Phālguna, or Vāsudeva, or all the Pāṇchālas,¹⁴ or the twins, or Yuyudhāna, or all the other troops thou hast! Standing in battle, alone as I am, I shall resist all of you!¹⁵ The fame, O king, of all righteous men hath righteousness for its basis! I say all this to you, observant of both righteousness and fame!¹⁶ Rising (from this lake) I shall fight all of you in battle! Like the year that gradually meets with all the seasons, I shall meet with all of you in fight!¹⁷ Wait, ye Pāṇdavas! Like the Sun destroying by his energy the light of all the stars at dawn, I shall today, though weaponless and carless, destroy all of you possessed of cars and steeds!¹⁸ Today I shall free myself from the debt I owe to the many illustrious Kshatriyas (that have fallen for me), to Vālhika and Drona and Bhishma and the high-souled Karna,¹⁹ to the heroic Jayadratha and Bhagadatta, to Calya the ruler of the Madras and Bhuriçravas,²⁰ to my sons, O chief of Bharata's race, and Çakuni the son of Suvala, to all my friends and well-wishers and kinsmen!²¹ Today I shall free myself from that debt by slaying thee with thy brothers!—Having said these words, the (Kuru) king ceased speaking.²²

“Yudhishtira said,—By good luck, O Suyodhana, thou knowest the duties of a Kshatriya! By good luck, O thou of mighty arms, thy heart inclineth to battle!²³ By good luck, thou art a hero, O thou of Kuru's race, and, by good luck, thou art conversant with battle, since, single-handed, thou wishest to meet all of us in battle!²⁴ Fight any one of us, taking whatever weapon thou likest! All of us will stand as spectators here!²⁵ I grant thee also, O hero, this (other) wish of thy heart, viz., that if thou slayest any one of us,

thou shalt then become king! Otherwise, slain by us, go to heaven!¹⁶—

“Duryodhana said,—Brave as thou art, if thou grantest me the option of fighting only one of you, this mace that I hold in my hand is the weapon that I select!¹⁷ Let any one amongst you who thinks that he will be my match come forward and fight with me on foot, armed with mace!¹⁸ Many wonderful single combats have occurred on cars! Let this one great and wonderful combat with the mace happen today!¹⁹ Men (while fighting) desire to change weapons. Let the manner of the fight be changed today, with thy permission!²⁰ O thou of mighty arms, I shall, with my mace, vanquish thee today with all thy younger brothers, as also all the Pāṇchālas and the Srinjayas and all the other troops thou still hast! I do not cherish the least fear, O Yudhishtira, of even Cakra himself!²¹—

“Yudhishtira said,—Rise, rise, O son of Gāndhāri, and fight me, O Suyodhana! Alone as thou art, fight us, encountering one at a time, O thou of great might, armed with thy mace!²² Be a man, O son of Gāndhāri, and fight with good care! Today thou shalt have to lay down thy life even if Indra becomes thy ally!²³—’

“Sanjaya continued,—‘That tiger among men, viz., thy son, could not bear these words of Yudhishtira. He breathed long and heavy sighs from within the water like a mighty snake from within its hole.²⁴ Struck repeatedly with such wordy goads, he could not endure it at all, like a horse of high breed that cannot endure the whip.²⁵ Agitating the waters with great force, that valiant warrior rose like a prince of elephants from within the lake, breathing heavily in rage, and armed with his heavy mace that was endued with the strength of adamant and decked with gold.²⁶ Piercing the solidified waters, thy son rose, shouldering his mace made of iron, like the Sun himself scorching everything with his rays.²⁷ Endued with great strength, thy son, possessed of great intelligence, began to handle his heavy mace made of iron and equipt with a sling.²⁸ Beholding him armed with mace and resembling a crested mountain or the trident-wielding Rudra himself cast-

ing angry glances on living creatures, they observed that Bharata chief to shed an effulgence around like the scorching Sun himself in the sky. Indeed, all creatures then regarded that mighty-armed chastiser of foes, as he stood shouldering his mace after rising from the waters, to look like the Destroyer himself armed with his bludgeon.⁵⁷⁻⁵⁸ Indeed, all the Pāṇchālas then saw thy royal son to look like the thunder-wielding Cakra or the trident-bearing Hara.⁵⁹ Seeing him, however, rise from within the waters, all the Pāṇchālas and the Pāṇdavas began to rejoice and seize each other's hands.⁶⁰ Thy son Duryodhana regarded that action of the spectators to be an insult directed towards him. Rolling his eyes in wrath, and as if burning the Pāṇdavas with his glances,⁶¹ and contracting his brow into three furrows, and repeatedly biting his nether lip, he addressed the Pāṇdavas with Keçava in their midst, saying,⁶²—Ye Pāṇdavas, ye shall have to bear the fruit of these taunts! Slain by me today, ye shall, with the Pāṇchālas, have to repair to the abode of Yama!—⁶³

“Sanjaya continued,—‘Rising from the water, thy son Duryodhana stood there, armed with mace, and with limbs bathed in blood.⁶⁴ Covered with blood and drenched with water, his body then looked like a mountain shedding water from within it.⁶⁵ As he stood armed with mace, the Pāṇdavas regarded him to be the angry son of Surya himself armed with his bludgeon called *Kinkura*.⁶⁶⁻⁶⁷ With voice deep as that of the clouds or of a bull roaring in joy, Duryodhana then, of great prowess, armed with his mace, summoned the Pārthas to battle.⁶⁸

“Duryodhana said,—Ye will have, O Yudhishtira, to encounter me one at a time! It is not proper, that one hero should fight with many at the same time,⁶⁹ especially when that single warrior is divested of armour, fatigued with exertion, covered with water, exceedingly mangled in limbs, and without cars, animals, and troops!⁷⁰ Let the gods in heaven behold me fight single-handed, destitute of every equipment and deprived of even armour and weapons!⁷¹ I shall certainly fight all of

* That is the name of Yama's bludgeon.—T.

you! Thou shalt be judge, as thou hast the necessary qualifications, of the propriety and impropriety of everything!—"

"Yudhishtira said,—How is it, O Duryodhana, that thou hadst not this knowledge when many great car-warriors, uniting together, slew Abhimanyu in battle?" Kshatriya duties are exceedingly cruel, unmindful of all considerations, and without the least compassion! Otherwise, how could you slay Abhimanyu under those circumstances?" All of you were acquainted with righteousness! All of you were heroes! All of you were prepared to lay down your lives in battle! The high end declared for those that fight righteously is the attainment of the regions of Cakra!" If this be your duty, viz., that one should never be slain by many, why is it then that Abhimanyu was slain by many acting in accord with thy counsels?" All creatures, when in difficulty, forget considerations of virtue. They then view the gates of the other world to be closed." Put on armour, O hero, and bind thy locks! Take everything else, O Bhārata, of which thou standest in need!" This another wish of thine, O hero, I grant thee in addition, viz., that if thou canst slay him amongst the five Pāndavas with whom thou wishest an encounter, thou shalt then be king! Otherwise, slain (by him), thou shalt proceed to heaven! Except thy life, O hero, tell us what boon we may grant thee!—"

"Sanjaya continued,—Then thy son, O king, cased his body with armour made of gold, and put on a beautiful head-gear adorned with pure gold." Clad in bright armour of gold, he put on that head-gear. Indeed, O king, thy son then looked resplendent like a golden cliff." Clad in mail, armed with mace, and accoutered with other equipments, thy son Duryodhana then, O king, standing on the field of battle, addressed all the Pāndavas, saying,—Amongst you (five) brothers, let any one fight me, armed with mace! As regards myself, I am willing to fight either Sahadeva, or Bhima, or Nakula," or Phālguna, or thee today, O bull of Bharata's race! Accorded an encounter, I will fight any one amongst you and will certainly gain the victory on the field!" Today I will reach the end of these hostilities that is so difficult to reach, with

the aid, O tiger among men, of my mace wrapped with cloth of gold!" I think there is none to be my match in an encounter with the mace! With my mace I shall slay all of you one after another!" Amongst all of you there is no one who is competent to fight fairly with me! It is not proper for me to speak such words of pride with respect to my own self! I shall, however, make these words of mine true in your presence!" Within this very hour, those words will become either true or false! Let him amongst you take up the mace that will fight with me!—' "71

SECTION XXXIII.

"Sanjaya said,—'Whilst Duryodhana, O king, was repeatedly roaring in this strain, Vāsudeva, filled with wrath, said these words unto Yudhishtira.'—What rash words hast thou spoken, O king, to the effect that *Slaying one amongst us be thou king amongst the Kurus.*—If, indeed, O Yudhishtira, Duryodhana select thee for battle, or Arjuna, or Nakula, or Sahadeva, (what will be the consequence)?¹⁻³ From desire of slaying Bhimasena, O king, for these thirteen years hath Duryodhana practised with the mace upon a statue of iron!" How, then, O bull of Bharata's race, will our purpose be achieved? From compassion, O best of kings, thou hast acted with great rashness!" I do not at this moment behold a match (for Duryodhana) except Prithā's son Vrikodara! His practice again, with the mace, is not so great!" Thou hast, therefore, once more allowed a wretched game of chance to commence as that one in former days between thyself and Cakuni, O monarch!" Bhima is possessed of might and prowess. King Suyodhana, however, is possessed of skill! In a contest between might and skill, he that is possessed of skill, O king, always prevails!" Such a foe, O king, thou hast, by thy words, placed in a position of ease and comfort! Thou hast placed thy ownself, however, in a position of difficulty. We have, in consequence of this, been placed in great danger?" Who is there that would abandon sovereignty within grasp, after having vanquished all his foes and when he hath only one foe to dispose

off and that one plunged in difficulties?¹⁰ I do not see that man in the world today, be he a god, who is competent to vanquish the mace-armed Duryodhana in battle!¹¹ Neither thou, nor Bhima, nor Nakula, nor Sahadeva, nor Phālguna, is capable of vanquishing Duryodhana in fair fight! King Duryodhana is possessed of great skill!¹² How then, O Bhārata, canst thou say unto such a foe words such as these, viz.,—*Fight, selecting the mace as the weapon, and if thou canst slay one amongst us, thou shalt then be king!*¹³ If Duryodhana encounters Vrikodara amongst us wishing to fight fairly with him, even then our victory would be doubtful. Duryodhana is possessed of great might and great skill.¹⁴ How couldst thou say unto him,—*Slaying only one amongst us be thou king?*—Without doubt, the offspring of Pāṇḍu and Kunti are not destined to enjoy sovereignty! They have been born for passing their lives in continued exile in the woods or in mendicancy!¹⁵—

“Bhimasena said,—O slayer of Madhu, do not, O delighter of the Yadus, give way to sorrow! However difficult of reaching it, I shall today reach the end of these hostilities!¹⁶ Without doubt, I shall slay Suyodhana in battle! It appears, O Krishna, that the victory of Yudhishtira the just is certain!¹⁷ This mace of mine is heavier than Duryodhana's by one and a half times! Do not, O Mādhava, give way to grief!¹⁸ I dare fight him, selecting the mace as the weapon! Let all of you, O Janārdhana, stand as spectators of the encounter!¹⁹ What do you say of Suyodhana, I would fight with the three worlds including the very gods, even if they be armed with every kind of weapon!²⁰—

“Sanjaya continued,—‘After Vrikodara had said these words, Vāsudeva, filled with joy, applauded him highly and said unto him,²¹—Relying on thee, O thou of mighty arms, king Yudhishtira the just will, without doubt, get back his own blazing prosperity after the slaughter of all his foes!²² Thou hast slain all the sons of Dhritarāshtra in battle! At thy hands many kings and princes and elephants have met with their fate!²³ The Kalingas, the Māgadha's, the Kuravas, the West-erners, and the Gāndhāras, have all been slain in dreadful

battle, O son of Pāndu !¹⁴ Slaying Duryodhana then, O son of Kunti, bestow the Earth with her oceans upon Yudhishtira the just, like Vishnu (confering the sovereignty of the three worlds) upon the lord of Cachi !¹⁵ The wretched son of Dhritarāshtra, obtaining thee for a foe in battle, will, without doubt, meet with his fate ! Thou wilt certainly accomplish thy vow by breaking his bones !¹⁶ Thou shouldst, however. O son of Prithā, always fight with care with the son of Dhritarāshtra ! He is possessed of both skill and strength and always takes delight in battle !¹⁷—Then Sātyaki, O king, applauded the son of Pāndu.¹⁸ The Pāñchālas and the Pāndavas, also, headed by king Yudhishtira the just, all applauded those words of Bhimasena.¹⁹ Then Bhima of terrible might addressed Yudhishtira who was staying amid the Srinjayas like the blazing Sun himself, saying,²⁰—Encountering this one in battle, I venture to fight with him ! This wretch among men is not competent to vanquish me in fight !²¹ Today I shall vomit that wrath which hath been nursed in my bosom upon Suyodhana the son of Dhritarāshtra like Arjuna throwing fire on the forest of Khāndava !²² I shall today pluck out the dart, O son of Pāndu, that lay so long sticking to thy heart ! Be happy, O king, after I shall have laid low this wretch with my mace !²³ Today I shall recover, O sinless one, thy wreath of glory ! Today Suyodhana shall abandon his life-breaths, his prosperity, and his kingdom !²⁴ Today king Dhritarāshtra also, hearing of his son's slaughter, will remember all those wrongs (that he did unto us) arising from the suggestions of Cakuni !²⁵—Having said these words, that prince of Bharata's race, possessed of great energy, stood up for battle, like Cakra summoning Vritra (to an encounter).²⁶ Unable to endure that summons, thy son, of great energy, proceeded to the encounter, like one infuriate elephant proceeding to assail another.²⁷ The Pāndavas beheld thy son, as he came armed with mace, look like the crested mountain of Kailāsa.²⁸ Indeed, seeing that mighty son of thine standing alone like a prince of elephants separated from the herd, the Pāndavas became filled with delight.²⁹ Standing in battle like a very lion, Duryodhana had no fear, no alarm, no pain, no anxiety.³⁰ Behold-

ing him stand there with uplifted mace like the crested mountain of Kailāsa, Bhimasena, O monarch, addressed him, saying,—"Call to thy mind all those wrongs that king Dhritarāshtra and thyself have done unto us! Recollect what happened at Vāranāvata!" Recollect how Draupadi, while in her season, was maltreated in the midst of the assembly and how king Yudhishtira was defeated at dice through Cakuni's suggestion!" See now, O thou of wicked soul, the terrible consequence of those acts as also of the other wrongs that thou didst unto the innocent Pārthas!" It is for thee that that illustrious chief of the Bharatas, the son of Gangā, the grandsire of us all, lieth now on a bed of arrows, struck down (by us)!" Drona also hath been slain! Karna hath been slain! Calya of great valour hath been slain! Yonder Cakuni also, the root of these hostilities, hath been slain in battle!" Thy heroic brothers, as also thy sons, with all thy troops, have been slain! Other kings also, possessed of heroism, and never retreating from battle, have been slain." These and many other bulls among Kshatriyas, as also the *Pratikāmin*, that wretch who had seized the tresses of Draupadi, have been slain!" Thou alone art still alive, thou exterminator of thy race, thou wretch among men! Thee also I shall today slay with my mace! Of this there is no doubt!" Today, O king, I shall, in battle, quell all thy pride! I shall destroy also thy hope of sovereignty, O king, and put off all thy misdeeds unto the sons of Pāndu!"—

"Duryodhana said,—What use is there of many words? Fight now with me! Today, O Vrikodara, I shall beat out of thee thy desire for battle!" Why dost thou not behold me, O wretch, standing here for an encounter with the mace? Am I not armed with a formidable mace that looks like a cliff of Himavat?" What foe is there, O wretch, that would venture to vanquish me armed with this weapon? If it be a fair fight, Purandara himself, amongst the gods, is not competent for that end!" For all those wicked deeds of mine to which thou hast referred, thou couldst not (hitherto) do me the slightest injury!" By exercising my might, I caused ye to dwell in the woods, to serve in another's dwelling, to conceal yourselves in

disguises!" Your friends and allies also have been slain. Our loss has been equal! If, then, my fall take place in this battle, that would be highly praiseworthy. Or, perhaps, Time will be the cause!" Up to this day I have never been vanquished in fair fight on the field of battle! If ye vanquish me by deceit, your infamy will certainly last for ever! That act of yours will, without doubt, be unrighteous and infamous!" Do not, O son of Kunti, roar fruitlessly in this way like autumnal clouds uncharged with water! Show all the strength thou hast in battle now!"—Hearing these words of his, the Pāndavas with the Srinjayas, all inspired with desire of victory, applauded them highly.⁵⁸ Like men exciting an infuriate elephant with clapping of hands, all of them then gladdened king Duryodhana (with those praises and cheers).⁵⁹ The elephants that were there began to grunt and the steeds to neigh repeatedly. The weapons of the Pāndavas who were inspired with desire of victory blazed forth of their own accord."⁶⁰

SECTION XXXIV.

"Sanjaya said,—'When that fierce battle, O monarch, was about to commence, and when all the high-souled Pāndavas, had taken their seats,' indeed, having heard that that battle between those two heroes, both of whom were his disciples, was about to begin, Rāma, whose banner bore the device of the palmyra palm, and who owns the plough for his weapon, came to that spot.¹ Beholding him, the Pāndavas, with Keçava, filled with joy, advanced towards him, and receiving him, worshiped him with due rites.² Their worship over, they then, O king, said unto him these words,—Witness, O Rāma, the skill, in battle, of thy two disciples!³—Rāma then, casting his eyes on Krishna and the Pāndavas, and looking at Duryodhana also of Kuru's race who was standing there armed with mace, said,⁴—Two and forty days have passed since I left home. I had set out under the constellation *Pushya* and have come back under *Çravaṇa*. I am desirous, O Mādhava, of beholding this encounter with the mace between these two disciples of mine!⁵—At that time the two heroes, viz., Duryodhana

and Vrikodara, looked resplendent as they stood on the field, both armed with maces.⁷ King Yudhishtira, embracing him owning the plough for his weapon, duly enquired about his welfare and bade him welcome.⁸ Those two great bowmen, viz., the two illustrious Krishnas, filled with joy, cheerfully saluted the hero having the plough for his weapon and embraced him.⁹ Similarly the two sons of Mādri and the five sons of Draupadi saluted Rohini's son of great strength and stood (at a respectful distance).¹⁰ Bhimasen of great strength and thy son, O monarch, both with uplifted maces (in their arms), worshipped Valadeva.¹¹ The other kings honored him by bidding him welcome, and then all of them said unto Rāma,—Witness this encounter, O thou of mighty arms!—Even thus those mighty car-warriors said unto the high-souled son of Rohini.¹² Endued with immeasurable energy Rāma, having embraced the Pāndavas and the Srinjayas, enquired after the welfare of all the (other) kings. Similarly, all of them, approaching, enquired after his welfare.¹³ The hero of the plough, having in return saluted all the high-souled Kshatriyas, and having made courteous enquiries about each according to their respective years,¹⁴ affectionately embraced Janārdhana and Sātyaki. Smelling their heads, he enquired after their welfare.¹⁵ Those two, in return, O king, duly worshipped him, their superior, joyfully, like Indra and Upendra worshipping Brahman the Lord of the celestials.¹⁶ Then Dharma's son, O Bhārata, said these words unto that chastiser of foes, viz., the son of Rohini,—Behold, O Rāma, this formidable encounter between the two brothers!¹⁷—Thus worshipped by those great car-warriors, the elder brother of Keçava, of mighty arms and great beauty, took his seat amongst them.¹⁸ Clad in blue robes and possessed of a fair complexion, Rāma, as he sat amidst those kings, looked resplendent like the Moon in the firmament, encompassed by multitudes of stars.¹⁹ Then that dreadful encounter, making the very hair to stand on end, took place between those two sons of thine, O king, for terminating the quarrel (that had raged for many years).²⁰

SECTION XXXV.

Janamejaya said,—“On the eve of the great battle (between the Kurus and the Pāndus), the lord Rāma, with Keçava’s leave, had gone away (from Dwārakā) accompanied by many of the Vrishnis.¹ He had said unto Keçava,—‘I will render aid neither unto the son of Dhritarāshtra nor unto the sons of Pāndu, but will go whithersoever I like!’—Having said these words, Rāma, that resister of foes, had gone away. It behoveth thee, O Brāhmana, to tell me everything about his return!² Tell me in detail how Rāma came to that spot, and how he witnessed the battle. In my opinion thou art well-skilled in narration!’”³

Vaiçampāyana said,—“After the high-souled Pāndavas had taken up their post at Upaplavya, they despatched the slayer of Madhu to Dhritarāshtra’s presence, for the object of peace, O mighty-armed one, and for the good of all creatures.⁴ Having gone to Hastināpura and met Dhritarāshtra, Keçava spoke words of true and especially beneficial import.⁵ The king, however, as I have told thee before, listened not to those counsels.⁶ Unable to obtain peace, the mighty-armed Krishna, that foremost of men, came back, O monarch, to Upaplavya.⁷ Dismissed by Dhritarāshtra’s son, Krishna returned (to the Pāndava camp), and upon the failure of his mission, O tiger among kings, said these words unto the Pāndavas:⁸—‘Urged by fate, the Kauravas are for disregarding my words! Come, ye sons of Pāndu, with me, (to the field of battle), setting out under the constellation *Pushya*!’⁹—After this, while the troops (of both sides) were being mustered and arrayed, the high-souled son of Rohini, that foremost of all persons endowed with might, addressed his brother Krishna, saying,¹⁰—‘O mighty-armed one, O slayer of Madhu, let us render assistance to the Kurus!’—Krishna, however, did not listen to those words of his.¹¹ With heart filled with rage (at this), that illustrious son of Yadu’s race, viz., the wielder of the plough, then set out on a pilgrimage to the Saraswati.¹² Accompanied by all the Yādavas, he set out under the conjunction of the

asterism called *Maitra*. The Bhoja chief (Kritavarman), however, adopted the side of Duryodhana. Accompanied by Yuyudhāna, Vāsudeva adopted that of the Pāndavas.¹⁴ After the heroic son of Rohini had set out under the constellation *Pushya*, the slayer of Madhu, placing the Pāndavas in his van, proceeded against the Kurus.¹⁵ While proceeding, Rāma ordered his servants on the way, saying,—‘Bring all things that are necessary for a pilgrimage, that is, every article of use! Bring the (sacred) fire that is at Dwārakā, and our priests.¹⁶ Bring gold, silver, kine, robes, steeds, elephants, cars, mules, camels, and other draft cattle!’¹⁷ Bring all these necessities for a sojourn to the sacred waters, and proceed with great speed towards the Saraswati!¹⁸ Bring also some priests to be especially employed, and hundreds upon hundreds of foremost Brāhmanas!’—Having given these orders to the servants, the mighty Valadeva¹⁹ set out on a pilgrimage at that time of great calamity to the Kurus. Setting out towards the Saraswati, he visited all the sacred places along her course,²⁰ accompanied by priests, friends, and many foremost of Brāhmanas, as also with cars and elephants and steeds and servants, O bull of Bharata’s race, and with many vehicles drawn by kine and mules and camels.²¹ Diverse kinds of necessities of life were given away, in large measures and in diverse countries unto the weary and worn, children and the old, in response, O king, to solicitations.²² Everywhere, O king, Brāhmanas were promptly gratified with whatever viands they desired.²³ At the command of Rohini’s son, men, at different stages of the journey, stored food and drink in large quantities.²⁴ Costly garments and bedsteads and coverlets were given away for the gratification of Brāhmanas desirous of ease and comfort.²⁵ Whatever Brāhmana or Kshatriya solicited whatever thing, that, O Bhārata, was seen to be ungrudgingly given to him.²⁶ All who formed the party proceeded with great happiness and lived happily. The people (of Valarāma’s train) gave away vehicles to persons desirous of making journeys, drinks to them that were thirsty, and savoury viands to them that were hungry, as also robes and ornaments, O bull of Bharata’s race, to many!²⁷⁻²⁸ The road, O king, along which the party proceeded, looked res-

plendent, O hero, and was highly comfortable for all, and resembled heaven itself.⁸⁰ There were rejoicings everywhere upon it, and savoury viands were procurable everywhere. There were shops and stalls and diverse objects exposed for sale. The whole way was, besides, crowded with human beings. And it was adorned with various kinds of trees and creatures, and various kinds of gems.⁸¹ The high-souled Valadeva, observant of rigid vows, gave away unto the Brāhmanas much wealth and plentiful sacrificial presents, O king, in diverse sacred spots.⁸² That chief of Yadu's race also gave away thousands of milch kine covered with excellent cloths and having their horns cased in gold,⁸³ many steeds belonging to different countries, many vehicles, and many beautiful slaves.⁸⁴ Even thus did the high-souled Rāma give away wealth in diverse excellent *tirthas* on the Saraswati. In course of his wanderings, that hero of unrivalled power and magnanimous conduct at last came to Kurukshetra."⁸⁵

Janamejaya said,—“Tell me, O foremost of men, the features, the origin, and the merits of the several *tirthas* on the Saraswati and the ordinances to be observed while sojourning there!⁸⁶ Tell me these, in their order, O illustrious one! My curiosity is irrepressible, O foremost of all persons acquainted with *Brahma*!”⁸⁷

Vaiçampāyana said,—“The subject of the features and origin of all these *tirthas*, O king, is very large. I shall, however, describe them to thee. Listen to that sacred account in its entirety, O king!⁸⁸ Accompanied by his priests and friends, Valadeva first proceeded to the *tirtha* called *Prabhāsa*. There, the Lord of the constellations (viz., Soma), who had been affected with phthisis, became freed from his curse. Regaining energy there, O king, he now illuminates the universe. And because that foremost of *tirthas* on Earth had formerly contributed to invest Soma with splendour (after he had lost it), it is, therefore, called *Prabhāsa*.”⁸⁹⁻⁹⁰

Janamejaya said,—“For what reason was the adorable Soma afflicted with phthisis? How also did he bathe in that *tirtha*?⁹¹ How did he, having bathed in that sacred water, regain his energy? Tell me all this in detail, O great *Muni*!”⁹²

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Daksha had seven and twenty daughters, O king! These he bestowed (in marriage) upon Soma.⁴² Connected with the several constellations, those wives, O king, of Soma of auspicious deeds, served to help men in calculating time.⁴³ Possessed of large eyes, all of them were unrivalled in beauty in the world. In wealth of beauty, however, Rohini was the foremost of them all.⁴⁴ The adorable Soma took great delight in her. She became very agreeable to him, and, therefore, he enjoyed the pleasures of her company (exclusively).⁴⁵ In those days of yore, O monarch, Soma lived long with Rohini (exclusively). For this, those other wives of his, viz., they that were called the constellations, became displeased with that high-souled one.⁴⁶ Repairing speedily to their sire (Daksha), that Lord of creation, they said unto him,—‘Soma doth not live with us! He always payeth court to Rohini only!’⁴⁷ All of us, therefore, O Lord of creatures, shall dwell by thy side, on regulated diet and observant of austere penances!’⁴⁸ Hearing these words of theirs, Daksha (saw Soma and) said unto him,—‘Behave equally towards all thy wives! Let not a great sin stain thee!’⁴⁹ And Daksha then said unto those daughters of his,—‘Go, all of ye, to the presence of Caçin. At my command, he, (otherwise called) Chāndramas, will behave equally towards all of ye!’⁵⁰ Dismissed by him, they then proceeded to the abode of him having cool rays. Still the adorable Soma, O lord of Earth, continued to act as before, for pleased with Rohini alone, he continued to live with her exclusively.⁵¹ His other wives then once more came together to their sire and said unto him,—‘Employed in serving thee, we will dwell in thy asylum! Soma does not live with us and is unmindful of thy commands!’⁵² Hearing these words of theirs, Daksha once more said unto Soma,—‘Behave equally towards all thy wives! Let me not, O Virochana, course thee!’⁵³ Disregarding, however, these words of Daksha, the adorable Soma continued to live with Rohini alone. At this, his other wives became once more angry.⁵⁴ Repairing to their sire, they bowed unto him by lowering their heads, and said,—‘Soma doth not live with us! Give us thy protection!’⁵⁵ The adorable Chandramas always

lives with Rohini exclusively! He sets no importance to thy words, and does not wish to show us any affection! Therefore, save us so that Soma may accept us all!"⁵⁶ Hearing these words, the adorable Daksha, O king, became angry and in consequence thereof hurled the curse of phthisis upon Soma. Thus did that disease overtake the Lord of the stars.⁵⁷ Afflicted with phthisis, Caçin began to waste away day by day. He made many endeavours for freeing himself from that disease⁵⁸ by performing diverse sacrifices, O monarch! The maker of night, however, could not free himself from that curse. On the other hand, he continued to endure waste and emaciation.⁵⁹ In consequence, however, of the wasting of Soma, the deciduous herbs failed to grow. Their juices dried up and they became tasteless, and all of them became deprived of their virtues.⁶⁰ And in consequence of this decadence of the deciduous herbs, living creatures also began to decay. Indeed, owing to the wasting of Soma, all creatures began to be emaciated.⁶¹ Then all the celestials, coming to Soma, O king, asked him, saying,—'Why is it that thy form is not so beautiful and resplendent (as before)? Tell us the reason whence hath proceeded this great calamity!⁶² Hearing thy answer, we shall do what is needed for dispelling thy fear!' Thus addressed, the god having the hare for his mark, replied unto them and informed them of the cause of the curse and of the phthisis with which he was afflicted.⁶³ The gods then, having heard those words, repaired to Daksha and said,—'Be gratified, O adorable one, with Soma! Let this curse of thine be withdrawn!⁶⁴ Chandramas is very emaciated! Only a small portion of his may be seen! In consequence of his wasting, O Lord of the celestials, all creatures also are wasting! Creepers and herbs of diverse kinds are also wasting!⁶⁵ In their waste we ourselves also are suffering emaciation! Without us, what will this universe be? Knowing this, O master of the universe, it behoveth thee to be gratified (with Soma)!⁶⁶—Thus addressed, (Daksha) that Lord of creatures, said these words unto the celestials:—'It is impossible to make my words become otherwise!⁶⁷ By some contrivance, however, ye blessed ones, my words may be withdrawn! Let Caçin

always behave equally towards all his wives !⁶⁸ Having bathed also in that foremost of *tirthas* on the Saraswati, the god having the hare for his mark shall, ye gods, grow once more ! These words of mine are true !⁶⁹ For half the month Soma shall wane every day, and for half the month (following) he will wax every day ! These words of mine are true !⁷⁰ Proceeding to the western Ocean at the spot where the Saraswati mingles with the Ocean, that vast receptacle of waters, let him adore that God of gods (Mahādeva) there ! He will then regain his form and beauty !⁷¹ At this command of the (celestial) *Rishi* (Daksha), Soma then proceeded to the Saraswati. He arrived at that foremost of *tirthas* called *Prabhāsa* belonging to the Saraswati.⁷² Bathing there on the day of the new moon, that god of great energy and great effulgence got back his cool rays and continued once more to illumine the worlds.⁷³ All the creatures also, O monarch, having repaired to *Prabhāsa*, returned with Soma amongst them to the place where Daksha was.⁷⁴ (Receiving them duly) that Lord of creatures then dismissed them. Pleased with Soma, the adorable Daksha once more addressed him, saying,⁷⁵—‘Do not, O son, disregard women, and never disregard Brāhmanas ! Go, and attentively obey my commands !’⁷⁶ Dismissed by him, Soma came back to his own abode. All creatures, filled with joy, continued to live as before.⁷⁷ I have thus told thee everything about how the maker of the night had been cursed, and how also *Prabhāsa* became the foremost of all *tirthas*.⁷⁸ On every recurring day of the new moon, O monarch, the god having the hare for his mark bathes in the excellent *tirtha* of *Prabhāsa* and regains his form and beauty.⁷⁹ It is for this reason, O lord of Earth, that that *tirtha* is known by the name of *Prabhāsa*, since bathing there, Chandramas regained his great (*Prabhā*) effulgence.⁸⁰ After this, the mighty Valadeva of undecaying glory proceeded to *Chamasodbheda*, that is to that *tirtha* which is called by that name.⁸¹ Giving away many costly gifts at that place, the hero having the plough for his weapon passed one night there and performed his ablutions duly.⁸² The elder brother of Keçava then proceeded quickly to *Udapāna*. Although the Saraswati seems to be lost there, yet persons crowned with

ascetic success, in consequence of their obtaining great merits and great blessedness at that spot, and owing also to the coolness of the herbs and of the land there, know that the river has an invisible current, O monarch, through the bowels of the Earth there."²³⁻²⁴

SECTION XXXVI.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Valadeva, (as already said) proceeded next to the *tirtha* called Udapāna in the Saraswati, that had formerly been the residence, O king, of the illustrious (ascetic) Trita.¹ Having given away much wealth and worshipped the Brāhmanas, the hero having the plough for his weapon bathed there and became filled with joy.² Devoted to righteousness, the great ascetic Trita had lived there. While in a hole, that high-souled one had drunk the *Soma* juice.³ His two brothers, dashing him down into that pit, had returned to their home. That foremost of Brāhmanas, viz., Trita, had thereupon cursed them both.”⁴

Janamejaya said,—“What is the origin of Udapāna? How did the great ascetic (Trita) fall into a pit there? Why was that foremost of Brāhmanas thrown into that pit by his brothers?⁵ How did his brothers, after throwing him into that hole, return to their home? How did Trita perform his sacrifice, and how did he drink *Soma*? Tell me all this, O Brāhmana, if thou thinkest that I can listen to it without impropriety!”⁶

Vaiçampāyana continued,—“In a former *Yuga*, O king, there were three brothers that were ascetics. They were called Ekata Dwita, and Trita, and all three were endued with effulgence like that of the Sun.⁷ They were like Lords of the creation and were blessed with children. Utterers of *Brahma*, they had, by their penances, acquired the privilege of attaining to the regions of Brahman- (after death).⁸ With their penances, vows, and self-restraint, their sire Gautama, who was ever devoted to virtue, became highly and always pleased with them.⁹ Having obtained great joy in consequence of his sons, the adorable Gautama, after passing a long life here,

went at last to the region (in the other world) that was fit for him.¹⁰ Those kings, however, O monarch, that had been the *Yajamānas* of Gautama, continued to worship Gautama's son after the sire had proceeded to heaven.¹¹ Amongst them, however, Trita, by his acts and study (of the *Vedas*), O king, became the foremost, even like his sire Gautama.¹² Then all the highly blessed ascetics, characterised by righteousness, began to worship Trita as they had worshiped his sire Gautama before him.¹³ Once upon a time, the two brothers Ekata and Dwita thought of performing a sacrifice and became anxious for wealth.¹⁴ The plan they formed, O scorcher of foes, was to take Trita with them, and calling upon all their *Yajamānas* and collecting the needful number of animals,¹⁵ they would joyfully drink the *Soma* juice and acquire the great merits of sacrifice. The three brothers then, O monarch, did as settled.¹⁶ Calling upon all their *Yajamānas* for (obtaining) animals, and assisting them in their sacrifices and receiving a large number of animals from them, and having duly accepted them in gift in consequence of those priestly services which they rendered, those high-souled and great *Rishis* came towards the East.¹⁷⁻¹⁸ Trita, O king, with a cheerful heart was walking before them. Ekata and Dwita were in his rear, bringing up the animals.¹⁹ Beholding that large herd of animals, they began to reflect as to how they two could appropriate that property without giving a share unto Trita.²⁰ Hear, O king, what those two sinful wretches, viz., Ekata and Dwita, said while conversing with each other!²¹ They said,— 'Trita is skilled in assisting at sacrifices. Trita is devoted to the *Vedas*. Trita is capable of earning many other kine.'²² Let us two, therefore, go away, taking the kine with us! Let Trita go whithersoever he chooses, without being in our company!²³ As they proceeded, night came upon them on the way. They then saw a wolf before them. Not far from that spot was a deep hole on the bank of the *Saraswati*.²⁴ Trita, who was in advance of his brothers, seeing the wolf, ran in fright and fell into that hole.²⁵ That hole was fathomless and terrible and capable of inspiring all creatures with fear. Then Trita, O king, that best of ascetics, from within that hole,

began to utter wails of woe. His two brothers heard his cries.* Understanding that he had fallen into a pit, his brothers Ekata and Dwita, moved by fear of the wolf as also by temptation, went on, deserting their brother.** Thus deserted by his two brothers who were moved by the temptation of appropriating those animals, the great ascetic Trita, O king, while within that lonely well covered with dust* and herbs and creepers, thought himself plunged, O chief of the Bharatas, into hell itself like a sinful wretch.** He feared to die inasmuch as he had not earned the merit of drinking the *Soma* juice. Possessed of great wisdom, he began to reflect with the aid of his intelligence as to how he could succeed in drinking *Soma* even there.** While thinking on that subject, the great ascetic, standing in that pit, beheld a creeper hanging down into it in course of its growth.** Although the pit was dry, the sage imagined the existence of water and of sacrificial fires there. Constituting himself the *Hotri* (in imagination),** the great ascetic imagined the creeper he saw to be the *Soma* plant. He then mentally uttered the *Richs*, the *Yayushes* and the *Sāmāns* (that were necessary for the performance of a sacrifice).*** The pebbles (lying at the bottom of the well) Trita converted into grains of sugar (in imagination). He then, O king, (mentally) performed his ablutions. He conceived the water (he had imagined) to be clarified butter.** He allotted to the celestials their respective shares (of those sacrificial offerings). Having next (mentally) drunk *Soma*, he began to utter a loud noise. Those sounds, O king, first uttered by the sacrificing *Rishi*, penetrated into heaven, and Trita completed that sacrifice after the manner laid down by utterers of *Brahma*.** During the progress of that sacrifice of the high-souled Trita, the whole region of the celestials became agitated. None knew, however, the cause. Vrihaspati (the preceptor of the gods) heard that loud noise (made by Trita).** The priest of the celestials said unto the latter,—Trita is performing a sacrifice. We must go there, ye gods!** Endued with great ascetic merit, if angry, he is competent to

* Hymns from the three *Vedas*.—T.

create other gods !” —Hearing these words of Vrihaspati, all the gods, united together, repaired to that spot where the sacrifice of Trita was going on.” Having proceeded to that spot, the gods beheld the high-souled Trita installed in the performance of his sacrifice.” Beholding that high-souled one resplendent with beauty, the gods addressed him, saying,— ‘We have come hither for our shares (in thy offerings) !’” —The *Rishi* said unto them,— ‘Behold me, ye denizens of heaven, fallen into this terrible well, almost deprived of my senses !’” Then Trita, O monarch, duly gave unto them their shares with proper *mantras*. The gods took them and became very glad.” Having duly obtained their allotted shares, the denizens of heaven, gratified with him, gave him such boons as he desired.” The boon, however, that he solicited was that the gods should relieve him from his distressful situation (in the well).” He also said,— ‘Let him that bathes in this well, have the end that is attained by persons that have drunk *Soma* !’” At these words, O king, the Saraswati with her waves appeared within that well. Raised aloft by her, Trita came up and worshipped the denizens of heaven.” The gods then said unto him,— ‘Be it as thou wishest !’ All of them then, O king, went to the place whence they had come, and Trita, filled with joy, proceeded to his own abode.” Meeting with those two *Rishis*, viz., his brothers, he became enraged with them. Possessed of great ascetic merit, he said certain harsh words unto them and cursed them, saying,” — ‘Since, moved by covetousness, ye ran away, deserting me, therefore, ye shall become fierce wolves with sharp teeth and range the forest, cursed by me in consequence of that sinful act of yours !’” The offspring also that ye shall have will consist of leopards and bears and apes !’ After Trita had said these words, O monarch, his two brothers were seen to be very soon transformed into these shapes in consequence of the words of that truthful sage.” Of immeasurable prowess, Valadeva touched the waters of Udapāna. And he gave away diverse kinds of wealth there and worshipped many Brāhmanas.” Beholding Udapāna and applauding it repeatedly, Valadeva next proceeded to Vinaçana which also was on the Saraswati.”

SECTION XXXVII.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Then Valadeva, O king, proceeded to Vinaçana where the Saraswati hath become invisible in consequence of her contempt for Cudras and Ābhiras.¹ And since the Saraswati, in consequence of such contempt, is lost at that spot, the *Rishis*, for that reason, O chief of the Bharatas, always name the place as *Vinaçana*.² Having bathed in that *tirtha* of the Saraswati, the mighty Valadeva then proceeded to Subhumika situate on the excellent bank of the same river.³ There many fair-complexioned *Apsarās*, of beautiful faces, are always engaged in sports of a pure character without any intermission.⁴ The gods and the *Gandharvas*, every month, O ruler of men, repair to that sacred *tirtha* which is the resort of Brahman himself.⁵ The *Gandharvas* and diverse tribes of *Apsaras* are to be seen there, O king, assembled together and passing the time as happily as they like.⁶ There the gods and the *Pitris*, sport in joy, with sacred and auspicious flowers repeatedly rained over them,⁷ and all the creepers also were adorned with flowery loads. And because, O king, that spot is the beautiful sporting ground of those *Apsaras*, therefore is that *tirtha* on the excellent bank of the Saraswati called *Subhumika*.⁸ Valadeva of Madhu's race, having bathed in that *tirtha* and given away much wealth unto the Brāhmanas, heard the sound of those celestial songs and musical instruments.⁹ He also saw there many shadows of gods, *Gandharvas*, and *Rākshasas*. The son of Rohini then proceeded to the *tirtha* of the *Gandharvas*.¹⁰ There many *Gandharvas*, headed by Viçvāvasu and possessed of ascetic merit, pass their time in dance and song of the most charming kind.¹¹ Giving away diverse kinds of wealth unto the Brāhmanas, as also goats and sheep and kine and mules and camels and gold and silver,¹² and feeding many Brāhmanas and gratifying them with many costly gifts that were desired by them, Valadeva of Madhu's race proceeded thence, accompanied by many Brāhmanas and eulogised by them.¹³ Leaving that *tirtha* resorted to by *Gandharvas*, that mighty-armed

chastiser of foes, having but one ear-ring, then proceeded to the famous *tirtha* called *Gargaçrota*.¹⁴ There, in that sacred *tirtha* of the Saraswati, the illustrious Garga of venerable years and soul cleansed by ascetic penances, O Janamejaya, had acquired a knowledge of Time and its course, of the deviations of luminous bodies (in the firmament), and of all auspicious and inauspicious portents.¹⁵⁻¹⁶ That *tirtha*, for this reason, came to be called after his name as *Gargaçrota*. There, O king, highly blessed *Rishis* of excellent vows always waited upon Garga, O lord, for obtaining a knowledge of Time.^{17*} Smeared with white sandal-paste O king, Valadeva, repairing to that *tirtha*, duly gave away wealth unto many ascetics of cleansed souls.¹⁸ Having given also many kinds of costly viands unto the Brāhmanas, that illustrious one attired in blue robes then proceeded to the *tirtha* called Cankha.¹⁹ There, on the bank of the Saraswati, that mighty hero having the palmyra on his banner beheld a gigantic tree, called *Mahāçankha*, tall as Meru, looking like the White-mountain, and resorted to by many *Rishis*.²⁰ There dwell *Yakshas*, and *Vidyādharas*, and *Rākshasas* of immeasurable energy, and *Piçāchas* of immeasurable might, and *Siddhas*, numbering in thousands.²¹ All of them, abandoning other kinds of food, observe vows and regulations, and take at due seasons the fruits of that lord of the forest for their sustenance and wander in separate bands, unseen by men, O foremost of human beings! That monarch of the forest, O king, is known for this throughout the world!²²⁻²³ That tree is the cause of this celebrated and sacred *tirtha* in the Saraswati. Having given away in that *tirtha* many milch cows, and vessels of copper and iron, and diverse kinds of other vessels, that tiger of Yadu's race,²⁴ viz., Valadeva, having the plough for his weapon, worshipped the Brāhmanas and was worshipped by them in return. He then, O king, proceeded to the Dwaita lake.²⁵ Arrived there, Vala saw diverse kinds of ascetics in diverse kinds of attire. Bath-

* Garga was a celebrated astronomer and astrologer of ancient India. Certain horoscopes left by him have furnished Oriental scholars with important landmarks on the subject of Hindoo chronology.—T

ing in its waters, he worshipped the Brāhmanas.¹⁰ Having given away unto the Brāhmanas diverse articles of enjoyment in profusion, Valadeva then, O king, proceeded along the southern bank of the Saraswati.¹¹ The mighty armed and illustrious Rāma of virtuous soul and unfading glory then proceeded to the *tirtha* called *Nāgadhanwāna*.¹² Swarming with numerous snakes, O monarch, it was the abode of Vāsuki of great splendour, the king of the snakes. There four and ten thousand *Rishis* also had their permanent home.¹³ The celestials, having come there (in days of yore), had, according to due rites, installed the excellent snake Vāsuki as king of all the snakes. There is no fear of snakes in that place, O thou of Kuru's race!¹⁴ Duly giving away many valuables there unto the Brāhmanas, Valadeva then set out with face towards the east and reached, one after another hundreds and thousands of famous *tirthas* that occurred at every step.¹⁵ Bathing in all those *tirthas*, and observing fasts and other vows as directed by the *Rishis*, and giving away wealth in profusion,¹⁶ and saluting all the ascetics who had taken up their residence there, Valadeva once more set out, along the way that those ascetics pointed out to him, for reaching that spot where the Saraswati¹⁷ turns in an eastward direction, like torrents of rain bent by the action of the wind. The river took that course for beholding the high-souled *Rishis* dwelling in the forest of Naimisha.¹⁸ Always smeared with white sandal-paste, Vala, having the plough for his weapon, beholding that foremost of rivers change her course, became, O king, filled with wonder."¹⁹

Janamejaya said,—“Why, O Brāhmana, did the Saraswati bend her course there in an easterly direction? O best of *Addharyus*, it behoveth thee to tell me everything relating to this!”²⁰ For what reason was that delighter of the Yadus filled with wonder? Why, indeed, did that foremost of rivers thus alter her course?”²¹

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Formerly, in the *Krita* age, O king, the ascetics dwelling in Naimisha were engaged in a grand sacrifice extending for twelve years.²² Many were the *Rishis*, O king, that came to that sacrifice. Passing their days, according to due rites, in the performance of that sacrifice, these

highly blessed ones," after the completion of that twelve years, sacrifice at Naimisha, set out in large numbers for sojourning to *tirthas*.⁴⁰ In consequence of the number of the *Rishis*, O king, the *tirthas* on the southern banks of the Saraswati all looked like towns and cities.⁴¹ Those foremost of Brāhmanas, O tiger among men, in consequence of their eagerness for enjoying the merits of *tirthas*, took up their abodes on the bank of the river up to the site of Samantapanchaka.⁴² The whole region seemed to resound with the loud *Vedic* recitations of those *Rishis* of cleansed souls, all employed in pouring libations on sacrificial fires.⁴³ That foremost of rivers looked exceedingly beautiful with those blazing *homa* fires all around, over which those high-souled ascetics poured libations of clarified butter.⁴⁴ *Vālikhillyas* and *Açmakuttas*, *Dantolukhalinas*, *Samprakshyānas* and other ascetics,⁴⁵ as also those that subsisted on air, and those that lived on water, and those that lived on dry leaves of trees, and diverse others that were observant of diverse kinds of vows, and those that foreswore beds for the bare and hard earth,⁴⁶ all came to that spot in the vicinity of the Saraswati. And they made that foremost of rivers exceedingly beautiful, like the celestials beautifying (with their presence) the heavenly stream called Mandākinī.⁴⁷ Hundreds upon hundreds of *Rishis*, all given to the observance of sacrifices, came thither. Those practicers of high vows, however, failed to find sufficient room on the banks of the Saraswati.⁴⁸ Measuring small plots of land with their sacred threads, they performed their *Agnihotras* and diverse other rites.⁴⁹ The river Saraswati beheld, O monarch, that large body of *Rishis* penetrated with despair and plunged into anxiety (for want of a broad *thirtha* wherein to perform their rites. For their sake,⁵⁰ that foremost of streams came there, having made many abodes for herself in that spot, through kindness for those *Rishis* of

* The first were diminutive little creatures, not bigger than the thumb; the second were probably those that husked their corn with only two pieces of stone without using the usual convenient appliances; the third were persons that lived on raw corn, using their teeth for husking it. I have no idea of who the fourth were.—T.

sacred penances, O Janamejaya!" Having thus, O monarch, turned her course for their sake, the Saraswati, that foremost of rivers, once more flowed in a westerly direction," as if she said,—I must go hence, having prevented the arrival of these *Rishis* from becoming futile! This wonderful feat, O king, was accomplished there by that great river." Even thus those receptacles of water, O king, were formed in Naimisha. There, at Kurukshetra, O foremost one of Kuru's race, do thou perform grand sacrifices and rites!" Beholding those many receptacles of water and seeing that foremost of rivers turn her course, wonder filled the heart of the high-souled Rāma." Bathing in those *tirthas* duly and giving away wealth and diverse other articles of enjoyment unto the Brāhmanas, that delighter of Yadu's race" also gave away diverse kinds of food and diverse desirable articles unto them. Worshipped by those regenerate ones, Vala, O king, then set out from that foremost of all *tirthas* on the Saraswati, (viz., *Sapta-Sāraswat*). Numerous feathery creatures have their home there. And it abounded with *Vadāri*, *Inguda*, *Kāçmaryya*, *Plaksha*, *Açwattha*, *Vibhitaka*, *Kakkola*, *Palāça*, *Karira*, *Pilu*, and diverse other kinds of trees that grow on the banks of the Saraswati." And it was adorned with forests of *Karushakas*, *Vilwas*, and *Amrātukas*, and *Atimuktas* and *Kāshandas* and *Pārijātas*." Agreeable to the sight and most charming, it abounded with forests of plaintains. And it was resorted to by diverse tribes of ascetics, some living on air, some on water, some on fruit, some on leaves, some on raw grain which they husked with the aid only of stones, and some that were called *Vāneyas*. And it resounded with the chaunting of the *Vedas*, and teemed with diverse kinds of animals." And it was the favourite abode of men without malice and devoted to righteousness. Valadeva, having the plough for his weapon, arrived at that *tirtha*, called the *Sapta-Sāraswat*, where the great ascetic Mankanaka had performed his penances and became crowned with success."

SECTION XXXVIII.

Janamejaya said,—“Why was that *tirtha* called *Sapta-Sāraswatī*? Who was the ascetic Mankanaka? How did that adorable one become crowned with success? What were his vows and observances?¹ In whose race was he born? What books did that best of regenerate ones study? I desire to hear all this, O foremost of regenerate ones!”²

Vaiçampāyana said,—“O king, the seven Saraswatīs cover this Universe! Whithersoever the Saraswatī was summoned by persons of great energy, thither she made her appearance.³ These are the seven forms of the Saraswatī, viz., Suprabhā, Kānchanākshi, Viçālā, Manoramā, Oghavati, Surenu, and Vimalodakā.⁴ The Supreme Grandsire had at one time performed a great sacrifice. While that sacrifice was in course of performance on the ground selected, many regenerate ones crowned with ascetic success came there.⁵ The spot resounded with the recitation of sacred hymns and the chaunting of the *Vedas*. In the matter of those sacrificial rites, the very gods lost their coolness, (so grand were the preparations).⁶ There, O monarch, while the Grandsire was installed in the sacrifice and was performing the grand ceremony capable of bestowing prosperity and every wish,⁷ many notable ones conversant with righteousness and profit were present. As soon as they thought of the articles, of which they stood in need, these, O monarch, immediately appeared before the regenerate ones (among the guests) that came there.⁸ The *Gandharvas* sang and the diverse tribes of *Apsaras* danced. And they played upon many celestial instruments for all the time.⁹ The wealth of provisions procured in that sacrifice satisfied the very gods. What shall I say then of human beings? The very celestials became filled with wonder!”¹⁰ During the continuance of that sacrifice at Pushkara and in the presence of the Grandsire, the *Rishis*, O king, said,—“This sacrifice cannot be said to possess high attributes,¹¹ since that foremost of rivers, viz, Saraswatī, is not to be seen here!”—Hearing these words, the divine Brahman cheerfully thought of Sara-

swati.¹³ Summoned at Pushkara by the Grandsire engaged in the performance of a sacrifice, Saraswati, O king, appeared there, under the name of Suprabhā.¹⁴ Beholding Saraswati quickly pay that regard to the Grandsire, the *Munis* esteemed that sacrifice highly.¹⁵ Even thus that foremost of rivers, viz., the Saraswati, made her appearance at Pushkara for the sake of the Grandsire and for gratifying the *Munis*.¹⁶ (At another time), O king, many *Munis* mustering together at Naimisha, took up their residence there. Delightful disquisitions occurred among them, O king, about the *Vedas*.¹⁷ There where those *Munis*, conversant with diverse scriptures, took up their abode, there they thought of the Saraswati.¹⁸ Thus thought of, O monarch, by those *Rishis* performing a sacrifice, the highly blessed and sacred Saraswati, for rendering assistance, O king, to those high-souled *Munis* assembled together, made her appearance at Naimisha and came to be called Kāñchānākshī.¹⁹⁻²⁰ That foremost of rivers, worshipped by all, thus came there, O Bhārata! While (king) Gaya was engaged in the performance of a great sacrifice at Gayā.²¹ the foremost of rivers, Saraswati, summoned at Gaya's sacrifice, (made her appearance there). The *Rishis* of rigid vows that were there, named this form of hers at Gayā as Viçālā.²² That river of swift current flows from the sides of Himavat. Ouddālaka had also, O Bhārata, performed a sacrifice.²³ A large concourse of *Munis* had been gathered there. It was on that sacred region, viz., the northern part of Koçala, O king, that that sacrifice of the high-souled Ouddālaka was performed.²⁴ Before Ouddālaka began his sacrifice, he had thought of the Saraswati. That foremost of rivers came to that region for the sake of those *Rishis*.²⁵ Worshipped by all those *Munis* clad in barks and deer-skins, she became known by the name of Manoramā as those *Rishis* mentally called her.²⁶ While, again, the high-souled Kuru was engaged in a sacrifice at Kurukshetra, that foremost of rivers, the highly blessed Saraswati, made her appearance there.²⁷ Summoned, O monarch, by the high-souled Vaçishtha (who assisted Kuru in his sacrifice), the Saraswati, full of celestial water, appeared at Kurukshetra under the name of Oghavati.²⁸ Daksha at one time performed

a sacrifice at the source of Gangā. The Saraswati appeared there under the name of the fast flowing Surenu.³⁰ Once again, while Brahman was engaged in a sacrifice on the sacred forest of the Himavat mountains, the adorable Saraswati, summoned (by him), appeared there.³¹ All these seven forms then came and joined together in that *tirtha* where Valadeva came. And because the seven mingled together at that spot, therefore is that *tirtha* known on Earth by the name of *Sapta-saraswati*.³² Thus have I told thee of the seven Saraswatis, according to their names. I have also told thee of the sacred *tirtha* called *Sapta-sāraswat*.³³ Listen now to a great feat of Mankanaka, who had from his youth led the life of a *Brahmachārin*. While employed in performing his ablutions in the river,³⁴ he beheld (one day), O Bhārata, a woman of faultless limbs and fair brows, bathing in the river at will, her person uncovered. At this sight, O monarch, the vital seed of the *Rishi* fell unto the Saraswati.³⁵ The great ascetic took it up and placed it within his earthen pot. Kept within that vessel, the fluid became divided into seven parts.³⁶ From those seven portions were born seven *Rishis*, from whom sprung the (nine and forty) *Maruts*. The seven *Rishis* were named Vāyuvega, Vāyuhan, Vāyumandala,³⁷ Vāyujāta, Vāyuretas, and Vāyuchakra of great energy. Thus were born these progenitors of the diverse *Maruts*.³⁸ Hear now a more wonderful thing, O king, a fact exceedingly marvellous on Earth, about the conduct of that great *Rishi*, which is well known in the three worlds.³⁹ In days of yore, after Mankanaka had become crowned with success, O king, his hand, on one occasion, became pierced with a *Kuṣṭh* blade. Thereupon a vegetable juice came out of the wound (and not red blood).⁴⁰ Seeing that vegetable juice, the *Rishi* became filled with joy and danced about

* After the 25th verse, almost all the editions have a single line, noticed by Nilakantha in his gloss, about the *Surenu*. It is evidently an interpolation. In the first enumeration of the seven Saraswatis, *Surenu* comes *after* *Oghavati*. The occurrence of this one line, therefore, mentioning *Surenu* *before* *Oghavati*, and assigning it a place different from that which is assigned to it in verse 29, leaves little room for doubt, that it is an interpolation. —T.

on the spot. Seeing him dance, all mobile and immobile creatures, O hero, stupified by his energy, began to dance.³⁹ Then the gods with Brahman at their head, and the *Rishi* possessed of wealth of asceticism, O king, all went to Mahādeva and informed him of the act of the *Rishi* (Mankanaka). And they said unto him,—‘It behoveth thee, O god, to do that which may prevent the *Rishi* from dancing!’⁴⁰—Then Mahādeva, seeing the *Rishi* filled with great joy, and moved by the desire of doing good unto the gods, addressed him, saying,⁴¹—‘Why, O Brāhmana, dost thou dance in this way, acquainted as thou art with thy duties? What grave cause is there for such joy of thine, O sage, that, ascetic as thou art, O best of Brāhmanas, and walking as thou dost along the path of virtue thou shouldst act in this way?’⁴²

“The *Rishi* said;—‘Why, seest thou not, O Bhāhmana, that a vegetable juice is flowing from this wound of mine? Seeing this, O lord, I am dancing in great joy!’⁴³ Laughing at the *Rishi* who was stupified by passion, the god said.—‘I do not, O Brāhmana, at all wonder at this! Behold me!’⁴⁴—Having said this unto that foremost of *Rishis*, Mahādeva of great intelligence struck his thumb with the end of one of his fingers.⁴⁵ Thereupon, O king, ashes, white as snow, came out of that wound. Seeing this, the *Rishi* became ashamed, O monarch, and fell at the feet of the god.⁴⁶ He understood the god to be none else than Mahādeva. Filled with wonder, he said,—‘I do not think that thou art any one else than Rudra, that great and Supreme being!’⁴⁷ O wielder of the trident, thou art the refuge of this universe consisting of gods and *Asuras*! The wise say that this universe hath been created by thee!⁴⁸ At the universal destruction, everything once more enters thee! Thou art incapable of being known by the gods, how then canst thou be known by me?’⁴⁹ All forms of being that are in the universe are seen in thee! The gods with Brahman at their head worship thy boon-giving self, O sinless one!⁵⁰ Thou art everything! Thou art the creator of the gods and it was thou who hadst caused them to be created! Through thy grace, the gods pass their time in joy and perfect fearlessness.⁵¹ Having praised Mahādeva in this manner, the *Rishi* bowed to

him."¹—'Let not this absence of gravity, ridiculous in the extreme, that I displayed, O god, destroy my ascetic merit! I pray to thee for this!'"²—The god, with a cheerful heart, once more said unto him,—'Let thy asceticism increase a thousand-fold, O Brāhmana, through my grace! I shall also always dwell with thee in this asylum!'"³ The man that will worship me in this *tirtha*, viz., Saptasāraswat, there will be nothing unattainable by him here or hereafter. Without doubt, such a one shall go to the region called Sāraswat (in heaven), after death!'"⁴ Even this the history of *Mankanaka* of abundant energy. He was a son begotten by the god of wind upon (the lady) Sukanyā."'"⁵

SECTION XXXIX.

Vaiṣampāyana said,—'Having passed one night there, Rāma, having the plough for his weapon, worshipped the dwellers of that *tirtha* and showed his regard for Mankanaka.' Having given wealth unto the Brāhmanas, and passed the night there, the hero having the plough for his weapon was worshipped by the *Munis*. Rising up in the morning,¹ he took leave of all the ascetics, and having touched the sacred water, O Bhārata, set out quickly for other *tirthas*.² Valadeva then went to the *tirtha* known by the name of Uṣanas. It is also called Kapālamochana. Formerly, Rāma (the son of Daśaratha) slew a *Rākshasa* and hurled his head to a great distance. That head, O king, fell upon the thigh of a great sage named Mahodara and stuck to it. Bathing in this *tirtha*, the great *Rishi* became freed from that burthen. The high-souled Kavi (Cukra) had performed his ascetic penances there.³ It was there that the whole science of politics and morals (that goes by Cukra's name) appeared to him by inward light. While residing there, Cukra meditated upon the war of the *Dāityas* and the *Dānavas* (with the gods).⁴ Arrived at that foremost of *tirthas*, Valadeva, O king, duly made presents unto the high-souled Brāhmanas."⁵

Janamejaya said,—'Why is it called Kapālamochana, where the great *Muni* became freed (from the *Rākshasa's* head)? For what reason and how did that head stick unto him?'"⁶

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Formerly, O tiger among kings, the high-souled Rāma (the son of Daçaratha) lived (for sometime) in the forest of Dandaka, from desire of slaying the *Rākshasas*.⁹ At Janasthāna he cut off the head of a wicked-souled *Rākshasa* with a razor-headed shaft of great sharpness. That head fell in the deep forest.¹⁰ That head, coursing at will (through the welkin) fell upon the thigh of Mahodara while, the latter was wandering through the woods. Piercing his thigh, O king, it stuck to it and remained there.¹¹ In consequence of that head thus sticking to his thigh, the Brāhmana (Mahodara) of great wisdom could not (with ease) proceed to *tirthas* and other sacred spots.¹² Afflicted with great pain and with putrid matter flowing from his thigh, he went to all the *tirthas* of the Earth (one after another), as heard by us.¹³ He went to all the rivers and to the ocean also. (Not finding any relief), the great ascetic spoke of his sufferings to many *Rishis* of cleansed souls¹⁴ about his having bathed in all the *tirthas* without having found the relief he sought. That foremost of Brāhmanas then heard from those sages words of high import¹⁵ about this foremost of *tirthas* situate on the Saraswati, and known by the name of Uçanasa, which was represented as competent to cleanse from every sin and as an excellent spot for attaining to (ascetic) success.¹⁶ That Brāhmana then, repairing to that Ouçanasa *tirtha*, bathed in its waters. Upon this, the *Rākshasa*’s head, leaving the thigh, fell into the water.¹⁷ Freed from that (dead) head, the *Rishi* felt great happiness. As regards the head itself, it was lost in the waters.¹⁸ Mahodara then, O king, freed from the *Rākshasa*’s head, cheerfully returned, with cleansed soul and all his sins washed away, to his asylum after achieving success.¹⁹ The great ascetic, thus freed, after returning to his sacred asylum, spoke of what had happened to those *Rishis* of cleansed souls.²⁰ The assembled *Rishis*, having heard his words, bestowed the name of *Kapāla-mochana* on the *tirtha*.²¹ The great *Rishi* Mahodara, repairing once more to that foremost of *tirthas*, drank its water and attained to great ascetic success.²² He of Madhu’s race, having given away much wealth unto the Brāhmanas and worshipped them, then proceeded to the asylum of Rushangu.²³ There,

O Bhārata, Ārshtishena had in former days undergone the austerest of penances. There the great *Muni* Viçwāmītra (who had before been a Kshatriya) became a Brāhmana.⁵⁴ That great asylum is capable of granting the fruition of every wish. It is always, O lord, the abode of *Munis* and Brāhmanas.⁵⁵ Valadeva of great beauty, surrounded by Brāhmanas, then went to that spot, O monarch, where Rushangu had, in former days, cast off his body.⁵⁶ Rushangu, O Bhārata, was an old Brāhmana who was always devoted to ascetic penances. Resolved to cast off his body, he reflected for a long while.⁵⁷ Endued with great ascetic merit, he then summoned all his sons and told them to take him to a spot where water was abundant.⁵⁸ Those ascetics, knowing their sire had become very old, took that ascetic to a *tirtha* on the Saraswati.⁵⁹ Brought by his sons to the sacred Saraswati containing hundreds of *tirthas* and on whose banks dwelt *Rishis* unconnected with the world, that intelligent ascetic⁶⁰ of austere penances bathed in that *tirtha* according to due rites, and conversant as that foremost of *Rishis* was with the merits of *tirthas*, then cheerfully said, O tiger among men, unto all his sons who were dutifully waiting upon him these words:⁶¹—“He that would cast off his body on the northern bank of the Saraswati containing much water, while employed in mentally reciting sacred *mantras*, would never again be afflicted with death!”⁶² The righteous-souled Valadeva, touching the water of that *tirtha* and bathing in it, gave considerable wealth unto the Brāhmanas, devoted as he was to them.⁶³ Possessed of great might and great prowess, Valadeva then proceeded to that *tirtha* where the adorable Grandsire had created the mountains called Lokāloka, where that foremost of *Rishis*, viz., Ārshtishena of rigid vows, O thou of Kuru’s race, had by austere penances acquired the status of Brāhmanhood, where the royal sage Sindhudwipa, and the great ascetic Devāpi, and the adorable and illustrious *Muni* Viçwāmītra of austere penances and fierce energy, had all acquired a similar status.”⁶⁴⁻⁶⁵

SECTION XL.

Janamejaya said,—“Why did the adorable Ārshtishena undergo the austere of penances? How also did Sindhudwipa acquire the status of a Brāhmana?’ How also did Devāpi, O Brāhmana, and how Viṣvāmitra, O best of men, acquire the same status? Tell me all this, O adorable one! Great is my curiosity to listen to all this!”³

Vaiṣampāyana said,—“Formerly, in the *Kṛita* age, O king, there was a foremost of regenerate persons called Ārshtishena. Residing in his preceptor’s house, he attended to his lessons every day.⁴ Although, O king, he resided long in the abode of his preceptor, he could not still acquire the mastery of any branch of knowledge or of the *Vedas*, O monarch!⁵ In great disappointment, O king, the great ascetic performed very austere penances. By his penances he then acquired the mastery of the *Vedas* than which there is nothing superior.⁶ Acquiring great learning and a mastery of the *Vedas*, that foremost of *Rishis* became crowned with success in that *tirtha*. He then bestowed three boons on that place.⁷ (He said)—‘From this day, a person, by bathing in this *tirtha* of the great river (Saraswati), shall obtain the great fruit of a horse sacrifice!’ From this day there will be no fear in this *tirtha* from snakes and wild beasts! By small exertions, again, one shall attain to great results here!’⁸ Having said these words, that *Muni* of great energy proceeded to heaven. Even thus the adorable Ārshtishena of great energy became crowned with success.⁹ In that very *tirtha*, in the *Kṛita* age, Sindhudwipa of great energy, and Devāpi also, O monarch, had acquired the high status of Brāhmanhood.¹⁰ Similarly Kuçika’s son, devoted to ascetic penances and with his senses under control, acquired the status of Brāhmanhood by practising well-directed austerities.¹¹ There was a great Kshatriya, celebrated over the world, known by the name of Gādhi. He had a son born to him, of the name of Viṣvāmitra of great prowess.¹² King Kauçika became a great ascetic. Possessed of great ascetic merit, he wished to install his son Viṣvāmitra on

his throne,¹³ himself having resolved to cast off his body. His subjects, bowing unto him, said,—‘Thou shouldst not go away, O thou of great wisdom, but do thou protect us from a great fear!’¹⁴ Thus addressed, Gādhi replied unto his subjects, saying,—‘My son will become the protector of the wide universe!’¹⁵ Having said these words, and placed Viçwāmitra (on the throne), Gādhi, O king, went to heaven, and Viçwāmitra became king. He could not, however, protect the Earth with even his best exertions.¹⁶ The king then heard of the existence of a great fear of *Rākshasas* (in his kingdom). With his four kinds of forces, he went out of his capital.¹⁷ Having proceeded far on his way, he reached the asylum of Vaçishtha. His troops, O king, caused much mischief there.¹⁸ The adorable Brāhmana Vaçishtha, when he came to his asylum, saw the extensive woods in course of destruction.¹⁹ That best of *Rishis*, viz., Vaçishtha, O king, became angry, O monarch, with Viçwāmitra. He commanded his own (*homa*) cow, saying,—‘Create a number of terrible Cavaras!’²⁰ Thus addressed, the cow created a swarm of men of frightful visages. These encountered the army of Viçwāmitra and began to cause a great carnage everywhere.²¹ Seeing this, the troops fled away. Viçwāmitra the son of Gādhi, however, regarding ascetic austerities highly efficacious, set his heart upon them.²² In this foremost of *tirthas* of the Saraswati, O king, he began to emaciate his own body by means of vows and fasts with fixed resolve.²³ He made water and air and (the fallen) leaves of trees his food. He slept on the bare ground, and observed other vows (enjoined for ascetics).²⁴ The gods made repeated attempts for impeding him in the observance of his vows. His heart, however, never swerved from the vows (he had proposed to himself).²⁵ Then, having practised diverse kinds of austerities with great devotion, the son of Gādhi became like the Sun himself in effulgence.²⁶ The boon-giving Grandsire, of great energy, resolved to grant Viçwāmitra, when he had become endued with ascetic merit, the boon the latter desired.²⁷ The boon that Viçwāmitra solicited was that he should be permitted to become a Brāhmana. Brahman, the Grandsire of all the worlds, said unto him,—‘So be it.’²⁸ Having by

his austere penances acquired the status of Brāhmanhood, the illustrious Viçwāmitra, after the attainment of his wish, wandered over the whole Earth like a celestial.²⁹ Giving away diverse kinds of wealth in that foremost of *tirthas*, Rāma also cheerfully gave away milch cows and vehicles and beds, and ornaments, and food and drink of the best kinds, O king, unto many foremost of Brāhmanas, after having worshipped them duly.³⁰⁻³¹ Then, O king, Rāma proceeded to the asylum of Vaka which was not very distant from where he was, that asylum in which, as heard by us, Dālvyā-vaka had practised the austere of penances.³²

SECTION XLI.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“That delighter of the Yadus then proceeded to the asylum (of Vaka) which resounded with the chanting of the *Vedas*. There the great ascetic, O king, named Dālvyā-vaka,¹ poured the kingdom of Dhritarāshtra the son of Vichitravirya as a libation (on the sacrificial fire). By practising very austere penances he emaciated his own body. Endued with great energy, the virtuous *Rishi*, filled with great wrath, (did that act).² In former times, the *Rishis* residing in the Naimisha forest had performed a sacrifice extending for twelve years. In course of that sacrifice, after a particular one called *Viçvajit* had been completed, the *Rishis* set out for the country of the Pāñchālas.³ Arrived there, they solicited the king for giving them one and twenty strong and healthy calves to be given away as *Dakshinā* (in the sacrifice they had completed).⁴ Dālvyā-vaka, however, (calling those *Rishis*), said unto them,—‘Do you divide those animals (of mine) among ye! Giving away these (unto ye), I shall solicit a great king (for some)!’⁵ Having said so unto all those *Rishis*, Vaka of great energy, that best of Brāhmanas, then proceeded to the abode of Dhritarāshtra.⁶ Arrived at the presence of king Dhritarāshtra, Dālvyā begged some animals of him. That best of kings, however, seeing that some of his kine had died without any cause, angrily said unto him,—‘Wretch of a Brāhmana, take, if thou likest, these

animals that (are dead)!" Hearing these words, the *Rishi*, conversant with duties, thought,—'Alas, cruel are the words that have been addressed to me in the assembly!' Having reflected in this strain, that best of Brāhmanas, filled with wrath, set his heart upon the destruction of king Dhritarāshtra.¹⁰ Cutting the flesh from off the dead animals, that best of sages, having ignited a (sacrificial) fire on the *tirtha* of the Saraswati, poured those pieces as libations for the destruction of king Dhritarāshtra's kingdom. Observant of rigid vows, the great Dālvya-vaka, O monarch, poured Dhritarāshtra's kingdom as a libation on the fire, with the aid of those pieces of meat.¹¹ Upon the commencement of that fierce sacrifice according to due rites, the kingdom of Dhritarāshtra, O monarch, began to waste away.¹² Indeed, O lord, the kingdom of that monarch began to waste away even as a large forest begins to disappear when men proceed to cut it down with the axe. Overtaken by calamities, the kingdom began to lose its prosperity and life.¹⁴ Seeing his kingdom thus afflicted, the puissant monarch, O king, became very cheerless and thoughtful.¹⁵ Consulting with the Brāhmanas, he began to make great endeavours for freeing his territories (from affliction). No good, however, came of his efforts, for the kingdom continued to waste away.¹⁶ The king became very cheerless. The Brāhmanas also, O sinless one, became filled with grief. When at last the king failed to save his kingdom,¹⁷ he asked his counsellors, O Janamejaya, (about the remedy). The counsellors reminded him of the evil he had done in connection with the dead kine.¹⁸ And they said,—'The sage Vaka is pouring thy kingdom as a libation on the fire with the aid of the flesh (of those animals). Thence is this great waste of thy kingdom!' This is the consequence of ascetic rites. Thence is this great calamity! G, O king, and gratify that *Rishi* by the side of a receptacle of water on the bank of the Saraswati!¹⁹ Repairing to the bank of the Saraswati, the king falling at his feet and touching them with his head, joined his hands and said, O thou

* Pouring a kingdom on the fire means pouring libations on the fire for the object of destroying a kingdom.—T.

Bharata's race, these words,—‘I gratify thee, O adorable one, forgive my offence!’¹ I am a senseless fool, a wretch inspired with avarice! Thou art my refuge, thou art my protector, it behoveth thee to show me thy grace!’² Beholding him thus overwhelmed with grief and indulging in lamentations like these, Vaka felt compassion for him and freed his kingdom.³ The *Rishi* became gratified with him, having dismissed his angry feelings. For freeing his kingdom, the sage again poured libations on the fire.⁴ Having freed the kingdom (from calamities) and taken many animals in gift, he became pleased at heart and once more proceeded to the Naimisha woods.⁵ The liberal-minnded king Dhritarāshtra also, of righteous soul, with a cheerful heart, returned to his own capital full of prosperity.⁶

“In that *tirtha*, Vrihashpati also, of great intelligence, for the destruction of the *Asuras* and the prosperity of the denizens of heaven,⁷ poured libations on the sacrificial fire, with the aid of flesh. Upon this, the *Asuras* began to waste away and were destroyed by the gods, inspired with desire of victory, in battle.⁸ Having with due rites given unto the Brāhmanas steeds and elephants and vehicles with mules yoked unto them and jewels of great value and much wealth and much corn, the illustrious and mighty-armed Rāma then proceeded, O king, to the *tirtha* called *Yāyāti*.⁹⁻¹⁰ There, O monarch, at sacrifice of the high-souled Yayāti the son of Nahusha, the Saraswati produced milk and clarified butter.¹¹ That tiger among men, viz., king Yayāti, having performed a sacrifice there, went cheerfully to heaven and obtained many regions of blessedness.¹² Once again, O lord, king Yayāti performed a sacrifice there. Beholding his great magnanimity of soul and his immutable devotion to herself, the river Saraswati gave unto the Brāhmanas (invited to that sacrifice) everything for which each of them cherished only a wish in his heart.¹³ That foremost of rivers gave unto each where he was, amongst those that were invited to the sacrifice, houses and beds and food of the six different kinds of taste, and diverse other kinds of things.¹⁴ The Brāhmanas regarded those valuable gifts as made to them by the king. Cheerfully they praised

the monarch and bestowed their auspicious blessings upon him.³⁵ The gods and the *Gandharvas* were all pleased with the profusion of articles in that sacrifice. As regards human beings, they were filled with wonder at sight of that profusion.³⁶ The illustrious Valadeva, of soul subdued and restrained and cleansed, having the palmyra on his banner, distinguished by great righteousness, and ever giving away the most valuable things, then proceeded to that *tirtha* of fierce current called *Vaṣishthāpavāha*.^{37*}

SECTION XLII.

Janamejaya said,—“Why is the current of (the *tirtha* known by the name of) *Vaṣishthāpavāha* so rapid? For what reason did the foremost of rivers bear away *Vaṣishtha*? What, O lord, was the cause of the dispute between *Vaṣishtha* and *Viṣwāmitra*? Questioned by me, O thou of great wisdom, tell me all this! I am never satiated with hearing thee!”³⁸

Vaiṣampāyana said.—“A great enmity arose between *Viṣwāmitra* and *Vaṣishtha*, O Bhārata, due to their rivalry in respect of ascetic austerities.³⁹ The high abode of *Vaṣishtha* was in the *tirtha* called *Sthānu* on the eastern bank of the *Saraswati*. On the opposite bank was the asylum of the intelligent *Viṣwāmitra*.⁴⁰ There, in that *tirtha*, O monarch, *Sthānu* (*Mihādeva*) had practised the austere penances. Sages still speak of those fierce feats.⁴¹ Having performed a sacrifice there and worshipped the river *Saraswati*, *Sthānu* established that *tirtha* there. Hence it is known by the name *Sthānu-tirtha*, O lord.⁴² In that *tirtha*, the celestials had, in days of yore, O king, installed *Skanda*, that slayer of the enemies of the

* *Mahādānānityas*,—certain classes of gifts are called *Mahādāna*, such as horses, elephants, houses, boats, &c. None but the most superior classes of Brāhmanas could accept such gifts. The theory is that unless the receiver be pure, he cannot but be contaminated by acceptance. To this day, in *grādhas* of Hindoos, such valuable gifts are not accepted by good and respectable Brāhmanas but are taken, by persons who have lost their social position.—T.

gods, in the supreme command of their army.⁷ Unto that *tirtha* of the Saraswati, the great *Rishi* Viçwāmitra, by the aid of his austere penances, brought Vaiçishtha. Listen to that history.⁸ The two ascetics Viçwāmitra and Vaiçishtha, O Bhārata, every day challenged each other very earnestly in respect of the superiority of their penances.⁹ The great *Muni* Viçwāmitra, burning (with jealousy) at sight of the energy of Vaiçishtha, began to reflect on the matter.¹⁰ Though devoted to the performance of his duties, this, however, is the resolution, O Bhārata, that he formed, viz.,—‘This Saraswati shall quickly bring, by force of her current, that foremost of ascetics, viz., Vaiçishtha, to my presence. After he shall have been brought hither, I shall, without doubt, slay that foremost of regenerate ones.’¹¹⁻¹³ Having settled this, the illustrious and great *Rishi* Viçwāmitra, with eyes red in wrath, thought of that foremost of rivers.¹⁴ Thus remembered by the ascetic, she became exceedingly agitated. The fair lady, however, repaired to that *Rishi* of great energy and great wrath.¹⁵ Pale and trembling, Saraswati, with joined hands, appeared before that foremost of sages.¹⁶ Indeed, the lady was much afflicted with grief, even like a woman who has lost her mighty lord. And she said unto that best of sages,—‘Tell me what is there that I shall do for thee!’¹⁷ Filled with rage, the ascetic said unto her,—‘Bring hither Vaiçishtha without delay, so that I may slay him!’ Hearing these words, the river became agitated.¹⁸ With joined hands the lotus-eyed lady began to tremble exceedingly in fear, like a creeper shaken by the wind.¹⁹ Beholding the great river in that plight, the ascetic said unto her,—‘Without my scruple, bring Vaiçishtha into my presence!’²⁰ Hearing these words of his and knowing the evil he intended to do, and acquainted also with the prowess of Vaiçishtha that was unrivalled on Earth,²¹ she repaired to Vaiçishtha and informed him of what the intelligent Viçwāmitra had said unto her.²² Fearing the curse of both, she trembled repeatedly. Indeed, her heart was on the grievous curse (that either of them might denounce on her). She stood in terror of both.²³ Seeing her pale and plunged into anxiety, the righteous-souled Vaiçishtha, that foremost of men, O king, said these words unto her.²⁴

"Vaçishtha said,—'O foremost of rivers, save thyself! O thou of rapid current, bear me away, otherwise Viçwāmitra will curse thee! Do not feel any scruple.'" Hearing these words of that compassionate *Rishi*, the river began to think, O Kauravya, as to what course would be best for her to follow." Even these were the thoughts that arose in her mind,—'Vaçishtha showeth great compassion for me! It is proper for me that I should serve him!'" Beholding then that best of *Rishis* (viz., Vaçishtha) engaged in silent recitation (of *mantras*) on her bank, and seeing Kuçika's son (Viçwāmitra) also engaged in *homa*, Saraswati thought,"—'Even this is my opportunity!' Then that foremost of rivers, by her current, washed away one of her banks." In washing away that bank, she bore Vaçishtha away. While being borne away, O king, Vaçishtha praised the river in these words :—"From the Grand-sire's (*mānasa*) lake thou hast taken thy rise, O Saraswati! This whole universe is filled with thy excellent waters!" Wending through the firmament, O goddess, thou impartest thy waters to the clouds! All the waters are thee! Through thee we exercise our thinking faculties!" Thou art *Pushti*, and *Dyuti*, *Kirti*, and *Siddhi* and *Umā*!* Thou art Speech, and thou art *Swāhā*!† This whole universe is dependent on thee! It is thou that dwellest in all creatures, in four forms!"—Thus praised by that great *Rishi*, Saraswati, O king, speedily bore that Brāhmana towards the asylum of Viçwāmitra and repeatedly represented unto the latter the arrival of the former." Beholding Vaçishtha thus brought before him by Saraswati, Viçwāmitra, filled with rage, began to look for a weapon wherewith to slay that Brāhmana." Seeing him filled with wrath, the river, from fear of (witnessing and aiding in) a Brāhmana's slaughter, quickly bore Vaçishtha away to her eastern bank once more. She thus had obeyed the words of both, although she deceived the son of Gādhi by her act." Seeing that best of *Rishis*, viz., Vaçishtha, borne away, the vindictive Viçwā-

* The respective embodiments of growth, splendour, fame, and ; success ; the last is the supreme goddess, Civa's spouse.—T.

† A *mantrā* of great efficacy.—T.

mitra, filled with wrath, addressed Saraswati, saying,¹—“Since, O foremost of rivers, thou hast gone away, having deceived me, let thy current be changed into blood that is acceptable to *Rākshasas*!”² Then, cursed by the intelligent Viçwāmitra, Saraswati flowed for a whole year, bearing blood mixed with water.³ The gods, the *Gandharvas*, and the *Apsaras*, beholding the Saraswati reduced to that plight, became filled with great sorrow.⁴ For this reason, O king, the *tirtha* came to be called *Vaṣiṣṭhāpavāha* on Earth. The foremost of rivers, however, once more got back her own proper condition.”⁵

SECTION XLIII.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Cursed by the intelligent Viçwāmitra in anger, Saraswati, in that auspicious and best of *tirthas*, flowed, bearing blood in her current.¹ Then, O king, many *Rākshasas* came, O Bhārata, and lived happily there, drinking the blood that flowed.² Exceedingly gratified with that blood, cheerfully and without anxiety of any kind, they danced and laughed there like persons that have (by merit) attained to heaven.³ After some time had passed away, some *Rishis*, possessed of wealth of asceticism, came to the Saraswati, O king, on a sojourn to her *tirthas*.⁴ Those foremost of *Munis*, having bathed in all the *tirthas* and obtained great happiness, became desirous of acquiring more merit. Those learned persons at last came, O king, to that *tirtha* where the Saraswati ran a bloody current. Those highly blessed ones, arriving at that frightful *tirtha*,⁵ saw the water of the Saraswati mixed with blood and that innumerable *Rākshasas*, O monarch, were drinking it.⁶ Beholding these *Rākshasas*, O king, those ascetics of rigid vows made great endeavours for rescuing the Saraswati from that plight.⁷ Those blessed ones of high vows, arrived there, invoked that foremost of rivers and said these words unto her:⁸—“Tell us the reason, O auspicious lady, why this lake in thee hath been afflicted with such distress! Hearing it, we shall endeavour (to restore it to its proper condition).”⁹ Thus questioned, Saraswati, trembling as she spoke, informed them of everything that had occurred.

Seeing her afflicted with woe, those ascetics told her,¹¹—‘We have heard the reason. We have heard of thy curse, O sinless lady! All of us shall exert ourselves!’¹² Having said these words unto that foremost of rivers, they then consulted with one another.—‘All of us shall emancipate Saraswati from her curse.’¹³ Then all those Brāhmanas, O king, worshipping Mahādeva, that Lord of the universe and protector of all creatures, with penances and vows and fasts and diverse kinds of abstenances and painful observances, emancipated that foremost of rivers, viz., the divine Saraswati.¹⁴ Beholding the water of Saraswati purified by those *Munis*, the *Rākshasas* (that had taken up there abode there), afflicted with hunger, sought the protection of those *Munis* themselves.¹⁵ Afflicted with hunger, the *Rākshasas*, with joined hands, repeatedly said unto those ascetics filled with compassion, these words, viz., ¹⁶—‘All of us are hungry! We have swerved from eternal virtue! That we are sinful in behavior is not of our free will!’¹⁷ Through the absence of your grace and through our own evil acts, as also through the sexual sins of our women our demerits increase and we have become *Brahma-Rākshasas*! So amongst Vaiçyas and Cudras, and Kshatriyas, those that hate and injure Brāhmanas became *Rākshasas*.¹⁸⁻²¹ Ye best of Brāhmanas, make arrangements then for our relief! Ye are competent to relieve all the words!’²²—Hearing these words of theirs, those ascetics praised the great river. For the rescue of those *Rākshasas*, with rapt minds those ascetics said,²³—‘The food over which one sneezed, that in which there are worms and insects, that which may be mixed with any leavings of dishes, that which is mixed with hair, that which is trodden upon, that which is mixed with tears,—shall form the portion of these *Rākshasas*!’²⁴ The learned man, knowing all this, shall carefully avoid these kinds of food. He that shall take such food shall be regarded as eating the food of *Rākshasas*!’²⁵—Having purified the *tirtha* in this way, those ascetics thus solicited that river for the relief of those *Rākshasas*.²⁷ Understanding the views of those great *Rishis*, that foremost of rivers caused her body, O bull among men, to assume a new shape called Arunā.²⁸

Bathing in that new river (a branch of the Saraswati) the *Rikshasas* cast off their bodies and went to heaven." Ascertaining all this, the chief of the celestials, (viz., Indra) of a hundred sacrifices, bathed in that foremost of *tirthas* and became cleansed of a grievous sin."³⁰

Janamejaya said,—“For what reason was Indra tainted with the sin of Brāhmanicide? How also did he become cleansed by bathing in that *tirtha*?”³¹

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Listen to that history, O ruler of men! Listen to those occurrences as they happened! Hear how Vāsava, in days of yore, broke his treaty with Namuchi!³² (The *Asura*) Namuchi, from fear of Vāsava, had entered a ray of the Sun. Indra then made friends with Namuchi and entered into a covenant with him, saying,³³—‘O foremost of *Asuras*, I shall not slay thee, O friend, with anything that is wet or with anything that is dry! I shall not slay thee in the night or in the day! I swear this to thee by truth’³⁴ Having made this covenant, the lord Indra one day beheld a fog. He then, O king, cut off Namuchi’s head, using the foam of water (as his weapon).³⁵ The severed head of Namuchi thereupon pursued Indra from behind, saying unto him from a near point these words,—‘O slayer of a friend, O wretch!’³⁶ Urged on incessantly by that head, Indra repaired to the Grandsire and informed him, in grief, of what had occurred.³⁷ The Supreme Lord of the universe said unto him,—‘Performing a sacrifice, bathe with due rites, O chief of the celestials, in Arunā, that *tirtha* which saveth from the fear of sin!’³⁸ The water of that river, O Cakra, hath been made sacred by the *Munis*! Formerly the presence of that river at its site was concealed.³⁹ The divine Saraswati, repaired to the Arunā, and flooded it with her waters. This confluence of Saraswati and Arunā is highly sacred!⁴⁰ Thither, O chief of the celestials, perform a sacrifice! Give away gifts in profusion! Performing thy ablutions there, thou shalt be freed from thy sin!’⁴¹ Thus addressed, Cakra, at these words of Brahman, O Janamejaya, performed in that abode of Saraswati diverse sacrifices.⁴² Giving away many gifts and bathing in that *tirtha*, he of a hundred sacrifices, viz., the piercer of Vala,

duly performed certain sacrifices and then plunged in the Arunā.⁴³ He became freed from the sin arising out of the slaughter of a Brāhmana. The lord of heaven then returned to heaven with a joyful heart.⁴⁴ The head of Namuchi also fell into that stream, O Bhārata, and the *Asura* obtained many eternal regions, O best of kings, that granted every wish."⁴⁵

Vaicampāyana continued,—“The high-souled Valadeva, having bathed in that *tirtha* and given away many kinds of gifts, obtained great merit. Of righteous deeds, he then proceeded to the great *tirtha* of Soma.⁴⁶ There, in days of yore, Soma himself, O king of kings, had performed the *Rājasuya* sacrifice. The high-souled Atri, that foremost of Brāhmanas, gifted with great intelligence, became the *Hotri* in that grand sacrifice. Upon the conclusion of that sacrifice, a great battle took place between the gods (on the one side) and the *Dānavas*, the *Daiteyas*, and the *Rākshasas* (on the other). That fierce battle is known after the name of (the *Asura*) Tāraka. In that battle Skanda slew Tāraka.⁴⁷ There, on that occasion, (Skanda, otherwise called) Mahāsena, that destroyer of *Daityas*, obtained the command of the celestial forces. In that *tirtha* is a gigantic *Aṇwattha* tree. Under its shade, Kārtikeya, otherwise called Kumāra, always resides in person.”⁴⁸

SECTION XLIV.

Janamejaya said,—“Thou hast described the merits of the Saraswati, O best of Brāhmanas! It behoveth thee, O regenerate one, to describe to me the investiture of Kumāra (by the gods).¹ Great is the curiosity I feel. Tell me everything, therefore, about the time when and the place where and the manner in which the adorable and puissant lord Skanda was invested (with the command of the celestial forces)! Tell me also, O foremost of speakers, who they were that invested him and who performed the actual rites, and how the celestial generalissimo made a great carnage of the *Daityas*!”²⁻³

Vaiçampāyana said,—“This curiosity that thou feelest is worthy of thy birth in Kuru’s race. The words that I shall speak, will, O Janamejaya, conduce to thy pleasure!⁴ I shall

narrate to thee the investiture of Kumāra and the prowess of that high-souled one, since, O ruler of men, thou wishest to hear it!⁶ In days of yore the vital seed of Maheçwara, coming out, fell into a blazing fire. The consumer of everything, viz., the adorable Agni, could not burn that indestructible seed.⁷ On the other hand, the bearer of sacrificial libations, in consequence of that seed, became possessed of great energy and splendour. He could not bear within himself that seed of mighty energy.⁸ At the command of Brahman, the lord Agni, approaching (the river) Gangā, threw into her that divine seed possessed of the effulgence of the Sun.⁹ Gangā also, unable to hold it, cast it on the beautiful breast of Himavat that is worshipped by the celestials.¹⁰ Thereupon Agni's son began to grow there, overwhelming all the worlds by his energy. Meanwhile (the six) Krittikās beheld that child of fiery splendour.¹¹ Seeing that puissant lord, that high-souled son of Agni, lying on a clump of heath, all the six Kirttikās, who were desirous of a son, cried aloud, saying,—'This child is mine, this child is mine !'¹² Understanding the state of mind of those six mothers, the adorable lord Skanda sucked the breasts of all, having assumed six mouths.¹³ Beholding that puissance of the child, the Krittikās, those goddesses of beautiful forms, became filled with wonder.¹⁴ And since the adorable child had been cast by the river Gangā upon the summit of Himavat, that mountain looked beautiful, having, O delighter of the Kurus, been transformed into gold!¹⁵ With that growing child the whole Earth became beautiful, and it was for this reason that mountains (from that time) came to be producers of gold.¹⁶ Possessed of great energy, the child came to be called by the name of Kārtikeya. At first he had been called by the name of Gāngeya. He became possessed of high ascetic powers.¹⁷ Endued with self-restraint and asceticism and great energy, the child grew up, O monarch, into a person of highly agreeable features like Soma himself.¹⁸ Possessed of great beauty, the child lay on that excellent and golden clump of heath, adored and praised by *Gandharvas* and ascetics.¹⁹ Celestial girls, by thousands, conversant with celestial music and dance, and of very beautiful features, praised him and danced before

him.¹⁹ The foremost of all rivers, viz., Gangā, waited upon that god. The Earth also, assuming great beauty, held the child (on her lap).²⁰ The celestial priest Vrihaspati performed the usual rites after birth, in respect of that child. The *Vedas*, assuming a fourfold form, approached the child with joined hands.²¹ The Science of arms, with its four divisions, and all the weapons, as also all kinds of arrows, came to him.²² One day, the child, of great energy, saw that god of gods, viz., the lord of Umā, seated with the daughter of Himavat, amid a swarm of ghostly creatures.²³ Those ghostly creatures, of emaciated bodies, were of wonderful features. They were ugly and of ugly features, and wore awkward ornaments and marks.²⁴ Their faces were like those of tigers and lions and bears and cats and *makaras*. Others were of faces like those of scorpions; other's of faces like those of elephants and camels and owls. And some had faces like those of vultures and jackals.²⁵ And some there were that had faces like those of cranes and pigeons and *Kurus*. And many amongst them had bodies like those of dogs and porcupines and iguanas and goats and sheep and cows. And some resembled mountains and some oceans, and some stood with uplifted discs and maces for their weapons. And some looked like masses of antimony and some like white mountains. The seven *Mātris* also were present there, O monarch.²⁷ And the *Sāddhyas*, the *Viçvedevas*, the *Maruts*, the *Vasus*, the *Pitris*, the *Rudras*, the *Adityas*, the *Siddhas*, the *Dānavas*, the birds,²⁸ the self-born and adorable Brahman with his sons, and Vishnu, and Cakra, all went thither for beholding that child of unfading glory.²⁹ And many of the foremost of celestials and *Gandharvas*, headed by Nārada, and many celestial *Rishis* and *Siddhas* headed by Vrihaspati,³⁰ and the fathers of the universe, those foremost ones, they that are regarded as gods of the gods, and the *Yāmas* and the *Dhāmas*, all went there.³¹ Endued with great strength, the child possessed of great ascetic power, proceeded to the presence of that Lord of the gods, (viz., Mahādeva), armed with trident and *Pināka*.³² Seeing the child coming, the thought entered the mind of *Çiva*, as it did that of Himavat's daughter and that of Gangā and of Agni,³³ as to whom amongst the four the child

would first approach for honoring him or her. Each of them thought,—‘He will come to me!’⁴⁴ Understanding that this was the expectation cherished by each of those four, he had recourse to his *Yoga* powers and assumed at the same time four different forms.⁴⁵ Indeed, the adorable and puissant lord assumed those four forms in an instant. The three forms that stood behind were Cākha and Viçākha and Naigameya.⁴⁶ The adorable and puissant one, having divided his self into four forms, (proceeded towards the four that sat expecting him). The form called Skanda of wonderful appearance proceeded to the spot where Rudra was sitting.⁴⁷ Viçākha went to the spot where the divine daughter of Himavat was. The adorable Cākha, which is Kārtikeya’s *Vāyu* form, proceeded towards Agni. Naigameya, that child of fiery splendour, proceeded to the presence of Gangā.⁴⁸ All those four forms, of similar appearance, were endued with great effulgence. The four forms proceeded calmly to the four gods and goddesses (already mentioned). All this seemed exceedingly wonderful.⁴⁹ The gods, the *Dīnavas*, and the *Rākshasas*, made a loud noise at sight of that exceedingly wonderful incident making the very hair to stand on end.⁵⁰ Then Rudra and the goddess Umā and Agni, and Gangā, all bowed unto the Grandsire, that Lord of the Universe.⁵¹ Having duly bowed unto him, O bull among kings, they said these words, O monarch, from desire of doing good unto Kārtikeya:⁵²—‘It behoveth thee, O Lord of the gods, to grant to this youth, for the sake of our happiness, some kind of sovereignty that may be suitable to him and that he may desire!’⁵³—At this, the adorable Grandsire of all the worlds, possessed of great intelligence, began to think within his mind as to what he should bestow upon that youth.⁵⁴ He had formerly given away unto the formless ones (gods) all kinds of wealth over which the high-souled celestials, the *Gandharvas*, the *Rākshasas*, ghosts, *Yakshas*, birds, and snakes have dominion. Brahman, therefore, regarded that youth to be fully entitled to that dominion (which had been bestowed upon the gods).⁵⁵⁻⁵⁶ Having reflected for a moment, the Grandsire, ever mindful of the welfare of the gods, bestowed upon him the status of a generalissimo among all creatures,

O Bhārata!⁴⁷ And the Grandsire further ordered all those gods that were regarded as the chief of the celestials and other formless beings to wait upon him.⁴⁸ Then the gods headed by Brahman, taking that youth with them, together came to Himavat.⁴⁹ The spot they selected was the bank of the sacred and divine Saraswati, that foremost of rivers, taking her rise from Himavat, that Saraswati which, at *Samantapanchaka*, is celebrated over the three worlds.⁵⁰ There, on the sacred bank, possessing every merit, of the Saraswati, the gods and the *Gandharvas* took their seats with hearts well pleased in consequence of the gratification of all their desires."⁵¹

SECTION XLV.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Collecting all articles as laid down in the scriptures for the ceremony of investiture, Vrihaspati duly poured libations on the blazing fire.¹ Himavat gave a seat which was adorned with many costly gems. Kārtikeya was made to sit on that auspicious and best of seats decked with excellent gems.² The gods brought thither all kinds of auspicious articles, with due rites and *mantras*, that were necessary for a ceremony of the kind.³ The diverse gods, viz., Indra and Vishnu, both of great energy, and Surya and Chandramas, and Dhātri, and Vidhātri, and Vāyu, and Agni,⁴ and Pushan, and Bhaga, and Aryaman, and Anṣa, and Vivaswat, and Rudra of great intelligence, and Mitra,⁵ and the (eleven) Rudras, the (eight) Vasus, the (twelve) Ādityas, the (twin) Aṣwins, the Viçwedevas, the Maruts, the Sāddhyas, the Pitris,⁶ the Gandharvas, the Apsaras, the Yakhas, the Rākshasas, the Pan-nagas, innumerable celestial *Rishis*,⁷ the Vaikhānasas, the Vālikhilliyas, those others (among *Rishis*) that subsist only on air and those that subsist on the rays of the Sun, the descendants of Bhrigu and Angiras, many high-souled Yatis,⁸ all the Vidyādharas, all those that were crowned with ascetic success,⁹ the Grandsire, Pulastya, Pulaha of great ascetic merits, Angiras, Kaçyapa, Atri, Marichi, Bhrigu, Kratu, Hara, Prachetas, Manu, Daksha,¹⁰ the Seasons, the Planets, and all the luminaries, O monarch, all the rivers in their embodied

forms, the eternal Vedas,¹¹ the Seas, the Lakes, the diverse *Tirthas*, the Earth, the Sky, the Cardinal and Subsidiary points of the compass, and all the Trees, O king,¹² Aditi the mother of the gods, Hri, Cri, Swāhā, Saraswati, Umā, Cachi Sinivāli, Anumati, Kuhu,¹³ the Day of the new Moon, the Day of the full Moon, the wives of the denizens of heaven, Himavat, Vindhya, Meru of many summits,¹⁴ Airāvāt with all his followers, the Divisions of time called Kalā, Kāshthā, Fortnight, the Seasons, Night, and Day, O king,¹⁵ the prince of steeds, viz., Uchchaiṣravas, Vāsuki the king of the Snakes, Aruna, Gadura, the Trees, the deciduous herbs,¹⁶ and the adorable god Dharma, all came there together. And there came also Kāla, Yama, Mrityu, and the followers of Yama.¹⁷ From fear of swelling the list I do not mention the diverse other gods that came there. All of them came to that ceremony for investing Kārtikeya with the status of generalissimo.¹⁸ All the denizens of heaven, O king, brought there every thing necessary for the ceremony and every auspicious article.¹⁹ Filled with joy, the denizens of heaven made that high-souled youth, that terror of the *Asuras*, the generalissimo of the celestial forces, after pouring upon his head the sacred and excellent water of the Saraswati from golden jars that contained other sacred articles needed for the purpose.²⁰⁻²¹ The Grandsire of the worlds, viz., Brahman, and Kaçyapa of great energy, and the others (mentioned and) not mentioned, all poured water upon Skanda even as, O monarch, the gods had poured water on the head of Varuna, the lord of waters, for investing him with dominion.²² The lord Brahman then, with a gratified heart, gave unto Skanda four companions, possessed of great might, endued with speed like that the wind, crowned with ascetic success, and gifted with energy which they could increase at will.²³ They were named Nandisena and Lohitāksha and Ghantākarna and Kumudamālin.²⁴ The lord Sthānu, O monarch, gave unto Skanda a companion possessed of great impetuosity, capable of producing a hundred illusions, and endued with might and energy that he could enhance at will. And he was the great destroyer of *Asuras*.²⁵ In the great battle between the gods and the *Asuras*, this companion that

Sthānu gave, filled with wrath, slew, with his hands alone, fourteen millions of *Daityas* of fierce deeds.⁵⁶ The gods then made over to Skanda the celestial host, invincible, abounding with celestial troops, capable of destroying the enemies of the gods, and of forms like that of Vishnu.⁵⁷ The gods then, with Vāsava at their head, and the *Gandharvas*, the *Yakshas*, the *Rikshasas*, the *Munis*, and the *Pitris*, all shouted,—‘Victory (to Skanda)!’⁵⁸ Then Yama gave him two companions, both of whom resembled Death, viz., Unmātha and Pramātha, possessed of great energy and great splendour.⁵⁹ Endued with great prowess, Surya, with a gratified heart, gave unto Kārtikeya two of his followers named Subhrāja and Bhāswara.⁶⁰ Soma also gave him two companions viz., Mani and Sumani, both of whom looked like summits of the Kailāsa mountain and always used white garlands and white unguents.⁶¹ Agni gave unto him two heroic companions, grinders of hostile armies, who were named Jwālajihbha and Jyoti.⁶² Anṇa gave unto Skanda of great intelligence five companions, viz., Parigha, and Vata, and Bhima of terrible strength, and Dahati and Dahana both of whom were exceedingly fierce and possessed of great energy.⁶³ Vāsava, that slayer of hostile heroes, gave unto Agni’s son two companions, viz., Utkroṣa and Panchaka who were armed respectively with thunder-bolt and club. These had in battle slain innumerable enemies of Cakra.⁶⁴ The illustrious Vishnu gave unto Skanda three companions, viz., Chakra and Vikrama and Cankrama of great might.⁶⁵ The Aṇwins, O bull of Bharata’s race, with gratified hearts, gave unto Skanda two companions, viz., Vardhana and Nandana who had mastered all the sciences.⁶⁶ The illustrious Dhātri gave unto that high-souled one five companions, viz., Kunda, Kusuma, Kumuda, Damvara and Ādamvara.⁶⁷ Tashtri gave unto Skanda two companions named Chakra and Anuchakra both of whom were endued with great strength.⁶⁸ The lord Mitra gave unto the high-souled Kumāra two illustrious companions named Suvrata and Satyasandha both of whom were endued with great learning and ascetic merit, possessed of agreeable features, capable of granting boons, and celebrated over the three worlds.⁶⁹ Vidhātri gave unto Kārtikeya two

companions of great celebrity, viz., the high-souled Suprabha and Cubhakarman.⁴⁰ Pushan gave him, O Bhārata, two companions, viz., Pānitraka and Kālīka, both endued with great powers of illusion.⁴¹ Vāyu gave him, O best of the Bharatas, two companions, viz., Vala and Ativala, endued with great might and very large mouths.⁴² Varuna, firmly adhering to truth, gave him Ghasa and Atighasa of great might and possessed of mouth like that of the *Timi*.⁴³ Himavat gave unto Agni's son two companions, O king, viz., Suvarchas and Ativarchas.⁴⁴ Meru, O Bhārata, gave him two companions named Kānchana and Meghamālin.⁴⁵ Manu also gave unto Agni's son two others endued with great strength and prowess, viz., Sthira and Atisthira.⁴⁶ Vindhya gave unto Agni's son two companions named Uchchrita and Agniçringa both of whom fought with large stones.⁴⁷ Ocean gave him two mighty companions named Sangraha and Vighraha both armed with mace.⁴⁸ Pārvati of beautiful features gave unto Agni's son Unmāda and Pushpadanta and Cankukarna.⁴⁹ Vāsuki the king of the snakes, O tiger among men, gave unto the son of Agni two snakes named Jaya and Mahājaya.⁵⁰ Similarly the *Sāddhyas*, the *Rudras*, the *Vasus*, the *Pitris*, the Seas, the Rivers, and the Mountains, all endued with great might,⁵¹ gave commanders of forces, armed with lances and battle-axes and decked with diverse kinds of ornaments.⁵² Listen now to the names of those other combatants armed with diverse weapons and clad in diverse kinds of robes and ornaments, that Skanda procured.⁵³ They were Cankukarna, Nikumbha, Padma, Kumud, Ananta, Dwādaçabhuja, Krishna, Upakrishnaka,⁵⁴ Ghrānaçravas, Kapiskandha, Kānchanāksha, Jalandhama, Akshasantarjana, Kunadika, Tamobhrakrit,⁵⁵ Ekāksha, Dwādaçaksha, Ekajata, Sahaçravāhu, Vikata, Vyāghrāksha, Kshitikampana,⁵⁶ Punyanāman, Sunāman, Suvaktra, Priyadarçana, Pariçruta, Kokonada, Priyamālyānulepana,⁵⁷ Ajodara, Gajaçiras, Skandhāksha, Catalochana, Jwālājibha, Karāla, Citakeça, Jati, Hari,⁵⁸ Krishnakeça, Jatādharma, Chaturdanshtra, Ashtajibha, Meghanāda, Prithuçravas,⁵⁹ Vidyutāksha, Dhanurvaktra, Jāthara, Marutāçana, Udarāksha, Rathāksha, Vajranābha, Vasuprabha,⁶⁰ Samudravega, Cailakampin, Vrisha, Meshapra-

vāha, Nanda, Upanandaka.⁶¹ Dhumra, Cweta, Kalinga, Sīdhārtha, Varada, Priyaka, Nanda, Gonanda,⁶² Ānanda, Pramoda, Swastika, Dhruvaka, Kshemavāha, Suvāha, Siddhapatra,⁶³ Govraja, Kanakāpida, Gāyana, Hasana, Vāna, Khadga,⁶⁴ Vaitāli, Atitāli, Kathaka, Vātika, Hansaja, Pakshadigdhānga, Sāmudronmādīna,⁶⁵ Ranotkata, Prahāsa, Cwetāsiddha, Nandaka, Kālakantha, Prabhāsa, Kumbhāndaka,⁶⁶ Kālākāksha, Cita, Bhutalonmathana, Yajnavāha, Pravāha, Devajāji, Somapa,⁶⁷ Majjāla, Kratha, Krātha, Tuhara, Tuhāra, Chitradeva,⁶⁸ Madhura, Suprasāda, Kiritin, Vatsala, Madhuvarna, Kalasodara,⁶⁹ Dharmada, Manmathakara, Cuchivaktra, Cwetavaktra, Suvaktra, Chāruvaktra, Pāndura,⁷⁰ Dandavāhu, Suvāhu, Rajas, Kōkilaka, Achala, Kanakāksha, Vālakarākshaka,⁷¹ Sanchāraka, Kōkanada, Gridhrapatra, Jamvuka, Lohājvaktra, Javana, Kumbhavaktra, Kumbhaka,⁷² Mundagriva, Krishnaujas, Hansavaktra, Chandrabha, Pānikurchas, Camvuka, Panchavaktra, Cikshaka, Chāsavaktra, Jāmvuka, Kharavaktra, and Kunchaka.⁷³ Besides these, many other high-souled and mighty companions, devoted to ascetic austerities and regardless of Brāhmanas, were given unto him by the Grandsire.⁷⁴ Some of them were in youth; some were old, and some, O Janamejaya, were very young in years. Thousands upon thousands of such came to Kārtikeya.⁷⁵ They were possessed of diverse kinds of faces. Listen to me, O Janamejaya, as I describe them! Some had faces like those of tortoises, and some like those of cocks. The faces of some were very long, O Bhārata.⁷⁶ Some again, had faces like those of dogs, and wolves, and hares, and owls, and asses, and camels, and hogs.⁷⁷ Some had human faces and some had faces like those of sheep, and jackals. Some were terrible and had faces like those of *makaras* and porpoises.⁷⁸ Some had faces like those of cats and some like those of biting flies; and the faces of some were very long. Some had faces like those of the mungoose, the owl, and the crow.⁷⁹ Some had faces like those of mice and peacocks and fishes and goats and sheep and buffaloes.⁸⁰ The faces of some resembled those of bears and tigers and leopards and lions. Some had faces like those of elephants and crocodiles.⁸¹ The faces of some resembled those of Gadura and the rhinoceros and

the wolf. Some had faces like those of cows and mules and camels and cats.⁸⁸ Possessed of large stomachs and large legs and limbs, the eyes of some were like stars. The faces of some resembled those of pigeons and bulls.⁸⁹ Others had faces like those of *kokilas* and hawks and *Tittiris* and lizards. Some were clad in white robes.⁹⁰ Some had faces like those of snakes. The faces of some resembled those of porcupines. Indeed, some had frightful and some very agreeable faces; some had snakes for their clothes. The faces as also the noses of some resembled those of cows.⁹¹ Some had large and protruding stomachs but other limbs very lean; some had large limbs but lean stomachs. The necks of some were very short and the ears of some were very large. Some had diverse kinds of snakes for their ornaments.⁹² Some were clad in skins of large elephants, and some in black deer-skins. The mouths of some were on their shoulders.⁹³ Some had mouths on their stomachs, some on their backs, some on their cheeks, some on their calves, and some on their flanks, and the mouths of many were placed on other parts of their bodies.⁹⁴ The faces of many amongst those leaders of troops were like those of insects and worms. The mouths of many amongst them were like those of diverse beasts of prey. Some had many arms and some many heads.⁹⁵ The arms of some resembled trees, and the heads of some were on their loins. The faces of some were tapering like the bodies of snakes. Many amongst them had their abodes on diverse kinds of plants and herbs.⁹⁶ Some were clad in rags, some in diverse kinds of bones, some were diversely clad, and some were adorned in diverse kinds of garlands and diverse kinds of unguents.⁹⁷ Dressed diversely, some had skins for their robes. Some had head-gears; the brows of some were furrowed into lines; the necks of some bore marks like those on conch-shells; some were possessed of great effulgence.⁹⁸ Some had diadems, some had five tufts of hair on their heads, and the hair of some were very hard. Some had two tufts, some three, and some seven.⁹⁹ Some had feathers on their heads, some had crowns, some had heads that were perfectly bald, and some had matted locks. Some were adorned with beautiful garlands, and the faces of some were very hairy.¹⁰⁰ Battle was

the one thing in which they took great delight, and all of them were invincible by even the foremost ones amongst the gods. Many amongst them were clad in diverse kinds of celestial robes. All were fond of battle.⁹⁶ Some were of dark complexion, and the faces of some had no flesh on them. Some had very long backs, and some had no stomachs. The backs of some were very large while those of some were very short. Some had long stomachs and the limbs of some were long.⁹⁷ The arms of some were long while those of some were short. Some were dwarfs of short limbs. Some were haunch-backed. Some had short hips. The ears and heads of some were like those of elephants.⁹⁸ Some had noses like those of tortoises, some like those of wolves. Some had long lips, some had long hips, and some were frightful, having their faces downwards.⁹⁹ Some had very large teeth, some had very short teeth, and some had only four teeth. Thousands among them, O king, were exceedingly terrible, looking like infuriate elephants of gigantic size.¹⁰⁰ Some were of symmetrical limbs, possessed of great splendour, and adorned with ornaments. Some had yellow eyes, some had ears like arrows, some had noses like gavials, O Bhārata.¹⁰¹ Some had broad teeth, some had broad lips, and some had green hair. Possessed of diverse kinds of feet and lips and teeth, they had diverse kinds of arms and heads.¹⁰² Clad in diverse kinds of skins, they spoke diverse kinds of languages, O Bhārata! Skilled in all provincial dialects, those puissant ones conversed with one another.¹⁰³ Those mighty companions, filled with joy, gambolled there, cutting capers (around Kārtikeya). Some were long-necked, some long-nailed, some long-legged. Some amongst them were large-headed and some large-armed.¹⁰⁴ The eyes of some were yellow, the throats of some were blue, and the ears of some were long, O Bhārata. The stomachs of some were like masses of antimony.¹⁰⁵ The eyes of some were white, the necks of some were red, and some had eyes of a tawny hue. Many were dark in color and many, O king, were of diverse colors, O Bhārata.¹⁰⁶ Many had ornaments on their persons that looked like yak-tails. Some bore white streaks on their bodies, and some bore red streaks. Some were of diversi-

fied colors and some had golden complexions, and some were endued with splendours like those of the peacock.¹⁰⁶ I shall describe to thee the weapons that were taken by those that came last to Kārtikeya. Listen to me.¹⁰⁷ Some had noses on their uplifted arms. Their faces were like those of tigers and asses. Their eyes were on their backs, their throats were blue, and their arms resembled spiked clubs.¹⁰⁸ Some were armed with *Çatāghnis* and discs, and some had heavy and short clubs. Some had swords and mallets and some were armed with bludgeons, O Bhārata.¹⁰⁹ Some, possessed of gigantic sizes and great strength, were armed with lances and scimitars. Some were armed with maces and *Bhuçundis* and some had spears on their hands.¹¹⁰ Possessed of high souls and great strength and endued with great speed and great impetuosity, those mighty companions had diverse kinds of terrible weapons in their arms.¹¹¹ Beholding the installation of Kārtikeya, those beings of mighty energy, delighting in battle and wearing on their persons rows of tinkling bells, danced around him in joy.¹¹² These and many other mighty companions, O king, came to the high-souled and illustrious Kārtikeya.¹¹³ Some belonged to the celestial regions, some to the aerial, and some to the regions of the Earth. All of them were endued with speed like that of the wind. Commanded by the gods, those brave and mighty ones became the companions of Kārtikeya.¹¹⁴ Thousands upon thousands, millions upon millions, of such beings came there at the installation of the high-souled Kārtikeya and stood surrounding him."¹¹⁵

SECTION XLVI.

Vaicampāyana said,—“Listen now to the large bands of the mothers, those slayers of foes, O hero, that became the companions of Kumāra, as I mention their names.¹ Listen, O Bhārata, to the names of those illustrious mothers. The mobile and immobile universe is pervaded by those auspicious ones.² They are Prabhāvatī, Viçālākshi, Palitā, Gonasi, Crimatī, Vahulā, Vahuputrika,³ Apsujātā, Gopālī, Vrihadamvālikā, Jayāvati, Mālatikā, Dhruvaratnā, Bhayankari,⁴ Vasudāmā,

Sudāmā, Viçokā, Nandini, Ekachudā, Mahāchudā, Chakranemi,⁵ Uttejanā, Jayatsenā, Kamalākshi, Cobhanā, Catrunjayā, Krodhanā, Calabhi, Khari,⁶ Māgadhi, Cubhavaktrā, Tirthaseni, Gitipriyā, Kalyāni, Kodruromā, Amitācanā,⁷ Meghaswanā, Bhogavati, Subhru, Kanakāvati, Alatakshi, Viryavati, Viddyutjibbhā,⁸ Padmāvati, Sunakshatrā, Kandarā, Vahuyojanā, Santānikā, Kamalā, Mahāvalā,⁹ Sudāmā, Vahudāmā, Suprabhā, Jaçaswini, Nrityapriyā, Catolukhalamekhalā,¹⁰ Cataghantā, Catānandā, Bhaganandā, Bhāvinī, Vapusmati, Chandraçitā, Bhadrakālī,¹¹ Jhankārikā, Nishkuntikā, Vāmā, Chatwara-vāsini, Sumangalā, Swastimati, Vridhikāmā, Jayapriyā,¹² Ghanadā, Suprsādā, Bhavadā, Janeswari, Edi, Bhedi, Samedi, Vetālojanani,¹³ Kanduti, Kālikā, Devamitrā, Tamvusi, Ketaki, Chitrasenā, Achalā,¹⁴ Kukkutikā, Cankshalikā, Cakunikā, Kundarikā, Kokilikā, Kumbhikā, Catodari,¹⁵ Utkrāthini, Jalelā, Mahāvegā, Kankanā, Manojavā, Kantākini, Pradhāsā, Putanā,¹⁶ Kheçayā, Antarghati, Vāmā, Kroçanā, Taditprabhā, Mandodari, Tuhundi, Kotarā, Meghavāhini,¹⁷ Subhagā, Lamvini, Lamvā, Vasuchudā, Vikathini, Urdhāvenidharā, Pingākshi, Lohamekhalā,¹⁸ Prithuvaktrā, Madhulikā, Madhukumbhā, Yakshālikā, Matsunikā, Jarāyu, Jarjjarānanā,¹⁹ Khyātā, Dahadā, Dhamadhamā, Khandakhandā, Pushanā, Manikuttikā,²⁰ Amoghā, Lamvapayodharā, Venuvinādhārā, Pingākshi, Lohamekshalā,²¹ Caçolukamukhi, Krishnā, Kharajanghā, Mahājavā, Ciçumāramukhi, Cwetā, Lohitākshi, Vibhishanā,²² Jatālikā, Kāmachari, Dirghajibbhā, Valotkatā, Kālehikā, Vāmanikā, Mukutā,²³ Lohitākshi, Mahākāyā, Haripindā, Ekatwachā, Sukusumā, Krishnakarni,²⁴ Kshurakarni, Chatushkarni, Karnaprāvaranā, Chatushpathaniketā, Gokarni, Mahishānanā,²⁵ Kharakarni, Mahākarni, Bheriswanamahāswanā, Cankshakumbhaçravā, Bhagadā,²⁶ Ganā, Sukanā, Bhini, Kāmadā, Chatuspatharatā, Bhutirthā, Anyagocharā,²⁷ Paçudā, Vittadā, Sukhadā, Mahāyaçā, Payodā, Gomahishadā, Suviçālā,²⁸ Pratishthā, Supratishthā, Rochamānā, Surochanā, Naukarni, Mukhakarni, Vaçirā, Manthini, Ekavaktrā, Megharavā, Meghamāla, and Virochanā.²⁹ These and many other mothers, O bull of Bharata's race, numbering by thousands, of diverse forms, became the followers of Kārtikeya.³⁰ Their nails were

long, their teeth were large and their lips also, O Bhārata, were protruding. Of straight forms and sweet features, all of them, endowed with youth, were decked with ornaments.³¹ Possessed of ascetic merit, they were capable of assuming any form at will. Not having much flesh on their limbs, they were of fair complexions and endued with splendour like that of gold.³² Some amongst them were dark and looked like clouds in hue, and some were of the color of smoke, O bull of Bharata's race. And some were endued with the splendour of the morning sun and were highly blessed. Possessed of long tresses, they were clad in robes of white.³³ The braids of some were tied upwards, and the eyes of some were tawny, and some had girdles that were very long. Some had long stomachs, some had long ears, and some had long breasts.³⁴ Some had coppery eyes and coppery complexions, and the eyes of some were green. Capable of granting boons and of sojourning at will, they were always cheerful.³⁵ Possessed of great strength, some amongst them partook of the nature of Yama, some of Rudra, some of Soma, some of Kuvera, some of Varuna, some of Indra, and some of Agni, O scorcher of foes.³⁶ And some partook of the nature of Vāyu, some of Kumāra, some of Brahman, O bull of Bharata's race, and some of Vishnu, and some of Surya, and some of Varāha.³⁷ Of charming and delightful features, they were beautiful like the *Apsaras*. In voice they resembled the *kokila* and in prosperity they resembled the Lord of Treasures.³⁸ In battle, their energy resembled that of Cakra. In splendour they resembled fire. In battle they always inspired their foes with terror.³⁹ Capable of assuming any form at will, in fleetness they resembled the very wind. Of inconceivable might and energy, their prowess also was inconceivable.⁴⁰ They have their abodes on trees and open spots and crossings of four roads. They live also in caves and crematoriums, mountains and springs.⁴¹ Adorned in diverse kinds of ornaments, they wear diverse kinds of attire, and speak diverse languages.⁴² These and many other tribes (of the mothers), all capable of inspiring foes with dread, followed the high-souled Kārtikeya, at the command of the chief of the celestials.⁴³ The adorable chastiser of Pāṇa, O tiger among kings,

gave unto Guha (Kārtikeya) a dart for the destruction of the enemies of the gods.⁴⁴ That dart produces a loud whiz and is adorned with many large bells. Possessed of great splendour, it seemed to blaze with light. And Indra also gave him a banner effulgent as the morning sun.⁴⁵ Civa gave him a large army, exceedingly fierce and armed with diverse kinds of weapons, and endued with great energy begotten of ascetic penances.⁴⁶ Invincible and possessing all the qualities of a good army, that force was known by the name of *Dhananjayā*. It was protected by thirty thousand warriors each of whom was possessed of might equal to that of Rudra himself. That force knew not how to fly from battle.⁴⁷ Vishnu gave him a triumphal garland that enhances the might of the wearer. Umā gave him two pieces of cloth, of effulgence like that of the Sun.⁴⁸ With great pleasure Gangā gave unto Kumāra a celestial water-pot, begotten of *amrita*, and Vrihaspatī gave him a sacred stick.⁴⁹ Gadura gave him his favorite son, a peacock of beautiful feathers.⁵⁰ Aruna gave him a cock of sharp talons. The royal Varuna gave him a snake of great energy and might.⁵¹ The lord Brahman gave unto that god devoted to *Brahma* a black deer-skin. And the Creator of all the worlds also gave him Victory in all battles.⁵² Having obtained the command of the celestial forces, Skanda looked resplendent like a blazing fire of bright flames.⁵³ Accompanied by those companions and the mothers, he proceeded for the destruction of the *Daityas*, gladdening all the foremost of the gods.⁵⁴ That terrible host of celestials, furnished with standards adorned with bells, and equipt with drums and conchs and cymbals, and armed with weapons, and decked with many banners, looked beautiful like the autumnal firmament bespangled with planets and stars.⁵⁵ Then that vast assemblage of celestials and diverse kinds of creatures began cheerfully to beat their drums and blow their conchs numbering in thousands.⁵⁶ And they also played on their *Patahas* and *Jharjharas* and *Krikachas* and cow-horns and *Ādamvaras* and *Gomukhas* and *Dindimas* of loud sound.⁵⁷ All the gods, with Vāsava at their head, praised Kumāra. The celestials and the *Gandharvas* sang and the *Apsaras* danced.⁵⁸ Well pleased (with these

attentions) Skanda granted a boon unto all the gods, saying,—I shall slay all your foes,—them, that is, that desire to slay you!⁵⁹—Having obtained this boon from that best of gods, the illustrious celestials regarded their foes to be already slain.⁶⁰ After Skanda had granted that boon, a loud sound arose from all those creatures inspired with joy, filling the three worlds.⁶¹ Accompanied by that vast host, Skanda then set out for the destruction of the *Daityas* and the protection of the denizens of heaven.⁶² Exertion, and Victory, and Righteousness, and Success, and Prosperity, and Courage, and the Scriptures, (in their embodied forms) proceeded in the van of Kārtikeya's army, O king!⁶³ With that terrible force, which was armed with lances and mallets and blazing hands and maces and heavy clubs and arrows and darts and spears, and which was decked with beautiful ornaments and armour, and which uttered roars like those of a proud lion, the divine Guha set out.⁶⁴ Beholding him, all the *Daityas* and *Rākshasas* and *Dānavas*, anxious with fear, fled away on all sides.⁶⁵ Armed with diverse weapons, the celestials pursued them. Seeing (the foe flying away), Skanda, endued with energy and might, became inflamed with wrath.⁶⁶ He repeatedly hurled his terrible weapon, viz., the dart (he had received from Agni). The energy that he then displayed resembled a fire fed with libations of clarified butter.⁶⁷ While the dart was repeatedly hurled by Skanda of immeasurable energy, meteoric flashes, O king, fell upon the Earth.⁶⁸ Thunder-bolts also, with tremendous noise, fell upon the Earth. Everything became as frightful, O king, as it becomes on the day of the universal destruction.⁶⁹ When that terrible dart was once hurled by the son of Agni, millions of darts issued from it, O bull of Bharata's race.⁷⁰ The puissant and adorable Skanda, filled with joy, at last slew Tāraka, the chief of the *Daityas*, endued with great might and prowess, and surrounded (in that battle) by a hundred thousand heroic and mighty *Daityas*.⁷¹ He then, in that battle, slew Mahisha who was surrounded by eight *Padmas** of *Daityas*. He next slew Tripāda who was sur-

* A very large number.—T.

rounded by a thousand *Ajutas* of *Daityas*.⁷³ The puissant Skanda then slew Hradodara, who was surrounded by ten *Nikharvas* of *Daityas*, with all his followers armed with diverse weapons.⁷⁴ Filling the ten points of the compass, the followers of Kumāra, O king, made a loud noise while those *Daityas* were being slain, and danced and jumped and laughed in joy.⁷⁵ Thousands of *Daityas*, O king, were burnt with the flames that issued from Skanda's dart, while others breathed their last, terrified by the roars of Skanda.⁷⁶ The three worlds were frightened at the yawns of Skanda's soldiers. The foes were consumed with flames produced by Skanda. Many were slain by his roars alone.⁷⁷ Some amongst the foes of the gods, struck with banners, were slain. Some, frightened by the sounds of bells, fell down on the surface of the Earth. Some, mangled with weapons, fell down, deprived of life.⁷⁸ In this way the heroic and mighty Kārtikeya slew innumerable foes of the gods, possessed of great strength, that came to fight with him.⁷⁹ Then Vali's son Vāna of great might, getting upon the Krauncha mountain, battled with the celestial host.⁸⁰ Possessed of great intelligence, the great generalissimo Skanda rushed against that foe of the gods. From fear of Kārtikeya, he took shelter within the Krauncha mountain.⁸¹ Inflamed with rage, the adorable Kārtikeya then pierced that mountain with that dart given him by Agni.* The mountain was called *Krauncha* (crane) because of the sound it always produced resembled the cry of a crane.⁸² That mountain was variegated with *Çāla* trees. The apes and elephants on it were afrighted. The birds that had their abode on it rose up and wheeled around in the welkin. The snakes began to dart down its sides.⁸³ It resounded also with the cries of leopards and bears in large numbers that ran hither and thither in fear. Other forests on it rang with the cries of hundreds upon hundreds of animals.⁸⁴ *Çarabhas* and lions suddenly ran out. In consequence of all this, that mountain, though it was reduced to a very pitiable

* In verse 44 of the previous section it is said that Indra gave him this dart.—T.

plight, still assumed a very beautiful aspect.⁸⁵ The *Vidyā-dharas* dwelling on its summits soared into the air. The *Kinnaras* also became very anxious, distracted by the fear caused by the fall of Skanda's dart.⁸⁶ The *Daityas* then, by hundreds and thousands, came out of that blazing mountain, all clad in beautiful ornaments and garlands. The followers of Kumāra, prevailing over them in battle, slew them all.⁸⁷ The adorable Skanda, inflamed with rage, quickly slew the son of the *Daitya* chief (Vali) along with his younger brother, even as Indra had slain Vritra (in days before).⁸⁸ That slayer of hostile heroes, viz. Agni's son, pierced with his dart the Krauncha mountain, dividing his own self sometimes into many and sometimes uniting all his portions into one.⁸⁹ Repeatedly hurled from his hand, the dart repeatedly come back to him. Even such was the might and glory of the adorable son of Agni.⁹⁰ With redoubled heroism, and energy and fame and success, the god pierced the mountain and slew hundreds of *Daityas*.⁹¹ The adorable god, having thus slain the enemies of the celestials, was worshipped and honored by the latter and obtained great joy.⁹² After the Krauncha mountain had been pierced and after the son of Chanda had been slain, drums were beat, O king, and conchs were blown.⁹³ The celestial ladies rained floral showers in succession upon that divine lord of *Yogins*.⁹⁴ Auspicious breezes began to blow, bearing celestial perfumes. The *Gandharvas* hymned his praises as also great *Rishis* always engaged in the performance of sacrifices.⁹⁵ Some speak of him as the puissant son of the Grand-sire, viz., Sanatkumāra, the eldest of all the sons of Brahman.⁹⁶ Some speak of him as the son of Maheçwara, and some as that of Agni. Some again describe him as the son of Umā or of the *Krittikās* or of Gangā.⁹⁷ Hundreds and thousands of people speak of that Lord of *Yogins*, of blazing form and great might, as the son of one of those, or of either of two of those, or of any one of four of those.⁹⁸

"I have thus told thee, O king, everything about the installation of Kārtikeya. Listen now to the history of the sacredness of that foremost of *tirthas* on the Saraswati.⁹⁹ That foremost of *tirthas*, O monarch, after the enemies of the gods

had been slain, became a second heaven.¹⁰⁰ The puissant son of Agni gave unto each of the foremost ones among the celestials diverse kinds of dominion and affluence and at last the sovereignty of the three worlds.¹⁰¹ Even thus, O monarch, was that adorable exterminator of the *Daityas* installed by the gods as their generalissimo.¹⁰² That other *tirtha*, O bull of Bharata's race, where in days of yore Varuna the Lord of waters had been installed by the celestials, is known by the name of *Taijasa*.¹⁰³ Having bathed in that *tirtha* and adored Skanda, Rāma gave unto the Brāhmanas gold and clothes and ornaments and other things.¹⁰⁴ Passing one night there, that slayer of hostile heroes, viz., Mādhava, praising that foremost of *tirthas* and touching its water, became cheerful and happy.¹⁰⁵ I have now told thee everything about which thou hadst enquired, viz., how the divine Skanda was installed by the assembled gods!"¹⁰⁶

SECTION XLVII.

Janamejaya said,—“This history, O regenerate one, that I have heard from thee is exceedingly wonderful, viz., this narration, in detail, of the installation, according to due rites, of Skanda! O thou possessed of wealth of asceticism, I deem myself cleansed by having listened to this account! My hair stands on end and my mind hath become cheerful! Having heard the history of the installation of Kumāra and the destruction of the *Daityas*, great hath been my joy! I feel a curiosity, however, in respect of another matter! How was the Lord of the waters installed by the celestials in that *tirtha* in days of yore? O best of men, tell me all that, for thou art possessed of great wisdom and art skilled in narration!”¹

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Listen, O king, to this wonderful history as it transpired truly in a former *kalpa*! In days of yore, in the *Krita* age, O king, all the celestials, duly approaching Varuna, said unto him these words:—‘As Cakra, the Lord of the celestials, always protects us from every fear, similarly be thou the Lord of all the rivers!’ Thou always residest O god, in the Ocean, that home of *makaras*! This

Ocean, the lord of rivers, will then be under thy dominion! Thou shalt then wax and wane with Soma!—(Thus addressed) Varuna answered them, saying,—‘Let it be so!’ All the celestials then, assembling together, made Varuna having his abode in the Ocean the Lord of all the waters, according to the rites laid down in the scriptures.’ Having installed Varuna as the Lord of all aquatic creatures and worshipping him duly, the celestials returned to their respective abodes.¹⁰ Installed by the celestials, the illustrious Varuna began to duly protect seas and lakes and rivers and other receptacles of water as Cakra protects the gods.¹¹ Bathing in that *tirtha* also and giving away diverse kinds of gifts, Valadeva, the slayer of Pralamva, possessed of great wisdom, then proceeded to *Agni tirtha*, that spot, viz, where the eater of clarified butter, disappearing from the view, became concealed within the entrails of the *Çami* wood.¹² When the light of all the worlds thus disappeared, O sinless one, the gods then repaired to the Grand-sire of the universe.¹³ And they said,—‘The adorable Agni has disappeared. We do not know the reason. Let not all creatures be destroyed! Create fire, O puissant Lord!’¹⁴

Janamejaya said,—‘For what reason did Agni, the Creator of all the worlds, disappear? How also was he discovered by the gods? Tell me all this in detail!’¹⁵

Vaiçampāyāna said,—‘Agni of great energy became very much frightened at the curse of Bhrigu. Concealing himself within the entrails of the *Çami* wood, that adorable god disappeared from the view.¹⁶ Upon the disappearance of Agni, all the gods, with Vāsava at their head, in great affliction, searched for the missing god.¹⁷ Finding Agni then, they saw that god lying within the entrails of the *Çami* wood.¹⁸ The celestials, O tiger among kings, with Vrihaspati at their head, having succeeded in finding out the god, became very glad with Vāsava amongst them.¹⁹ They then returned to the places they had come from. Agni also, from Bhrigu’s curse, became an eater of everything as Bhrigu, that utterer of *Brahma*, had said.²⁰ The intelligent Valarāma, having bathed there, then proceeded to Brahmayoni where the adorable Grand-sire of all the worlds had exercised his functions of

creation.³¹ In days of yore, the Lord Brahman, having with all the gods bathed in that *tirtha*, created all the *tirthas*, according to due rites, for the celestials.³² Bathing there and giving away diverse kinds of gifts, Valadeva then proceeded to the *tirtha* called *Kauvera* where the puissant Ailavila, having practised severe austerities, obtained, O king, the Lordship over all treasures.³³ While he dwelt there (engaged in austerities), all kinds of wealth and all the precious gems came to him of their own accord. Valadeva, having repaired to that *tirtha* and bathed in its waters, duly gave much wealth unto the Brāhmanas.³⁴ Rāma beheld at that spot the excellent woods of Kuvera. In days of yore, the high-souled Kuvera, the chief of the *Yakhas*, having practised the severest austerities there, obtained many boons.³⁵ There were the lordship of all treasures, the friendship of Rudra possessed of immeasurable energy, the status of a god, the regency over a particular point of the compass (viz., the north), and a son named Nalakuvara. These the chief of the *Yakshas* speedily obtained there, O thou of mighty arms!³⁶ The Maruts, coming there, installed him duly (in his sovereignty). He also obtained for a vehicle a well-equipped and celestial car, fleet as thought, as also all the affluence of a god.³⁷ Bathing in that *tirtha* and giving away much wealth, Vala using white unguents thence proceeded quickly to another *tirtha*.³⁸ Populous with all kinds of creatures, that *tirtha* is known by the name of Vadarapāchana. There the fruits of every season are always to be found and flowers and fruits of every kind are always abundant.”³⁹

SECTION XLVIII.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Rāma (as already said) then proceeded to the *tirtha* called *Vadarapāchana* where dwell many ascetics and *Siddhas*. There the daughter of Bharadwāja, unrivalled on Earth for beauty, named Cruvāvatī, practised severe austerities. She was a maiden who led the life of a *Brahmachārini*.¹⁻² That beautiful damsel, observing diverse kinds of vows, practised the austere of penances, moved by the desire of obtaining the Lord of the celestials for her husband.”

Many years passed away, O perpetuator of Kuru's race, during which that damsel continually observed those diverse kinds of vows exceedingly difficult of being practised by women.⁴ The adorable chastiser of Pāka at last became gratified with her in consequence of that conduct and those penances of hers and that high-regard she showed for him.⁵ The puissant Lord of the celestials then came to that hermitage, having assumed the form of the high-souled and regenerate *Rishi* *Vaṣishtha*.⁶ Beholding that foremost of ascetics, viz., *Vaṣishtha*, of the austere penances, she worshipped him, O *Bhārata*, according to the rites observed by ascetics.⁷ Conversant with vows, the auspicious and sweet-speeched damsel addressed him, saying,—‘O adorable one, O tiger among ascetics, tell me thy commands, O lord!’⁸ O thou of excellent vows, I shall serve thee, according to the measure of my might! I will not, however, give thee my hand, in consequence of my regard for *Cakra*!⁹ I am gratifying *Cakra*, the lord of the three worlds, with vows and rigid observances and ascetic penances!’¹⁰ Thus addressed by her, the illustrious god, smiling as he cast his eyes on her, and knowing her observances, addressed her sweetly, O *Bhārata*, saying,¹¹—‘Thou practisest penances of the austere kind! This is known to me, O thou of excellent vows! That object also, cherished in thy heart, for the attainment of which thou strivest, O auspicious one,’¹² shall, O thou of beautiful face, be accomplished for thee! Everything is attainable by penances. Everything rests on penances.’¹³ All those regions of blessedness, O thou of beautiful face, that belong to the gods can be obtained by penances. Penances are the root of great happiness.¹⁴ Those men that cast off their bodies after having practised austere penances, obtain the status of gods, O auspicious one! Bear in mind these words of mine!’¹⁵ Do thou now, O blessed damsel, boil these five jujubes, O thou of excellent vows!’ Having said these words, the adorable slayer of *Vala* went away, taking leave, to mentally recite certain *mantras*¹⁶ at an excellent *tirtha* not far from that hermitage. That *tirtha* came to be known in the three worlds after the name of *Indra*, O giver of honors!’¹⁷ Indeed, it was for the purpose of test-

ing the damsel's devotion that the Lord of the celestials acted in that way for obstructing the boiling of the jujubes.¹⁸ The damsel, O king, having cleansed herself, began her task; restraining speech and with attention fixed on it, she sat to her task, without feeling any fatigue.¹⁹ Even thus that damsel of high vows, O tiger among kings, began to boil those jujubes. As she sat employed in her task, O bull among men, day was about to wane but yet those jujubes showed no signs of having been softened.²⁰ The fuel she had there was all consumed. Seeing the fire about to die away owing to want of fuel, she began to burn her own limbs.²¹ The beautiful maiden first thrust her feet into the fire. The sinless damsel sat still while her feet began to be consumed.²² The faultless girl did not at all mind her burning feet. Difficult of accomplishment, she did it from desire of doing good to the *Rishi* (that had been her guest).²³ Her face did not at all change under that painful process, nor did she feel any cheerlessness on that account. Having thrust her limbs into the fire, she felt as much joy as if she had dipped them into cool water.²⁴ The words of the *Rishi*, viz.,—*Cook these jujubes well*—were borne in her mind, O Bhārata!²⁵ The auspicious damsel, bearing those words of the great *Rishi* in her mind, began to cook those jujubes although the latter, O king, showed no signs of softening.²⁶ The adorable Agni himself consumed her feet. For this, however, the maiden did not feel the slightest pain.²⁷ Beholding this act of hers, the Lord of the three worlds became highly gratified. He then showed himself in his own proper form to the damsel.²⁸ The chief of the celestials then addressed that maiden of very austere vows, saying,—‘I am gratified with thy devotion, thy penances, and thy vows!’²⁹ The wish, therefore, O auspicious one, that thou cheerishest shall be accomplished! Casting off thy body, O blessed one, thou shalt in heaven live with me!³⁰ This hermitage, again, shall become the foremost of *tirthas* in the world, capable of cleansing from every sin, O thou of fair eye-brows, and shall be known by the name of *Vadarapāchana*. It shall be celebrated in the three worlds and shall be praised by great *Rishis*.³¹ In this very *tirtha*, O auspicious, sinless, and highly blessed one,

the seven *Rishis* had, on one occasion, left Arundhati (the wife of one of them) while they went to Himavat.³³ Those highly blessed ones, of very rigid vows, had gone there for gathering fruits and roots for their sustenance.³⁴ While they thus lived in a forest of Himavat for procuring their sustenance, a drought occurred extending for twelve years.³⁵ Those ascetics, having made an asylum for themselves, continued to live there. Meanwhile Arundhati devoted herself to ascetic penances (at the spot where she had been left).³⁶ Beholding Arundhati devoted to the austerest of vows, the boon-giving and Three-eyed deity (Mahādeva), highly pleased, came there.³⁷ The illustrious Mahādeva, assuming the form of a Brāhmana, came to her and said,—I desire alms, O auspicious one!³⁸—The beautiful Arundhati said unto him,—Our store of food hath been exhausted, O Brāhmana! Do thou eat jujubes!³⁹—Mahādeva replied,—Cook these jujubes, O thou of excellent vows!—After these words, she began to cook those jujubes for doing what was agreeable to that Brāhmana.⁴⁰ Placing those jujubes on the fire, the celebrated Arundhati listened to diverse excellent and charming and sacred discourses (from the lips of Mahādeva). That twelve years' drought then passed away (as if it were a single day).⁴¹ Without food, and employed in cooking and listening to those auspicious discourses, that terrible period passed away as if it were a single day to her.⁴² Then the seven *Rishis*, having procured fruits from the mountain, returned to that spot. The adorable Mahādeva, highly pleased with Arundhati, said unto her,⁴³—Approach, as formerly, these *Rishis*, O righteous one! I have been gratified with thy penances and vows!⁴⁴—The adorable Hara then stood confest in his own form. Gratified, he spoke unto them about the noble conduct of Arundhati (in these words),⁴⁵—The ascetic merit, ye regenerate ones, that this lady hath earned, is, I think, much greater than what ye have earned on the breast of Himavat!⁴⁶ The penances practised by this lady have been exceedingly austere, for she passed twelve years in cooking, herself fasting all the while!⁴⁷—The divine Mahādeva then, addressing Arundhati, said unto her,—Solicit thou the boon, O auspicious dame, which is in thy heart!⁴⁸—

Then that lady of large eyes that were of a reddish hue addressed that god in the midst of the seven *Rishis*, saying,—If, O divine one, thou art gratified with me, then let this spot be an excellent *tirtha*! Let it be known by the name of *Vadarapāchana* and let it be the favorite resort of *Siddhas* and celestial *Rishis*!⁴⁸ So also, O god of gods, let him who observes a fast here and resides for three nights after having cleansed himself, obtain the fruit of a twelve years' fast!⁴⁹—The god answered her, saying,—Let it be so!—Praised by the seven *Rishis*, the god then repaired to heaven.⁵⁰ Indeed, the *Rishis* had been filled with wonder at sight of the god and upon beholding the chaste Arundhati herself unspent and still possessed of the hue of health and so capable of bearing hunger and thirst.⁵¹ Even thus the pure-souled Arundhati, in days of old, obtained the highest success, like thee, O highly blessed lady, for my sake, O damsel of rigid vows!⁵² Thou, however, O amiable maiden, hast practised severer penances! Gratified with thy vows, I shall also grant thee this especial boon, O auspicious one,⁵³ a boon that is superior to what was granted to Arundhati! Through the power of the high-souled god who had granted that boon to Arundhati and through the energy of thyself, O amiable one, I shall duly grant thee another boon now,⁵⁴ viz., that the person who will reside in this *tirtha* for only one night and bathe here with soul fixed (on meditation), will, after casting off his body, obtain many regions of blessedness that are difficult of acquisition (by other means)!⁵⁵—Having said these words unto the cleansed Cruvāvatī, the thousand-eyed Cakra of great energy then went back to heaven.⁵⁶ After the wielder of the thunder-bolt, O king, had departed, a shower of celestial flowers of sweet fragrance fell there, O chief of Bharata's race!⁵⁷ Celestial kettle-drums also, of loud sound, were beat there. Auspicious and perfumed breezes also blew there, O monarch!⁵⁸ The auspicious Cruvāvatī then, casting off her body, became the spouse of Indra. Obtaining that status through austere penances, she began to pass her time, sporting with him for ever and ever."⁵⁹

Janamejaya said,—“Who was the mother of Cruvāvatī,

and how was that fair damsel reared? I desire to hear this, O Brāhmana, for the curiosity I feel is great!"⁵⁰

Vaiçampāyana said,—“The vital seed of the regenerate and high-souled *Rishi* Bharadwāja fell upon beholding the large-eyed *Apsarā* Ghritāchi as the latter was passing at one time.⁵¹ That foremost of ascetics thereupon held it in his hand. It was then kept in a cup made of the leaves of a tree. In that cup was born the girl Cruvāvati.⁵² Having performed the usual post-genital rites, the great ascetic Bharadwāja, endued with wealth of penances, gave her a name.⁵³ The name the righteous-souled *Rishi* gave her in the presence of the gods and *Rishis* was Cruvāvati. Keeping the girl in his hermitage, Bharadwāja repaired to the forests of Himavat.⁵⁴ That foremost one among the Yadus, viz., Valadeva of great dignity, having bathed in that *tirtha* and given away much wealth unto many foremost of Brāhmanas, then proceeded, with soul well fixed on meditation, to the *tirtha* of Cakra.”⁵⁵

SECTION XLIX.

Vaiçampāyana said;—“The mighty chief of the Yadus, having proceeded to Indra’s *tirtha*, bathed there according to due rites and gave away wealth and gems unto the Brāhmanas.¹ There the chief of the celestials had performed a hundred horse-sacrifices and given away enormous wealth unto Vrihaspati.² Indeed, through the assistance of Brāhmanas conversant with the *Vedas*, Cakra performed all those sacrifices there, according to rites ordained (in the scriptures). Those sacrifices were such that everything in them was unstinted. Steeds of all kinds were brought there. The gifts to Brāhmanas were profuse.³ Having duly completed those hundred sacrifices, O chief of the Bharatas, Cakra of great splendour came to be called by the name of *Çatakratu*.⁴ That auspicious and sacred *tirtha*, capable of cleansing from every sin, thereupon came to be called after his name as *Indra-tirtha*.⁵ Having duly bathed there, Valadeva worshipped the Brāhmanas with presents of excellent food and robes. He then proceeded to that auspicious and foremost of *tirthas* called after

the name of Rāma.⁶ The highly blessed Rāma of Bhṛigu's race, endued with great ascetic merit, repeatedly subjugated the Earth and slew all the foremost of Kshatriyas.⁷ (After achieving such feats) Rāma performed in that *tirtha* a *Vājapeya* sacrifice and a hundred horse-sacrifices through the assistance of his preceptor Kaçyapa, that best of *Munis*. There, as sacrificial fee, Rāma gave unto his preceptor the whole Earth with her oceans.⁸ The great Rāma, having duly bathed there, made presents unto the Brāhmamānas, O Janamejaya, and worshipped them thus.⁹ Having made diverse presents consisting of diverse kinds of gems as also kine and elephants and female slaves and sheep and goats, he then retired into the woods.¹⁰ Having bathed in that sacred and foremost of *tirthas* that was the resort of gods and regenerate *Rishis*, Valadeva duly worshipped the ascetics there, and then proceeded to the *tirtha* called Yamunā.¹¹ Endued with great effulgence, Varuna, the highly blessed son of Aditi, had in days of yore performed in that *tirtha* the *Rājasuya* sacrifice, O lord of Earth!¹² Having in battle subjugated both men and celestials and *Gandharvas* and *Rākshasas*, Varuna, O king,¹³ that slayer of hostile heroes, performed his grand sacrifice in that *tirtha*. Upon the commencement of that foremost of sacrifices, a battle ensued between the gods and the *Dānavas*, inspiring the three worlds with terror.¹⁴ After the completion of that foremost of sacrifices, viz., the *Rājasuya* (of Varuna), a terrible battle, O Janamejaya, ensued amongst the Kshatriyas.¹⁵ The ever liberal and puissant Valadeva, having worshipped the *Rishis* there, made many presents unto those that desired them.¹⁶ Filled with joy and praised by the great *Rishis*, Valadeva, that hero ever decked with garlands of wild flowers and possessed of eyes like lotus leaves, then proceeded to the *tirtha* called Āditya.¹⁷ There, O best of kings, the adorable Surya of great splendour, having performed a sacrifice, obtained the sovereignty of all luminous bodies (in the universe) and acquired also his great energy.¹⁸ There, in that *tirtha* situate on the bank of that river, all the gods with Vāsava at their head, the *Viçvedevas*, the *Maruts*, the *Gandharvas*, the *Apsaras*,¹⁹ the Island-born (Vyāsa), Cuka, Krishna the slayer

of Madhu, the *Yakshas*, the *Rākshasas*, and the *Piçāchas*, O king,³⁰ and diverse others, numbering by thousands, all crowned with ascetic success, always reside. Indeed, in that auspicious and sacred *tirtha* of the Saraswati, Vishnu himself, having in days of yore slain the *Asuras* Madhu and Kaitabha, had, O chief of the Bharatas, performed his ablutions.³¹⁻³³ The Island-born (Vyāsa) also, of virtuous soul, O Bhārata, having bathed in that *tirtha*, obtained great *Yoga* powers and attained to high success.³² Endued with great ascetic merit, the *Rishi* Asita-Devala also, having bathed in that very *tirtha* with soul rapt in high *Yoga* meditation, obtained great *Yoga* powers.³⁴

SECTION L.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“In that *tirtha* lived in days of yore a *Rishi* of virtuous soul, named Asita-Devala, observant of the duties of domesticity.¹ Devoted to virtue, he led a life of purity and self-restraint. Possessed of great ascetic merit, he was compassionate unto all creatures and never injured any one. In word, deed, and thought, he maintained an equal behaviour towards all creatures.² Without wrath, O monarch, censure and praise were equal to him. Of equal attitude towards the agreeable and the disagreeable, he was, like Yama himself, thoroughly impartial.³ The great ascetic looked with an equal eye upon gold and a heap of pebbles. He daily worshipped the gods and guests, and the Brāhmanas (that came to him). Ever devoted to righteousness, he always practised the vow of *Brahmacharya*.⁴ Once upon a time, an intelligent ascetic, O monarch, of the name of Jaigishayya, devoted to *Yoga* and rapt in meditation and leading the life of a mendicant, came to Devala's asylum.⁵ Possessed of great splendour, that great ascetic, ever devoted to *Yoga*, O monarch, while residing in Devala's asylum, became crowned with ascetic success.⁶ Indeed, while the great *Muni* Jaigishavya resided there, Devala kept his eyes on him, never neglecting him at any time.⁷ Thus, O monarch, a long time was passed by the two in days of yore. On one occasion, Devala lost sight of Jaigishavya, that foremost of ascetics.⁸ At the hour,

however, of dinner, O Janamejaya, the intelligent and righteous ascetic, leading a life of mendicancy, approached Devala for soliciting alms.⁹ Beholding that great ascetic re-appear in the guise of a mendicant, Devala showed him great honors and expressed much gratification.¹⁰ And Devala worshipped his guest, O Bhārata, according to the measure of his abilities, after the rites laid down by the *Rishis* and with great attention for many years.¹¹ One day, however, O king, in the sight of that great *Muni*, a deep anxiety perturbed the heart of the high-souled Devala.¹² The latter thought within himself,—“Many years have I passed in worshipping this ascetic. This idle mendicant, however, hath not yet spoken to me a single word!”¹³—Having thought of this, the blessed Devala proceeded to the shores of the ocean, journeying through the welkin and bearing his earthen jug with him.¹⁴ Arrived at the coast of the Ocean, that lord of rivers, O Bhārata, the righteous-souled Devala saw Jaigishavya arrived there before him.¹⁵ The lord Asita, at this sight, became filled with wonder and thought within himself,—“How could the mendicant come to the ocean and perform his ablutions even before my arrival?”¹⁶ Thus thought the great *Rishi* Asita. Duly performing his ablutions there and purifying himself thereby, he then began to silently recite the sacred *mantras*.¹⁷ Having finished his ablutions and silent prayers, the blessed Devala returned to his asylum, O Janamejaya, bearing with him his earthen vessel filled with water.¹⁸ As the ascetic, however, entered his own asylum, he saw Jaigishavya seated there.¹⁹ The great ascetic Jaigishavya never spoke a word to Devala but lived in the latter’s asylum as if he were a piece of wood.²⁰ Having beheld that ascetic, who was an ocean of austerities, plunged in the waters of the sea (before his own arrival there), Asita now saw him returned to his hermitage before his own return.²¹ Witnessing this power, derived through *Yoga*, of Jaigishavya’s penances, Asita-Devala, O king, endued with great intelligence, began to reflect upon the matter.²² Indeed, that best of ascetics, O monarch, wondered much, saying,—“How could this one be seen in the ocean and again in my hermitage?”²³ While employed in such thoughts, the ascetic Devala,

conversant with *mantras*, then soared aloft, O monarch, from his hermitage into the sky, for ascertaining who Jaigishavya wedded to a life of mendicancy really was.⁵⁴ Devala saw crowds of sky-ranging *Siddhas* rapt in meditation, and he saw Jaigishavya reverentially worshipped by those *Siddhas*.⁵⁵ Firm in the observance of his vows and persevering (in his efforts), Devala became filled with wrath at the sight. He then saw Jaigishavya set out for heaven.⁵⁶ He next beheld him proceed to the region of the *Pitris*. Devala saw him then proceed to the region of Yama.⁵⁷ From Yama's region the great ascetic Jaigishavya was then seen to soar aloft and proceed to the abode of Soma. He was then seen to proceed to the blessed regions (one after another) of the performers of certain rigid sacrifices.⁵⁸ Thence he proceeded to the regions of the *Agnihotris* and thence to the region of those ascetics that perform the *Darca* and the *Paurṇamāsa* sacrifices.⁵⁹ The intelligent Devala then saw him proceed from those regions of persons performing sacrifices by killing animals to that pure region which is worshipped by the very gods.⁶⁰ Devala next saw the mendicant proceed to the place of those ascetics that perform the sacrifice called *Chāturmāsya* and diverse others of the same kind. Thence he proceeded to the region belonging to the performers of the *Agnishōma* sacrifice.⁶¹ Devala then saw his guest repair to the place of those ascetics that perform the sacrifice called *Agnishutta*.⁶² Indeed, Devala next saw him in the regions of those highly wise men that perform that foremost of sacrifices, viz., *Vājapeya*, and that other sacrifice in which a profusion of gold is necessary.⁶³ Then he saw Jaigishavya in the region of those that perform the *Rājasuya* and the *Pundarika*.⁶⁴ He then saw him in the regions of those foremost of men that perform the horse-sacrifice and the sacrifice in which human beings are slaughtered.⁶⁵ Indeed, Devala saw Jaigishavya in the regions also of those that perform the sacrifice called *Sautrāmani* and that other in which the flesh, so difficult to procure, of all living animals is required.⁶⁶ Jaigishavya was then seen in the regions of those that perform the sacrifice called *Dādaçāha* and diverse others of a similar character.⁶⁷ Asita next saw his guest sojourning in the region

of Mitrāvaruna and then in that of the Ādityas.³⁸ Asita then saw his guest pass through the regions of the Rudras, the Vasus, and Vrihaspati.³⁹ Having soared next into the blessed region called Goloka, Jaigishavya was next seen to pass into these of the *Brahmasatris*.⁴⁰ Having by his energy passed through three other regions, he was seen to proceed to those regions that are reserved for women that are chaste and devoted to their husbands.⁴¹ Asita, however, at this point, O chastiser of foes, lost sight of Jaigishavya, that foremost of ascetics, who, rapt in *Yoga*, vanished from his sight.⁴² The highly blessed Devala then reflected upon the power of Jaigishavya and the excellence of his vows as also upon the unrivalled success of his *Yoga*.⁴³ Then the self-restrained Asita, with joined hands and in a reverential spirit, enquired of those foremost of *Siddhas* in the regions of the *Brahmasatris*, saying,⁴⁴—‘I do not see Jaigishavya ! Tell me where that ascetic of great energy is ! I desire to hear this, for great is my curiosity !’⁴⁵

“The *Siddhas* said,—Listen, O Devala of rigid vows, as we speak to thee the truth ! Jaigishavya hath gone to the eternal region of Brahman !”⁴⁶

Vaiçampāyana continued,—“Hearing these words of those *Siddhas* residing in the regions of the *Brahmasatris*, Asita endeavoured to soar aloft but he soon fell down.⁴⁷ The *Siddhas* then, once more addressing Devala, said unto him,—‘Thou, O Devala, art not competent to proceed thither, viz., the abode of Brahman, whither Jaigishavya hath gone !’”⁴⁸

Vaiçampāyana continued,—“Hearing those words of the *Siddhas*, Devala came down, descending from one region to another in due order.⁴⁹ Indeed, he repaired to his own sacred asylum very quickly, like a winged insect. As soon as he entered his abode he beheld Jaigishavya seated there.⁵⁰ Then Devala, beholding the power derived through *Yoga* of Jaigishavya’s penances, reflected upon it with his righteous understanding,⁵¹ and approaching that great ascetic, O king, with humility, addressed the high-souled Jaigishavya, saying,—‘I desire, O adorable one, to adopt the religion of *Moksha* (Emanicipation) !’⁵² Hearing these words of his, Jaigishavya gave

him lessons. And he also taught him the ordinances of *Yoga* and the supreme and eternal duties and their reverse.⁵⁵ The great ascetic, seeing him firmly resolved, performed all the acts (for his admission into that religion) according to the rites ordained for that end.⁵⁶ Then all creatures, with the *Pitris*, beholding Devala resolved to adopt the religion of *Moksha*, began to weep, saying,—‘Alas, who will henceforth give us food!’⁵⁷ Hearing these lamentations of all creatures that resounded through the ten points, Devala set his heart upon renouncing the religion of *Moksha*.⁵⁸ Then all kinds of sacred fruits and roots, O Bhārata, and flowers and deciduous herbs, in thousands, began to weep, saying,⁵⁹—‘The wicked-hearted and mean Devala will, without doubt, once more pluck and cut us! Alas, having once assured all creatures of his perfect harmlessness, he sees not the wrong that he meditates to do!’⁶⁰ At this, that best of ascetics began to reflect with the aid of his understanding, saying,—‘Which amongst these two, viz., the religion of *Moksha* or that of Domesticity, will be the better for me?’⁶¹ Reflecting upon this, Devala, O best of kings, abandoned the religion of Domesticity and adopted that of *Moksha*.⁶² Having indulged in those reflections, Devala, in consequence of that resolve, obtained the highest success, O Bhārata, and the highest *Yoga*.⁶³ The celestials then, headed by Vrihaspati, applauded Jaigishavya and the penances of that ascetic.⁶⁴ Then that foremost of ascetics, viz., Nārada, addressing the gods, said,—‘There is no ascetic penance in Jaigishavya since he filled Asita with wonder!’⁶⁵—The denizens of heaven then, addressing Nārada who said such frightful words, told him,—‘Do not say so about the great ascetic Jaigishavya!’⁶⁶ There is no one superior or even equal to this high-souled one in force of energy and penance and *Yoga*!⁶⁷ Even such was the power of Jaigishavya as also of Asita. This is the place of those two, and this the *tirtha* of those two

* The religion of Domesticity requires the worship of gods and guests, and the performance of sacrifices. That of *Moksha* does not require the performance of these or any other duties, abstention from injury to creatures and meditation being its chief characteristics.—T.

high-souled persons.⁶⁶ Bathing there and giving away wealth unto the Brāhmanas, the high-souled wielder of the plough, of noble deeds, earned great merit and then proceeded to the *tirtha* of *Soma*.⁶⁷

SECTION LI.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“There, in that *tirtha*, O Bhārata, where the Lord of stars had in former days performed the *Rājasuya* sacrifice, a great battle was fought in which Tāraka was the root of the evil.¹ Bathing in that *tirtha* and making many presents, the virtuous Vala of cleansed soul proceeded to the *tirtha* of the *Muni* named Sāraswat. There, during a drought extending for twelve years, the sage Sāraswat, in former days, taught the *Vedas* unto many foremost of Brāhmanas.^{2,3-8}

Janamejaya said,—“Why did the sage Sāraswat, O thou of ascetic merit, teach the *Vedas* unto the *Rishis* during a twelve years, drought?”⁴

Vaiçampāyana continued,—“In days of yore, O monarch, there was an intelligent sage of great ascetic merit. He was celebrated by the name of Dadhicha. Possessing a complete control over his senses, he led the life of a *Brahmachārīn*.⁵ In consequence of his excessive ascetic austerities Cakra was afflicted with a great fear. The sage could not be turned (away from his penances) by the offer of even diverse kinds of rewards.⁶ At last the chastiser of Pāka, for tempting the sage, despatched unto him the exceedingly beautiful and celestial *Apsarā* by name Alamvushā.⁷ Thither where on the banks of the Saraswati the high-souled sage was engaged in the act of gratifying the gods, the celestial damsel named above, O monarch, made her appearance.⁸ Beholding that damsel of beautiful limbs, the vital seed of that ascetic of cleansed soul came out. Having fallen into the Saraswati, the latter held it with care.⁹ Indeed, O bull among men, the River, beholding that seed, held it in her womb. In time the seed developed into a foetus and the great river held it so that it might be inspired with life as a child.¹⁰ When the

time came, the foremost of rivers brought forth that child and then went, O lord, taking it with her, to that *Rishi*.¹¹ Beholding that best of *Rishis* in a conclave, Saraswati, O monarch, while making over the child, said these words:¹²—O regenerate *Rishi*, this is thy son whom I held through devotion for thee! That seed of thine, which fell at sight of the *Apsarā* Alamvushā,¹³ had been held by me in my womb, O regenerate *Rishi*, through devotion for thee, and well knowing that that energy of thine would never suffer destruction!¹⁴ Given by me, accept this faultless child of thy own! Thus addressed by her, the *Rishi* accepted the child and felt great joy.¹⁵ Through affection, that foremost of Brāhmanas then smelt the head of his son and held him in a close embrace, O foremost one of Bharata's race, for some time.¹⁶ Gratified with the River, the great ascetic Dadhicha then gave a boon to her, saying,—The *Viṣvedevas*, the *Rishis*, and all the tribes of the *Gandharvas* and the *Apsaras*, will henceforth, O blessed one, derive great happiness when oblations of thy water are presented unto them!¹⁷ Having said so unto that great river, the sage, gratified and filled with joy, then praised her in these words. Listen to them duly, O king!¹⁸—Thou hast taken thy rise, O highly blessed one, from the lake of Brahman in days of old. All ascetics of rigid vows know thee, O foremost of rivers!¹⁹ Always of agreeable features, thou hast done me great good! This thy great child, O thou of the fairest complexion, will be known by the name of Sāraswat!²⁰ This thy son, capable of creating new worlds, will become known after thy name! Indeed, that great ascetic will be known by the name of Sāraswat!²¹ During a drought extending for twelve years, this Sāraswat, O blessed one, will teach the *Vedas* unto many foremost of Brāhmanas!²² O blessed Saraswati, through my grace, thou shalt, O beautiful one, always become the foremost of all sacred rivers!²³ Even thus was the great River praised by the sage after the latter had granted her boons. The River then, in great joy, went away, O bull of Bharata's race, taking with her that child.²⁴ Meanwhile, on the occasion of a war between the gods and the *Dānavas*, Cakra wandered through the three worlds in search of weap-

ons.⁸⁵ The great god, however, failed to find such weapons as were fit to slay the foes of the celestials.⁸⁶ Cakra then said unto the gods,—The great *Asuras* are incapable of being dealt with by me! Indeed, without the bones of Dadhicha, our foes could not be slain!⁸⁷ Ye best of celestials, repair, therefore, to that foremost of *Rishis* and solicit him, saying,—Grant us, O Dadhicha, thy bones! With them we will slay our foes!⁸⁸ Beseeched by them for his bones, that foremost of *Rishis*, O chief of Kuru's race, unhesitatingly gave up his life. Having done what was agreeable to the gods, the sage obtained many regions of inexhaustible merit.⁸⁹ With his bones, meanwhile, Cakra joyfully caused to be made many kinds of weapons, such as thunder-bolts, discs, heavy maces, and many kinds of clubs and bludgeons.⁹⁰ Equal unto the Creator himself, Dadhicha, had been begotten by the great *Rishi* Bhṛigu, the son of the Lord of all creatures, with the aid of his austere penances.⁹¹ Of stout limbs and possessed of great energy, Dadhicha had been made the strongest of creatures in the world. The puissant Dadhicha, celebrated for his glory, became tall like the king of mountains. The chastiser of Pāka had always been anxious on account of his energy.⁹² With the thunder-bolt born of *Brahma* energy, and inspired with *mantras*, O Bhārata, Indra made a loud noise when he hurled it, and slew nine and ninety heroes among the *Daityas*.⁹³ After a long and dreadful time had elapsed since then, a drought, O king, occurred that extended for twelve years.⁹⁴ During that drought extending for twelve years, the great *Rishis*, for the sake of sustenance, fled away, O monarch, on all sides.⁹⁵ Reholding them scattered in all directions, the sage Sāraswat also set his heart on flight. The river Saraswati then said unto him,⁹⁶—Thou needst not, O son, depart hence, for I will always supply thee with food even here by giving thee large fishes! Stay thou, therefore, even here!⁹⁷ Thus addressed (by the river), the sage continued to live there and offer oblations of food unto the *Rishis* and the gods. He got also his daily food and thus continued to support both his life-

* Nilakantha seems to me to misunderstand this verse.—T.

breaths and the gods.³⁸ After that twelve years' drought had passed away, the great *Rishis* solicited one another for lectures on the *Vedas*.³⁹ While wandering with famished stomachs, the *Rishis* had lost the knowledge of the *Vedas*. There was, indeed, not one amongst them that could understand the scriptures.⁴⁰ It chanced that some one amongst them encountered Sāraswat, that foremost of *Rishis*, while the latter was reading the *Vedas* with concentrated attention.⁴¹ Coming back to the conclave of *Rishis*, he spoke to them of Sāraswat of unrivalled splendour and god-like mien engaged in reading the *Vedas* in a solitary forest.⁴² Then all the great *Rishis* came to that spot, and jointly spoke unto Sāraswat, that best of ascetics, these words:⁴³—'Teach us, O sage!' Unto them the ascetic replied, saying,—'Become ye my disciples duly!'⁴⁴ The conclave of ascetics answered,—'O son, thou art too young in years!' Thereupon he answered the ascetics,—'I must act in such a way that my religious merit may not suffer a diminution!'⁴⁵ He that teaches improperly, and he that learns improperly, are both lost in no time and come to hate each other!'⁴⁶ It is not upon years, or decrepitude, or wealth, or the number of kinsmen, that *Rishis* found their claim to merit! He amongst us is great who is capable of reading and understanding the *Vedas*!'⁴⁷ Hearing these words of his, those *Munis* duly became his disciples and obtaining from him their *Vedas* once more began to practise their rites.⁴⁸ Sixty thousand *Munis* became disciples of the regenerate *Rishi* Sāraswat for the sake of acquiring their *Vedas* from him.⁴⁹ Owning obedience to that agreeable *Rishi* though a boy, the *Munis* each brought a handful of grass and offered it to him for his seat.⁵⁰ The mighty son of Rohini, and elder brother of Keçava, having given away wealth in that *tirtha*, then joyfully proceeded to another where lived (in days of yore) an old lady without having passed through the ceremony of marriage."⁵¹

SECTION LII.

Janamejaya said,—“Why, O regenerate one, did that maiden betake herself to ascetic penances in days of old? For what

reason did she practise penances, and what was her vow? Unrivalled and fraught with mystery is the discourse that I have already heard from thee! Tell me (now) all the particulars in detail regarding how that maid employed herself in penances.”³

Vaiçampāyana said,—“There was a *Rishi* of abundant energy and great fame, named Kuni-Garga. That foremost of ascetics, having practised the austere of penances, O king,⁴ created a fair-browed daughter by a fiat of his will. Beholding her, the celebrated ascetic Kuni-Garga became filled with joy. He abandoned his body, O king, and then went to heaven.⁵ That faultless and amiable and fair-browed maiden, meanwhile, of eyes like lotus petals, continued to practise severe and very rigid penances. She worshipped the *Pitris* and the gods with fasts.⁶ In the practice of such severe penances a long period elapsed. Though her sire had been for giving her away to a husband, she yet did not wish for marriage, for she did not see a husband that could be worthy of her.⁷ Continuing to emaciate her body with austere penances, she devoted herself to the worship of the *Pitris* and the gods in that solitary forest.⁸ Although engaged in such toil, O monarch, and although she emaciated herself by age and austerities, yet she regarded herself happy.⁹ At last when she (became very old so that she) could no longer move even a single step without being aided by any one, she set her heart upon departing for the other world.¹⁰ Beholding her about to cast off her body, Nārada said unto her,—“O sinless one, thou hast no regions of blessedness to obtain in consequence of thy not having cleansed thyself by the rite of marriage!¹¹ O thou of great vows, we have heard this in heaven! Great hath been thy ascetic austerities, but thou hast no claim to regions of blessedness!”¹² Hearing these words of Nārada, the old lady went to a concourse of *Rishis* and said,—“I shall give him half my penances who will accept my hand in marriage!”¹³ After she had said those words, Gālava’s son, a *Rishi* known by the name of Cringavat, accepted her hand, having proposed this compact to her :¹⁴—“With this compact, O beautiful lady, I shall accept thy hand, viz., that thou shalt live with me for

only one night!' Having agreed to that compact, she gave him her hand.¹⁴ Indeed, Gālava's son, according to the ordinances laid down and having duly poured libations on the fire, accepted her hand and married her.¹⁵ On that night, she became a young lady of the fairest complexion, robed in celestial attire and decked in celestial ornaments and garlands and smeared with celestial unguents and perfumes.¹⁶ Beholding her blazing with beauty, Gālava's son became very happy and passed one night in her company. At morn she said unto him,¹⁷—'The compact, O Brāhmana, I had made with thee, hath been fulfilled, O foremost of ascetics! Blessed be thou, I shall now leave thee!'¹⁸ After obtaining his permission, she once more said,—'He that will, with rapt attention, pass one night in this *tirtha* after having gratified the denizens of heaven with oblations of water,¹⁹ shall obtain that merit which is his who observes the vow of *Brahmacharya* for eight and fifty years!'²⁰ Having said these words, that chaste lady departed for heaven. The *Rishi*, her lord, became very cheerless, by dwelling upon the memory of her beauty.²¹ In consequence of the compact he had made, he accepted with difficulty half her penances. Casting off his body he soon followed her, moved by sorrow, O chief of Bharata's race, and forced to it by her beauty.²² Even this is the glorious history of the old maid that I have told thee! Even this is the account of her *Brahmacharya* and her auspicious departure for heaven!²³ While there, Valadeva heard of the slaughter of Calya. Having made presents unto the Brāhmanas there, he gave away to grief, O scorcher of foes, for Calya who had been slain by the Pāṇdavas in battle.²⁴ Then he of Madhu's race, having come out of the environs of Samantapanchaka, enquired of the *Rishis* about the results of the battle at Kurukshetra.²⁵ Asked by that lion of Yadu's race about the results of the battle at Kurukshetra, those high-souled ones told him everything as it had happened."²⁶

SECTION XLIII.

"The *Rishis* said,—‘O Rāma, this Samantapanchaka is said to be the eternal northern altar of Brahman the Lord of all creatures. There the denizens of heaven, those givers of great boons, performed in days of yore a great sacrifice.¹ That foremost of royal sages, viz., the high-souled Kuru, of great intelligence and immeasurable energy, had cultivated this field for many years. Hence it came to be called *Kurukshetra* (the field of Kuru)!’²

"Rāma said,—‘For what reason did the high-souled Kuru cultivate this field? I desire to have this narrated by you, ye *Rishis* possessed of wealth of penances!’³

"The *Rishis* said,—‘In days of yore, O Rāma, Kuru was engaged in perseveringly tilling the soil of this field. Cakra, coming down from heaven, asked him the reason, saying,⁴—Why, O king, art thou employed (in this task) with such perseverance? What is thy purpose, O royal sage, for the accomplishment of which thou art tilling the soil?’—Kuru thereupon replied, saying,—O thou of a hundred sacrifices, they that will die upon this plain shall proceed to regions of blessedness after being cleansed of their sins!’—The lord Cakra, ridiculing this, went back to heaven. The royal sage Kuru, however, without being at all depressed, continued to till the soil.’ Cakra repeatedly came to him and repeatedly receiving the same reply went away ridiculing him. Kuru, however, did not, on that account, feel depressed.⁵ Seeing the king till the soil with unflagging perseverance, Cakra summoned the celestials and informed them of the monarch’s occupation.⁶ Hearing Indra’s words, the celestials said unto their chief of a thousand eyes,—Stop the royal sage, O Cakra, by granting him a boon, if thou canst!’⁷ If men, by only dying there were to come to heaven, without having performed sacrifices to us, our very existence will be endangered!’⁸—Thus exhorted, Cakra then came back to that royal sage and said,—Do not toil any more! Act according to my words!’⁹ Those men that will die here, having abstained from food with all their senses

awake, and those that will perish here in battle, shall, O king, come to heaven!"¹³ They, O thou of great soul, shall enjoy the blessings of heaven, O monarch!—Thus addressed, king Kuru answered Cakra, saying,—So be it!"¹⁴—Taking Kuru's leave, the slayer of Vala, viz., Cakra, then, with a joyful heart, quickly went back to heaven.¹⁵ Even thus, O foremost one of Yadu's race, that royal sage had, in days of yore, tilled this plain and Cakra had promised great merit unto those that would cast off their life-breaths here.¹⁶ Indeed, it was sanctioned by all the foremost ones, headed by Brahman, among the gods, and by the sacred *Rishis*, that on Earth there should be no more sacred spot than this!"¹⁷ Those men that perform austere penances here, would all, after casting off their bodies, go to Brahman's abode.¹⁸ Those meritorious men, again, that would give away their wealth here, would soon have their wealth doubled.¹⁹ They, again, that will, in expectation of good, reside constantly here, will never have to behold the region of Yama.²⁰ Those kings that will perform great sacrifices here will reside as long in heaven as Earth herself will last.²¹ The chief of the celestials, viz., Cakra, had himself composed a verse here and sang it. Listen to it, O Valadeva!"²²—*The very dust of Kurukshetra, borne away by the wind, shall cleanse persons of wicked acts and bear them to heaven!*"²³—The foremost ones amongst the gods, as also those amongst the Brāhmanas, and many foremost ones among the kings of the Earth such as Nriga and others, having performed costly sacrifices here, have, after abandoning their bodies, proceeded to heaven.²⁴ The space between the Tarantuka and the Arantuka and the lakes of Rāma and Chamachakra, is known as Kurukshetra. Samantapanchaka is called the northern (sacrificial) altar of Brahman, the Lord of all creatures.²⁵ Auspicious and highly sacred and much regarded by the denizens of heaven is this spot that possesses all attributes. It is for this that Kshatriyas slain in battle here obtain sacred regions of eternal blessedness.²⁶ Even this was said by Cakra himself about the high blessedness of Kurukshetra. All that Cakra said was again approved and sanctioned by Brahman, by Vishnu, and by Maheçwara."²⁷

SECTION LIV.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Having visited Kurukshetra and given away wealth there, he of the Sātвата race then proceeded, O Janamejaya, to a large and exceedingly beautiful hermitage.¹ That hermitage was overgrown with *Madhuka* and mango trees, and abounded with *Plakshas* and *Nyagrodhas*. And it contained many *Vilwas* and many excellent jack and *Arjuna* trees.² Beholding that goodly asylum with many marks of sacredness, Valadeva asked the *Rishis* as to whose it was.³ Those high-souled ones, O king, said unto Valadeva,—‘Listen in detail, O Rāma, as to whose asylum this was in days of yore!’ Here the god Vishnu in days of yore performed austere penances. Here he performed duly all the eternal sacrifices.⁴ Here a Brāhmani maiden, leading from youth the vow of *Brahmacharya*, became crowned with ascetic success. Ultimately, in the possession of *Yoga* powers, that lady of ascetic penances proceeded to heaven.⁵ The high-souled Cāndilya, O king, got a beautiful daughter who was chaste, wedded to severe vows, self-restrained, and observant of *Brahmacharya*.⁶ Having performed the severest of penances such as are incapable of being performed by women, the blessed lady at last went to heaven, worshipped by the gods and Brāhmanas!’ Having heard these words of the *Rishis*, Valadeva entered that asylum.⁷ Bidding a farewell to the *Rishis*, Valadeva of unfading glory went through the performance of all the rites and ceremonies of the evening twilight on the side of Himavat and then began to his ascent of the mountain.⁸ The mighty Valarāma having the device of the palmyra on his banner had not proceeded far in his ascent when he beheld a sacred and goodly *tirtha* and wondered at the sight.⁹ Beholding the glory of the Saraswati as also the *tirtha* called *Plakshapraçavana*, Vala next reached another excellent and foremost of *tirthas* called *Kāravapana*.¹¹ The hero of the plough, of great strength, having made many presents there, bathed in the cool, clear, sacred, and sin-cleansing water (of that *tirtha*).¹² Passing one night there with the

ascetics and the Brāhmanas, Rāma then proceeded to the sacred asylum of the Mitrāvarunas.¹³ From Kāravapana he proceeded to that spot on the Yamunā where in days of yore Indra and Agni and Aryaman had obtained great happiness.¹⁴ Bathing there, that bull of Yadu's race, of righteous soul, obtained great happiness. The hero then sat himself down with the *Rishis* and the *Siddhas* there for listening to their excellent talk.¹⁵ There where Rāma sat in the midst of that conclave, the adorable *Rishi* Nārada came (in course of his wanderings).¹⁶ Covered with matted locks and attired in golden rays, he bore in his hands, O king, a staff made of gold and a waterpot made of the same precious metal.¹⁷ Accomplished in song and dance and adored by gods and Brāhmanas, he had with him a beautiful *Vinā* of melodious notes, made of the tortoise-shell.¹⁸ A provoker of quarrels and ever fond of quarrel, the celestial *Rishi* came to that spot where the handsome Rāma was resting.¹⁹ Standing up and sufficiently honoring the celestial *Rishi* of regulated vows, Rāma asked him about all that had happened to the Kurus.²⁰ Conversant with every duty and usage, Nārada then, O king, told him everything, as it had happened, about the awful extermination of the Kurus.²¹ The son of Rohini then, in sorrowful words, enquired of the *Rishi*, saying,—‘What is the state of the field? How are those kings now that had assembled there?’²² I have heard everything before, O thou that art possessed of the wealth of penances, but my curiosity is great for hearing it in detail!²³

“Nārada said,—‘Already Bhishma and Drona and the lord of the Sindhus have fallen! Vikartana's son Karna also hath fallen, with his sons, those great car-warriors!’²⁴ Bhuriçravas too, O son of Rohini, and the valiant chief of the Madras have fallen! These and many other mighty heroes that had assembled there,²⁵ ready to lay down dear life itself for the victory of Duryodhana,—these kings and princes unreturning from battle,—have all fallen!’²⁶ Listen now to me, O Mādha-va, about those that are yet alive! In the army of Dhritarāshtra's son, only three grinders of hosts are yet alive!’²⁷ They are Kripa and Kritavarman and the valiant son of Drona!

These also, O Rāma, have from fear fled away to the ten points of the compass!³³ After Calya's fall and the flight of Kripa and the others, Duryodhana, in great grief, had entered the depths of the Dwaipāyana lake.³⁴ While lying stretched for rest at the bottom of the lake after stupifying its waters, Duryodhana was approached by the Pandavas with Krishna and pierced by them with their cruel words.³⁵ Pierced with wordy darts, O Rāma, from every side, the mighty and heroic Duryodhana hath risen from the lake, armed with his heavy mace.³⁶ He hath come forward for fighting Bhima for the present. Their terrible encounter, O Rāma, will take place today!³⁷ If thou feelest any curiosity, then hasten, O Mādhava, without tarrying here! Go, if thou wishest, and witness that terrible battle between thy two disciples!"³⁸

Vaiçampāyana continued,—“Hearing these words of Nārada, Rāma bade a respectful farewell to those foremost of Brāhmanas and dismissed all those that had accompanied him (in his pilgrimage).³⁹ Indeed, he ordered his attendants, saying,—‘Return ye to Dwārakā!’ He then descended from that prince of mountains and that fair hermitage called Plaksha-praṇavana.⁴⁰ Having listened to the discourse of the sages about the great merits of *tirthas*, Rāma of unfading glory sang this verse in the midst of the Brāhmanas:⁴¹—‘Where else is such happiness as that in a residence by the Saraswati? Where else such merits as those in a residence by the Saraswati? Men have departed for heaven, having approached the Saraswati! All should ever remember the Saraswati!’⁴² Saraswati is the most sacred of rivers!⁴³ Saraswati always bestows the greatest happiness on men! Men, after approaching the Saraswati, will not have to grieve for their sins either here or hereafter!’⁴⁴ Repeatedly casting his eyes with joy on the Saraswati, that scorcher of foes then ascended an excellent car unto which were yoked goodly steeds.⁴⁵ Journeying then on that car of great fleetness, Valadeva, that bull of Yadu's race, desirous of beholding the approaching encounter of his two disciples, arrived on the field.”⁴⁶

SECTION LV.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Even thus, O Janamejaya, did that terrible battle take place. King Dhritarāshtra, in great sorrow, said these words with reference to it.¹

“Dhritarāshtra said,—“Beholding Rāma approach that spot when the mace-fight was about to happen, how, O Sanjaya, did my son fight Bhima?”

“Sanjaya said,—“Beholding the presence of Rāma, thy valiant son Duryodhana of mighty arms, desirous of battle, became full of joy.² Seeing the hero of the plough, king Yudhishtira, O Bhārata, stood up and duly honored him, feeling great joy the while. He gave him a seat and enquired about his welfare.³ Rāma then answered Yudhishtira, in these sweet and righteous words that were highly beneficial to heroes, viz.,⁴—I have heard it said by the *Rishis*, O best of kings, that Kurukshetra is a highly sacred and sin-cleansing spot, equal to heaven itself, adored by gods and *Rishis* and high-souled Brāhmanas.⁵ Those men that cast off their bodies while engaged in battle on this field, are sure to reside, O sire, in heaven with Cakra himself!⁶ I shall, for this, O king, speedily proceed to Samantapanchaka. In the world of gods, that spot is known as the northern (sacrificial) altar of Brahman the Lord of all creatures!⁷ He that dies in battle on that eternal and most sacred of spots in the three worlds, is sure to obtain heaven!⁸ Saying,—So be it,—O monarch, Kunti’s brave son, the lord Yudhishtira, proceeded towards Samantapanchaka.⁹ King Duryodhana also, taking up his gigantic mace, wrathfully proceeded on foot with the Pāndavas.¹⁰ While proceeding thus, armed with mace and clad in armour, the celestials in the welkin applauded him, saying,—Excellent, Excellent!—The *Chāraṇas* fleet as air,¹¹ seeing the Kuru king, became filled with delight.¹² Surrounded by the Pāndavas, thy son, the Kuru king, proceeded, assuming

* Nilakantha explains that *Vārtikas* means a class of *Chāraṇas* that moved with great celerity like that of the air itself.—T.

the tread of an infuriate elephant.¹³ All the points of the compass were filled with the blare of conchs and the loud peals of drums and the leonine roars of heroes.¹⁴ Proceeding with face westwards to the appointed spot, with thy son (in their midst), they scattered themselves on every side when they reached it.¹⁵ That was an excellent *tirtha* on the southern side of the Saraswati. The ground there was not sandy and was, therefore, selected for the encounter.¹⁶ Clad in armour, and armed with his mace of gigantic thickness, Bhima, O monarch, assumed the form of the mighty Garuda.¹⁷ With head-gear fastened on his head, and wearing an armour made of gold, licking the corners of his mouth, O monarch, with eyes red in wrath, and breathing hard, thy son, on that field, O king, looked resplendent like the golden Sumeru.¹⁸ Taking up his mace, king Duryodhana of great energy, casting his glances on Bhimasena, challenged him to the encounter like an elephant challenging a rival elephant.¹⁹ Similarly, the valiant Bhima, taking up his adamant mace, challenged the king like a lion challenging a lion.²⁰ Duryodhana and Bhima, with uplifted maces, looked in that battle like two mountains with tall summits.²¹ Both of them were exceedingly angry; both were possessed of awful prowess; in encounters with the mace both were disciples of Rohini's intelligent son;²² both resembled each other in their feats and looked like Maya and Vāsava. Both endued with great strength, both resembled Varuna in achievements.²³ Each resembling Vāsudeva, or Rāma, or Viçravana's son (Rāvana), they looked, O monarch, like Madhu and Kaitabha.²⁴ Each like the other in feats, they looked like Sunda and Upasunda, or Rāma and Rāvana, or Vālī and Sugriva.²⁵ Those two scorchers of foes looked like Kāla and Mrityu. They then ran towards each other like two infuriate elephants,²⁶ swelling with pride and mad with passion in the season of autumn and longing for the companionship of a she-elephant in her time. Each seemed to vomit upon the other the poison of his wrath like two fiery snakes.²⁷ Those

* Both 15 and 16 are differently read in the Bombay edition. The Bengal reading, however, is preferable.—T.

two chastisers of foes cast the angriest of glances upon each other. Both were tigers of Bharata's race, and each was possessed of great prowess.³⁸ In encounters with the mace, those two scorchers of foes were invincible like lions. Indeed, O bull of Bharata's race, inspired with desire of victory, they looked like two infuriate elephants.³⁹ Those heroes were unbearable like two tigers accoutered with teeth and claws. They were like two uncrossable oceans lashed into fury and bent upon the destruction of creatures,⁴⁰ or like two angry Suns risen for consuming everything. Those two mighty car-warriors looked like an Eastern and a Western cloud agitated by the wind,⁴¹ roaring awfully and pouring torrents of rain in the rainy season. Those two high-souled and mighty heroes, both possessed of great splendour and effulgence,⁴² looked like two Suns risen at the hour of the Universal destruction. Looking like two enraged tigers or like two roaring masses of clouds,⁴³ they became as glad as two maned lions. Like two angry elephants or two blazing fires,⁴⁴ those two high-souled ones appeared like two mountains with tall summits. With lips swelling with rage and casting keen glances upon each other,⁴⁵ those two high-souled and best of men, armed with maces, encountered each other. Both were filled with joy and each regarded the other as a worthy opponent.⁴⁶ and Vrikodara then resembled two goodly steeds neighing at each other, or two elephants grunting at each other.⁴⁷ Those two foremost of men then looked resplendent like a couple of *Daityas* swelling with might. Then Duryodhana, O monarch, said these proud words unto Yudhishtira in the midst of his brothers and of the high-souled Krishna and Rāma of immeasurable energy,⁴⁸⁻⁵⁰—Protected by the Kaikeyas and the Srinjayas and the high-souled Pāṇchālas, behold ye with all these foremost of kings, seated together, this battle that is about to take place between me and Bhima!—Hearing these words of Duryodhana, they did as requested.⁵⁰⁻⁵¹ Then that large concourse of kings sat down and was seen to look resplendent like a conclave of celestials in heaven.⁵² In the midst of that concourse the mighty-armed and handsome elder brother of Keçava, O monarch, as he sat down, was worshipped by all

around him.⁴³ In the midst of those kings, Valadeva clad in blue robes and possessed of a fair complexion looked beautiful like the moon at full surrounded in the night by thousands of stars.⁴⁴ Meanwhile those two heroes, O monarch, both armed with maces and both unbearable by foes, stood there, goading each other with fierce speeches.⁴⁵ Having addressed each other in disagreeable and bitter words, those two foremost of heroes of Kuru's race stood, casting angry glances upon each other, like Cakra and Vritra in fight.'"⁴⁶

SECTION LVI.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“At the outset, O Janamejaya, a fierce wordy encounter took place between the two heroes. With respect to that, king Dhritarāshtra, filled with grief, said this,—‘Oh, fie on man, who hath such an end! My son, O sinless one, had been the lord of eleven *chamus* of troops!’ He had all the kings under his command and had enjoyed the sovereignty of the whole Earth! Alas, he that had been so, was now a warrior proceeding to battle, on foot, shouldering his mace!’ My poor son, who had before been the protector of the universe, was now himself without protection! Alas, he had, on that occasion, to proceed on foot, shouldering his mace! What can it be but Destiny?’ Alas, O Sanjaya, great was the grief that was felt by my son now!’ Having uttered these words, that ruler of men, afflicted with great woe, became silent.⁶

“Sanjaya said,—‘Deep-voiced like a cloud, Duryodhana then roared from joy like a bovine bull. Possessed of great energy, he challenged the son of Prithā to battle.’ When the high-souled king of the Kurus thus summoned Bhima to the encounter, diverse portents of an awful kind became noticeable.’ Fierce winds began to blow with loud noises at intervals, and a shower of dust fell. All the points of the compass became enveloped in a thick gloom.’ Thunder-bolts of loud peal fell on all sides, causing a great confusion and making the very hair to stand on end. Hundreds of meteors fell, bursting with a loud noise from the welkin.’ Rāhu swallowed the Sun

most untimely, O monarch! The Earth with her forests and trees shook greatly.¹⁰ Hot winds blew, bearing showers of hard pebbles along the ground. The summits of mountains fell down on the Earth's surface.¹¹ Animals of diverse forms were seen to run in all directions. Terrible and fierce jackals, with blazing mouths, howled everywhere.¹² Loud and terrific reports were heard on every side, making the hair to stand on end. The four quarters seemed to be ablaze and many were the animals of ill omen that became visible.¹³ The water in the wells on every side swelled up of their own accord. Loud sounds came from every side, without, O king, visible creatures to utter them.¹⁴ Beholding these and other portents, Vrīkōdara said unto his eldest brother, king Yudhishtira the just,¹⁵—This Suyōdhana of wicked soul is not competent to vanquish me in battle! I shall today vomit that wrath, which I have been cherishing for a long while in the secret recesses of my heart,¹⁶ upon this ruler of the Kurus like Arjuna throwing fire upon the forest of Khāṇḍava! Today, O son of Pāṇḍu, I shall extract the dart that lies sticking to thy heart!¹⁷ Slaying with my mace this sinful wretch of Kuru's race, I shall today place around thy neck the garland of Fame!¹⁸ Slaying this wight of sinful deeds with my mace on the field of battle, I shall today, with this very mace of mine, break his body into a hundred fragments!¹⁹ He shall not have again to enter the city called after the elephant!²⁰ The setting of snakes at us while we were asleep, the giving of poison to us while we ate, the casting of our body into the water at Pramānakoti, the attempt to burn us at the house of lac,²¹ the insult offered us at the assembly, the robbing us of all our possessions, the whole year of our living in concealment, our exile into the woods, O sinless one,²² of all these woes, O best of Bharata's race, I shall today reach the end, O bull of Bharata's line! Slaying this wretch, I shall, in one single day, pay off all the debts I owe him!²³ Today, the period of life, of this wicked son of Dhritarāshtra, of uncleansed soul, hath reached its close, O chief of the Bharatas! After this day he shall not again look at his father and mother!²⁴ Today, O monarch, the happiness of this wicked king of the

Kurus hath come to an end! After this day, O monarch, he shall not again cast his eyes on female beauty!²⁶ Today this disgrace of Cāntanu's line shall sleep on the bare Earth, abandoning his life-breaths, his prosperity, and his kingdom!²⁷ Today king Dhritarāshtra also, hearing of the fall of his son, shall recollect all those evil acts that were born of Cakuni's brain!²⁸—Having said these words, O tiger among kings, Vrikodara of great energy, armed with mace, stood for fight, like Cakra challenging the *Asura* Vritra.²⁹ Beholding Duryodhana also standing with uplifted mace like mount Kailāsa graced with its summit, Bhimasena, filled with wrath, once more addressed him, saying,³⁰—Recall to thy mind that evil act of thyself and king Dhritarāshtra that occurred at Vārṇāvata!³¹ Remember Draupadi who was ill-treated, while in her season, in the midst of the assembly! Remember the deprivation of the king through dice by thyself and Suvala's son!³² Remember that great woe suffered by us, in consequence of thee, in the forest, as also in Virāṭa's city as if we had once more entered the womb! I shall avenge them all today! By good luck, O thou of wicked soul, I see thee today!³³ It is for thy sake that that foremost of car-warriors, viz., the son of Gangā, of great prowess, struck down by Yajnasena's son, sleepeth on a bed of arrows!³⁴ Drona also hath been slain, and Karna, and Calya of great prowess! Suvala's son Cakuni too, that root of this fire of hostilities, hath been slain!³⁵ The wretched *Prātikāmin*, who had seized Draupadi's tresses, hath been slain! All thy brave brothers also, who fought with great valour, have been slain!³⁶ These and many other kings have been slain through thy fault! Thee too I shall slay today with my mace! There is not the slightest doubt in this!³⁷—While Vrikodara, O monarch, was uttering these words in a loud voice, thy fearless son of true prowess answered him, saying,³⁸—What use of such elaborate brag? Fight me, O Vrikodara! O wretch of thy race, to-day I shall destroy thy desire of battle!³⁹ Mean vermin as thou art, know that Duryodhana is not capable, like an ordinary person, of being terrified by a person like thee!⁴⁰ For a long time have I cherished this desire! For a long

time hath this wish been in my heart! By good luck the gods have at last brought it about, viz., a mace-encounter with thee!⁴⁰ What use of long speeches and empty brag, O wicked-souled one! Accomplish these words of thine in acts! Do not tarry at all!⁴¹—Hearing these words of his, the Somakas and the other kings that were present there all applauded them highly.⁴² Applauded by all, Duryodhana's hair stood erect with joy and he firmly set his heart on battle.⁴³ The kings present once again cheered thy wrathful son with claps like persons exciting an infuriate elephant to an encounter.⁴⁴ The high-souled Vrikodara the son of Pāndu then, uplifting his mace, rushed furiously at thy high-souled son.⁴⁵ The elephants present there grunted aloud and the steeds neighed repeatedly. The weapons of the Pāndavas who longed for victory blazed forth of their own accord.'⁴⁶

SECTION LVII.

"Sanjaya said;—Duryodhana, with heart undepressed, beholding Bhimasena in that state, rushed furiously against him, uttering a loud roar.¹ They encountered each other like two bulls encountering each other with their horns. The strokes of their maces produced loud sounds like those of thunder-bolts.² Each longing for victory, the battle that took place between them was terrible, making the very hair to stand on end, like that between Indra and Prahlāda.³ All their limbs bathed in blood, the two high-souled warriors of great energy, both armed with maces, looked like two *Kinçukas* decked with flowers.⁴ During the progress of that great and awful encounter, the welkin looked beautiful as if it swarmed with fire-flies.⁵* After that fierce and terrible battle had lasted for some time, both those chastisers of foes became fatigued.⁶ Having rested for a little while, those two scorchers of foes, taking up their handsome maces, once again began to ward off each other's attacks.⁷ Indeed, when those two war-

* This was due to the innumerable sparks of fire generated by the repeated clash of the maces.—T.

rriors of great energy, those two foremost of men, both possessed of great might, once more encountered each other after having taken a little rest, they looked like two elephants infuriate with passion and attacking each other for obtaining the companionship of an elephantess in season.⁸ Beholding those two heroes, both armed with maces and each equal to the other in energy, the gods and *Gandharvas* and men became filled with wonder.⁹ Beholding Duryodhana and Vrikodara both armed with mace, all creatures became doubtful as to who amongst them would be victorious.¹⁰ Those two cousins, those two foremost of mighty men, once again rushing at each other and desiring to take advantage of each other's *lashes*, waited each watching the other.¹¹ The spectators, O king, beheld each armed with his uplifted mace, that was heavy, fierce, and murderous, and that resembled the bludgeon of Yama or the thunder-bolt of Indra.¹² While Bhimasena whirled his weapon, loud and awful was the sound that it produced.¹³ Beholding his foe, the son of Pāndu, thus whirling his mace endued with unrivalled impetuosity, Duryodhana became filled with amazement.¹⁴ Indeed, the heroic Vrikodara, O Bhārata, as he careered in diverse courses, presented a highly beautiful spectacle.¹⁵ Both bent upon carefully protecting themselves, as they approached, they repeatedly mangled each other like two cats fighting for a piece of meat.¹⁶ Bhimasena performed diverse kinds of evolutions. He coursed in beautiful circles, advanced, and receded.¹⁷ He dealt blows and warded off those of his adversary, with wonderful activity. He took up various kinds of position (for attack and defence). He delivered attacks and avoided those of his antagonist. He ran at his foe, now turning to the right and now to the left.¹⁸ He advanced straight against the enemy. He made *ruses* for drawing his foe. He stood immovable, prepared for attacking his foe as soon as the latter would expose himself to attack. He circumambulated his foe, and prevented his foe from circumambulating him. He avoided the blows of his foe by moving away in bent postures or jumping aloft.¹⁹ He struck, coming up to his foe face to face, or dealt back-thrusts while moving away from him. Both

accomplished in encounters with the mace, Bhima and Duryodhana thus careered and fought, and struck each other.³⁰ Those two foremost ones of Kuru's race careered thus, each avoiding the other's blows. Indeed, those two mighty warriors thus coursed in circles and seemed to sport with each other.³¹ Displaying in that encounter their skill in battle, those two chastisers of foes sometimes suddenly attacked each other with their weapons,³² like two elephants approaching and attacking each other with their tusks. Covered with blood, they looked very beautiful, O monarch, on the field.³³ Even thus occurred that battle, awfully and before the gaze of a large multitude, towards the close of the day, like the battle between Vritra and Vāsava. Armed with maces, both began to career in circles.³⁴ Duryodhana, O monarch, adopted the right *mandala*, while Bhimasena adopted the left *mandala*.³⁵ While Bhima was thus careering in circles on the field of battle, Duryodhana, O monarch, suddenly struck him a fierce blow on one of his flanks.³⁶ Struck by thy son, O sire, Bhima began to whirl his heavy mace for returning that blow.³⁷ The spectators, O monarch, beheld that mace of Bhimasena look as terrible as Indra's thunder-bolt or Yama's uplifted bludgeon.³⁸ Seeing Bhima whirl his mace, thy son, uplifting his own terrible weapon, struck him again.³⁹ Loud was the sound, O Bhārata, produced by the descent of thy son's mace. So quick was that descent that it generated a flame of fire in the welkin.⁴⁰ Coursing in diverse kinds of circles, adopting each motion at the proper time, Suyodhana, possessed of great energy, once more seemed to prevail over Bhima.⁴¹ The massive mace of Bhimasena, meanwhile, whirled with his whole force, produced a loud sound as also smoke and sparks and flames of fire.⁴² Beholding Bhimasena whirling his mace, Suyodhana also whirled his heavy and adamant weapon and presented a highly beautiful aspect.⁴³ Marking

* I. e., Duryodhana wheeled around, always turning to his right, while his adversary wheeled around, turning to his left. Both the combatants advanced towards the centre of the lists as they thus wheeled around.—T.

the violence of the wind produced by the whirl of Duryodhana's mace, a great fear entered the hearts of all the Pāndus and the Somakas.³⁴ Meanwhile those two chastisers of foes, displaying on every side their skill in battle, continued to strike each other with their maces,³⁵ like two elephants approaching and striking each other with their tusks. Both of them O monarch, covered with blood, looked highly beautiful.³⁶ Even thus progressed that awful battle before the gaze of thousands of spectators at the close of day, like the fierce battle that took place between Vritra and Vāsava.³⁷ Beholding Bhima firmly stationed on the field, thy mighty son, careering in more beautiful motions, rushed towards that son of Kunti.³⁸ Filled with wrath, Bhima struck the mace, endued with great impetuosity and adorned with gold, of the angry Duryodhana.³⁹ A loud sound with sparks of fire was produced by that clash of the two maces which resembled the clash of two thunderbolts from opposite directions.⁴⁰ Hurling by Bhimasena, his impetuous mace, as it fell down, caused the very Earth to tremble.⁴¹ The Kuru prince could not brook to see his own mace thus baffled in that attack. Indeed, he became filled with rage like an infuriate elephant at the sight of a rival elephant.⁴² Adopting the left *mandala*, O monarch, and whirling his mace, Suyodhana then, firmly resolved, struck the son of Kunti on the head with his weapon of terrible force.⁴³ Thus struck by thy son, Bhima the son of Pāndu trembled not, O monarch, at which all the spectators wondered exceedingly.⁴⁴ That amazing patience, O king, of Bhimasena, who stirred not an inch though struck so violently, was applauded by all the combatants present there.⁴⁵ Then Bhima of terrible prowess hurled at Duryodhana his own heavy and blazing mace adorned with gold.⁴⁶ That blow the mighty and fearless Duryodhana warded off by his activity. Beholding this, great was the wonder that the spectators felt.⁴⁷ That mace, hurled by Bhima, O king, as it fell baffled of effect, produced a loud sound like that of the thunder-bolt and caused the very Earth to tremble.⁴⁸ Adopting the manœuvre called *Kauçika*, and repeatedly jumping up, Duryodhana, properly marking the descent of Bhima's mace, baffled the latter.⁴⁹ Baffling Bhima-

sena thus, the Kuru king, endued with great strength, at last in rage struck the former in the chest.⁵⁰ Struck very forcibly by thy son in that dreadful battle, Bhimasena became stupified and for a time knew not what to do.⁵¹ At that time, O king, the Somakas and the Pāṇdavas became greatly disappointed and very cheerless.⁵² Filled with rage at that blow, Bhima then rushed at thy son like an elephant rushing against an elephant.⁵³ Indeed, with up-lifted mace, Bhima rushed furiously at Duryodhana like a lion rushing against a wild elephant.⁵⁴ Approaching the Kuru king, the son of Pāṇdu, O monarch, accomplished in the use of the mace, began to whirl his weapon, taking aim at thy son.⁵⁵ Bhimasena then struck Duryodhana on one of his flanks. Stupified at that blow, the latter fell down on the Earth, supporting himself on his knees.⁵⁶ When that foremost one of Kuru's race fell upon his knees, a loud cry arose from among the Srinjayas, O ruler of the world!⁵⁷ Hearing that loud uproar of the Srinjayas, O bull among men, thy son became filled with rage.⁵⁸ The mighty-armed hero, rising up, began to breathe like a mighty-snake, and seemed to burn Bhimasena by casting his glances upon him.⁵⁹ That foremost one of Bharata's race then rushed at Bhimasena, as if he would that time crush the head of his antagonist in that battle.⁶⁰ The high-souled Duryodhana of terrible prowess then struck the high-souled Bhimasena on the forehead. The latter, however, moved not an inch but stood immovable like a mountain.⁶¹ Thus struck in that battle, the son of Prithā, O monarch, looked beautiful, as he bled profusely, like an elephant of rent temples with juicy scerements trickling adown.⁶² The elder brother of Dhananjaya then, that crusher of foes, taking up his hero-slaying mace made of iron and producing a sound loud as that of the thunder-bolt, struck his adversary with great force.⁶³ Struck by Bhimasena, thy son fell down, his frame trembling all over, like a gigantic *Çāla* in the forest, decked with flowers, uprooted by the violence of the tempest.⁶⁴ Beholding thy son prostrated on the Earth, the Pāṇdavas became exceedingly glad and uttered loud cries. Recovering his consciousness, thy son

then rose, like an elephant from a lake." That ever-wrathful monarch and great car-warrior then, careering with great skill, struck Bhimasena who was standing before him. At this, the son of Pāndu, with weakened limbs, fell down on the Earth." Having by his energy prostrated Bhimasena on the ground, the Kuru prince uttered a leonine roar. By the descent of his mace, whose violence resembled that of the thunder, he had, fractured Bhima's coat of mail." A loud uproar was then heard in the welkin, made by the denizens of heaven and the *Apsurās*. A floral shower, emitting great fragrance, fell, rained by the celestials." Beholding Bhima prostrated on the Earth, and weakened in strength, and seeing his coat of mail laid open, a great fear entered the hearts of our foes." Recovering his senses in a moment, and wiping his face which had been dyed with blood, and mustering great patience, Vrikodara stood up, with rolling eyes, steadying himself with great effort." "

SECTION LVIII.

"Sanjaya said,—Beholding that fight thus raging between those two foremost heroes of Kuru's race, Arjuna said unto Vāsudeva,—Between these two, who, in thy opinion, is superior? Who amongst them hath what meirt? Tell me this, O Janārdhana!—"

"Vāsudeva said,—The instruction received by them hath been equal. Bhima, however, is possessed of greater might, while the son of Dhritarāshtra is possessed of greater skill and hath laboured more.³ If he were to fight fairly, Bhimasena will never succeed in winning the victory. If, however, he fights unfairly, he will surely be able to slay Duryodhana.⁴ The *Asuras* were vanquished by the gods with the aid of deception. We have heard this. Virochana was vanquished by Cakra with the aid of deception.⁵ The slayer of Vala deprived Vritra of his energy by an act of deception. Therefore, let Bhimasena put forth his prowess, aided by deception!⁶ At the time of the gambling, O Dhananjaya, Bhima vowed to break the thighs of Suyodhana with his mace in battle.⁷ Let this crusher of foes, therefore,

accomplish that vow of his! Let him, with deception, slay the Kuru king who is full of deception.* If Bhīma, depending upon his might alone, were to fight fairly, king Yudhishtira will have to incur great danger.† I tell thee again, O son of Pāṇḍu, listen to me! It is through the fault of king Yudhishtira alone that danger hath once more overtaken us!‡ Having achieved great feats by the slaughter of Bhishma and the other Kurus, the king had won victory and fame and had almost attained to the end of the hostilities.¶ Having thus obtained the victory, he placed himself once more in a situation of doubt and peril. This has been an act of great folly on the part of Yudhishtira, O Pāṇḍava,§ since he hath made the result of the battle depend upon the victory or the defeat of only one warrior! Suyodhana is accomplished, he is a hero; he is again firmly resolved.¶ This old verse uttered by Uçanas hath been heard by us. Listen to me as I recite it to thee with its true sense and meaning!—Those amongst the remnant of a hostile force broken flying away for life that rally and come back to the fight, should always be feared, for they are firmly resolved and have but one purpose!—Cakra himself, O Dhananjaya, cannot stand before them that rush in fury, having abandoned all hope of life.¶ This Suyodhana had broken and fled. All his troops had been killed. He had entered the depths of a lake. He had been defeated and, therefore, he had desired to retire into the woods, having become hopeless of retaining his kingdom. What man is there, possessed of any wisdom, that would challenge such a person to a single-combat?¶ I do not know whether Duryodhana may not succeed in snatching the kingdom that had already become ours! For full thirteen years he practised with the mace with great resolution. Even now, for slaying Bhīmasena, he jumpeth up

[* c f. Lord Byron's lines in *the Corsair* :—

“And flame for flame and blood for blood must tell,
The tide of triumph ebbes that flow'd too well—
When wrath returns to renovated strife,

And all those who fought for conquest strike for life.”—T.]

and leapeth transversely!" If the mighty-armed Bhima do not slay him unfairly, the son of Dhritarāshtra will surely remain king!"—Having heard those words of the high-souled Keçava, Dhananjaya struck his own left thigh before the eyes of Bhimasena.²⁰ Understanding that sign, Bhima began to career with his uplifted mace, making many a beautiful circle and many a *Yamaka* and other kinds of manœuvres.²¹ Some times adopting the right *mandala*, sometimes the left *mandala*, and sometimes the motion called *Gomutraka*, the son of Pāndu began to career, O king, stupifying his foe.²² Similarly, thy son, O monarch, who was well conversant with encounters with the mace, careered beautifully and with great activity, for slaying Bhimasena.²³ Whirling their terrible maces which were smeared with sandal-paste and other perfumed unguents, the two heroes, desirous of reaching the end of their hostilities, careered in that battle like two angry Yamas.²⁴ Desirous of slaying each other, those two foremost of men, possessed of great heroism, fought like two Gaduras desirous of catching the same snake.²⁵ While the king and Bhima careered in beautiful circles, their maces clashed, and sparks of fire were generated by those repeated clashes.²⁶ Those two heroic and mighty warriors struck each other equally in that battle. They then resembled, O monarch, two oceans agitated by the tempest.²⁷ Striking each other equally like two infuriate elephants, their clashing maces produced peals of thunder.²⁸ During the progress of that dreadful and fierce battle at close quarters, both those chastisers of foes, while battling, became fatigued.²⁹ Having rested for a while, those two scorchers of foes, filled with rage and uplifting their maces, once more began to battle with each other.³⁰ When by the repeated descents of their maces, O monarch, they mangled each other, the battle they fought became exceedingly dreadful and perfectly unrestrained.³¹ Rushing at each other in that encounter, those two heroes, possessed of eyes like those of bulls and endued with great activity, struck each other fiercely like two buffaloes in the mire.³² All their limbs mangled and bruised, and covered with blood from head to foot, they looked like a couple of *Kinçukas* on the breast of Himavat.³³ During

the progress of the encounter, when Vrikodara (as a *ruse*) seemed to give Duryodhana an opportunity, the latter, smiling a little, advanced forward.³⁴ Well-skilled in battle, the mighty Vrikodara, beholding his adversary come up, suddenly hurled his mace at him.³⁵ Seeing the mace hurled at him, thy son, O monarch, moved away from that spot at which the weapon fell down baffled on the Earth.³⁶ Having warded off that blow, thy son, that foremost one of Kuru's race, quickly struck Bhimasena with his weapon.³⁷ In consequence of the large quantity of blood drawn by that blow, as also owing to the violence itself of the blow, Bhimasena of immeasurable energy seemed to be stupified.³⁸ Duryodhana, however, knew not that the son of Pāndu was so afflicted at that moment. Though deeply afflicted, Bhima sustained himself, summoning all his patience.³⁹ Duryodhana, therefore, regarded him to be unmoved and ready to return the blow. It was for this that thy son did not then strike him again.⁴⁰ Having rested for a little while, the valiant Bhimasena rushed furiously, O king, at Duryodhana who was standing near.⁴¹ Beholding Bhimasena of immeasurable energy, filled with rage and rushing towards him, thy high-souled son, O bull of Bharata's race, desiring to baffle his blow, set his heart on the manœuvre called *Avasthāna*. He, therefore, desired to jump upwards, O monarch, for beguiling Vrikodara.⁴²⁻⁴³ Bhimasena fully understood the intentions of his adversary. Rushing, therefore, at him, with a loud leonine roar,⁴⁴ he fiercely hurled his mace at the thighs of the Kuru king as the latter had jumped up for baffling the first aim.⁴⁵ That mace, endued with the force of the thunder and hurled by Bhima of terrible feats, fractured the two handsome thighs of Duryodhana.⁴⁶ That tiger among men, viz., thy son, after his thighs had been broken by Bhimasena, fell down, causing the Earth to echo with his fall.⁴⁷ Fierce winds began to blow, with loud sounds at repeated intervals. Showers of dust fell. The Earth, with her trees and plants and mountains, began to tremble.⁴⁸ Upon the fall of that hero who was the head of all monarchs on Earth, fierce and fiery winds blew with a loud noise and with thunder falling frequently. Indeed, when that lord of Earth fell, large meteors

- were seen to flash down from the sky.⁴⁹ Bloody showers, and also showers of dust, fell, O Bhārata! These were poured by Magavat, upon the fall of thy son!⁵⁰ A loud noise was heard, O bull of Bharata's race, in the welkin, made by the *Yaksha* and the *Rākshasas* and the *Piçāchus*.⁵¹ At that terrible sound animals and birds, numbering in thousands, began to utter more frightful noise on every side.⁵² Those steeds and elephants and human beings that formed the (unslain) remnant of the (Pāndava) host uttered loud cries when thy son fell. Loud also became the blare of conchs and the peal of drums and cymbals.⁵³ A terrific noise seemed to come from within the bowels of the Earth. Upon the fall of thy son, O monarch headless beings of frightful forms, possessed of many legs and many arms, and inspiring all creatures with dread, began to dance and cover the Earth on all sides.⁵⁴ Combatants, O king that stood with standards or weapons in their arms, began to tremble, O king, when thy son fell.⁵⁵ Lakes and wells, O best of kings, vomited forth blood. Rivers of rapid currents flowed in opposite directions.⁵⁶ Women seemed to look like men and men to look like women, at that hour, O king, when thy son Duryodhana fell!⁵⁷ Beholding those wonderful portents the Pāñchālas and the Pāndavas, O bull of Bharata's race, became filled with anxiety.⁵⁸ The gods and the *Gandharvas* went away to the regions they desired, talking, as they proceeded, of that wonderful battle between thy sons.⁵⁹ Similarly the *Siddhas*, and the *Chāranas* of the fleetest course, went to those places from which they had come, applauding the two lions among men.'"⁶⁰

SECTION LIX.

"Sanjaya said,—“Beholding Duryodhana felled upon the Earth like a gigantic Cāla uprooted (by the tempest), the Pāndavas became filled with joy.¹ The Somakas also beheld with hair standing on end, the Kuru king felled upon the Earth like an infuriate elephant felled by a lion.² Having struck Duryodhana down, the valiant Bhimasena, approaching the Kuru chief, addressed him, saying,³—O wretch, former

laughing at the disrobed, Draupadi in the midst of the assembly, thou hadst, O fool, addressed us as—*Cow, Cow!*⁴—Bear now the fruit of that insult!—Having said these words, he touched the head of his fallen foe with his left foot. Indeed, he struck the head of that lion among kings with his foot.⁵ With eyes red in wrath, Bhimasena, that grinder of hostile armies, once more said these words. Listen to them, O monarch!⁶—They that danced at us insultingly, saying,—*Cow, Cow,*—we shall now dance at them, uttering the same words, viz.,—*Cow, Cow!*⁷—We have no guile, no fire, no match at dice, no deception! Depending upon the might of our own arms we resist and check our foes!⁸—Having attained to the other shores of those fierce hostilities, Vrikodara once more laughingly said these words slowly unto Yudhishtira and Keçava and the Srinjayas and Dhananjaya and the two sons of Mādri.⁹—They that had dragged Draupadi, while ill, into the assembly, and had disrobed her there, behold those Dhārtarāshtras slain in battle by the Pāndavas through the ascetic penances of Yajnasena's daughter!¹⁰ Those wicked-hearted sons of king Dhritarāshtra who had called us *Sesame seeds without kernel*, have all been slain by us with their relatives and followers! It matters little whether (as a consequence of those deeds) we go to heaven or fall into hell!¹¹—Once more, uplifting the mace that lay on his shoulders, he struck with his left foot the head of the monarch who was prostrate on the Earth, and addressing the deceitful Duryodhana, said these words.¹² Many of the foremost warriors among the Somakas, who were all of righteous souls, beholding the foot of the rejoicing Bhimasena of narrow heart placed upon the head of that foremost one of Kuru's race, did not at all approve of it.¹³ While Vrikodara, after having struck down thy son, was thus bragging and dancing madly, king Yudhishtira addressed him, saying,¹⁴—Thou hast paid off thy hostility (towards Duryodhana) and accomplished thy vow by a fair or an unfair act! Cease now, O Bhima!¹⁵ Do not crush his head with thy foot! Do not act sinfully! Duryodhana is a king! He is, again, thy kinsman! He is fallen! This conduct of thine, O sinless one, is not proper!¹⁶ Duryodhana was the lord of eleven *Akshauhini*

of troops He was the king of the Kurus! Do not, O Bhima touch a king and a kinsman with thy foot!¹⁷ His kinsmen are slain! His friends and counsellors are gone! His troops have been exterminated! He has been struck down in battle! He is to be pitied in every respect! He deserves not to be insulted, for remember that he is a king!¹⁸ He is ruined! His friends and kinsmen have been slain! His brothers have been killed! His sons too have been slain! His funeral cake hath been taken away! He is our brother! This that thou doest unto him is not proper!¹⁹ *Bhimasena is a man of righteous behaviour!* People used to say this before of thee! Why then, O Bhimasena, dost thou insult the king in this way?²⁰—Having said these words unto Bhimasena, Yudhishtira, with voice choked in tears, and afflicted with grief, approached Duryodhana, that chastiser of foes, and said unto him,²¹—O sire, thou shouldst not give way to anger nor grieve for thyself! Without doubt, thou bearest the dreadful consequences of thy own former acts!²² Without doubt, this sad and woful result had been ordained by the Creator himself, viz., that we should injure thee and thou shouldst injure us, O foremost one of Kuru's race!²³ Through thy own fault this great calamity has come upon thee, due to avarice and pride and folly, O Bhārata!²⁴ Having caused thy companions and brothers and sires and sons and grandsons and others to be all slain, thou comest now by thy own death!²⁵ In consequence of thy fault thy brothers, mighty car-warriors all, and thy kinsmen, have been slain by us! I think all this to be the work of irresistible Destiny!²⁶ Thou art not to be pitied! On the other hand, thy death, O sinless one, is enviable! It is we that deserve to be pitied in every respect, O Kaurava! We shall have to drag on a miserable existence, reft of all our dear friends and kinsmen!²⁷ Alas, how shall I behold the widows, overwhelmed with grief and deprived of their senses by sorrow, of my brothers and sons and grandsons!²⁸ Thou, O king, departest from this world! Thou art sure to have thy residence in heaven! We, on the other hand, shall be reckoned as creatures of hell, and shall continue to suffer the most poignant grief!²⁹ The grief-afflicted wives of Dhritarāshtra's sons and grand-

sons, those widows crushed with sorrow, will, without doubt, curse us all !¹⁰—Having said these words, Dharma's royal son Yudhishthira, deeply afflicted with grief, began to breathe hard and indulge in lamentations.' ”¹¹

SECTION LX.

“Dhritarāshtra said,—‘Beholding the (Kuru) king struck down unfairly, what, O *Suta*, did the mighty Valadeva, that foremost one of Madhu's race, say ?¹ Tell me, O Sanjaya, what Rohini's son, well-skilled in encounters with the mace and well acquainted with all its rules, did on that occasion !’²

“Sanjaya said,—‘Beholding thy son struck at the thighs, the mighty Rāma, that foremost of smiters, became exceedingly angry.³ Raising his arms aloft, the hero having the plough for his weapon, in a voice of deep sorrow, said in the midst of those kings,—Oh, fie on Bhima, fie on Bhima !⁴ Oh, fie, that in such a fair fight a blow hath been struck below the navel ! Never before hath such an act as Vrikodara hath done been witnessed in an encounter with the mace !⁵ No limb below the navel should be struck. This is the precept laid down in treatises ! This Bhima, however, is an ignorant wretch, unacquainted with the truths of treatises ! He, therefore, acteth as he likes !⁶—While uttering these words, Rāma gave way to great wrath. The mighty Valadeva then, uplifting his plough, rushed towards Bhimasena !⁷ The form of that high-souled warrior of uplifted arms then became like that of the gigantic mountains of Kailāsa variegated with diverse kinds of metals.⁸ The mighty Keçava, however, ever bending with humility, seized the rushing Rāma, encircling him with his massive and well-rounded arms.⁹ Those two foremost heroes of Yadu's race, the one dark in complexion and the other fair, looked exceedingly beautiful at that moment, like the Sun and the Moon, O king, on the evening sky !¹⁰ For pacifying the angry Rāma, Keçava addressed him, saying,—There are six kinds of advancement that a person may have, viz., one's own advancement, the advancement of one's friends, the advancement of one's friends' friends, the decay of one's enemy, the

decay of one's enemy's friends, and the decay of one's enemy's friends' friends." When reverses happen to one's own self or to one's friends, one should then understand that one's fall is at hand and, therefore, one should at such times look for the means of applying a remedy.¹³ The Pāṇḍavas of unsullied prowess are our natural friends. They are the children of our own sire's sister! They had been greatly afflicted by their foes!¹⁴ The accomplishment of one's vow is one's duty. Formerly Bhīma had vowed in the midst of the assembly that he would in great battle break with his mace the thighs of Duryodhana.¹⁵ The great *Rishi* Maitreya also, O scorcher of foes, had formerly cursed Duryodhana, saying,—*Bhīma will, with his mace, break thy thighs!*¹⁶—In consequence of all this, I do not see any fault in Bhīma! Do not give way to wrath, O slayer of Pralambā! Our relationship with the Pāṇḍavas is founded upon birth and blood as also upon an attraction of hearts.¹⁷ In their growth is our growth. Do not, therefore, give way to wrath, O bull among men!—Hearing these words of Vāsudeva, the wielder of the plough, who was conversant with rules of morality, said,¹⁸—Morality is well practised by the good. Morality, however, is always afflicted by two things, viz., the desire for Profit entertained by those that covet it, and the desire for Pleasure cherished by those that are wedded to it.¹⁹ Whoever without afflicting Morality and Profit, or Morality and Pleasure, or Pleasure and Profit, followeth all three, viz., Morality, Profit, and Pleasure, always succeeds in obtaining great happiness.²⁰ In consequence, however, of morality being afflicted by Bhīmasena, this harmony of which I have spoken hath been disturbed, whatever, O Govinda, thou mayst tell me!²¹—Krishna replied, saying,—Thou art always described as bereft of wrath, and righteous-souled and devoted to righteousness! Calm thyself, therefore, and do not give way to wrath!²² Know that the *Kālī* age is at hand. Remember also the vow made by the son of Pāṇḍu! Let, therefore, the son of Pāṇḍu be regarded to have paid off the debt he owed to his hostility and to have fulfilled his vow!—²³

“Sanjaya continued,—‘Hearing this fallacious discourse

from Keçava, O king, Rāma failed to dispel his wrath and become cheerful. He then said in that assembly,"—Having unfairly slain king Suyodhana of righteous soul, the son of Pāndu shall be reputed in the world as a crooked warrior!"¹⁴ The righteous-souled Duryodhana, on the other hand, shall obtain eternal blessedness! Dhritarāshtra's royal son, that ruler of men, who hath been struck down, is a fair warrior!"¹⁵ Having made every arrangement for the Sacrifice of battle and having undergone the initiatory ceremonies on the field, and, lastly, having poured his life as a libation upon the fire represented by his foes, Duryodhana has fairly completed his Sacrifice by the final ablutions represented by the attainment of glory!"¹⁶—Having said these words, the valiant son of Rohini, looking like the crest of a white cloud, ascended his car and proceeded towards Dwārakā."¹⁷ The Pāñchālas with the Vrishnis, as also the Pāndavas, O monarch, became rather cheerless after Rāma had set out for Dwārāvati."¹⁸ Then Vāsudeva, approaching Yudhishtira who was exceedingly melancholy and filled with anxiety, and who hung down his head and knew not what to do in consequence of his deep affliction, said unto him these words."¹⁹

"Vāsudeva said,—O Yudhishtira the just, why dost thou sanction this unrighteous act, since thou permittest the head of the insensible and fallen Duryodhana whose kinsmen and friends have all been slain to be thus struck by Bhima with his foot? Conversant as thou art with the ways of morality, why dost thou, O king, witness this act with indifference?"²⁰⁻²¹

"Yudhishtira answered,—This act, O Krishna, done from wrath, of Vrikodara's touching the head of the king with his foot, is not agreeable to me, nor am I glad at this extermination of my race!"²² By guile were we always deceived by the sons of Dhritarāshtra! Many were the cruel words they spoke to us. We were again exiled into the woods by them."²³ Great is the grief on account of all those acts that is in Bhima-sena's heart! Reflecting on all this, O thou of Vrishni's race, I looked on with indifference!"²⁴ Having slain the covetous Duryodhana bereft of wisdom and enslaved by his passions,

let the son of Pāndu gratify his desire, be it by righteousness or unrighteousness !—”³⁵

“Sanjaya continued,—‘After Yudhishtira had said this, Vāsudeva, that perpetuator of Yadu’s race, said with difficulty, —Let it be so !’³⁶—Indeed, after Vāsudeva had been addressed in those words by Yudhishtira, the former, who, always wished what was agreeable to and beneficial for Bhima, approved all those acts that Bhima had done in battle.” Having struck down thy son in battle, the wrathful Bhima-sena, his heart filled with joy, stood with joined hands before Yudhishtira and saluted him in proper form.³⁷ With eyes expanded in delight and proud of the victory he had won, Vrikodara of great energy, O king, addressed his eldest brother, saying,³⁸—The Earth is today thine, O king, without brawls to disturb her and with all her thorns removed ! Rule over her, O monarch, and observe the duties of thy order !³⁹ He who was the cause of these hostilities and who fomented them by means of his guile, that wretched wight fond of deception, lieth, struck down, on the bare ground, O lord of Earth !⁴⁰ All those wretches headed by Dusçāsana, who used to utter cruel words, as also those other foes of thine, viz., the son of Rādhā, and Cakuni, have been slain !⁴¹ Teeming with all kinds of gems, the Earth, with her forests and mountains, O monarch, once more cometh to thee that hast no foes alive !⁴²—

“Yudhishtira said,—Hostilities have come to an end ! King Suyodhana hath been struck down ! The Earth hath been conquered (by us), ourselves having acted according to the counsels of Krishna !⁴³ By good luck, thou hast paid off thy debt to thy mother and to thy wrath ! By good luck, thou hast been victorious, O invincible hero, and by good luck, thy foe hath been slain ! ”⁴⁴

SECTION LXI.

“Dhritarāshtra said,—‘Beholding Duryodhana struck down in battle by Bhimasena, what, O Sanjaya, did the Pāndavas and the Srinjayas do ?’

“Sanjaya said,—‘Beholding Duryodhana slain by Bhima-sena in battle, O king, like a wild elephant slain by a lion,’

the Pāṇḍavas with Krishna became filled with delight. The Pāṇchālas and the Srinjayas also, upon the fall of the Kuru king,³ waved their upper garments (in the air) and uttered leonine roars. The very Earth seemed to be unable to bear those rejoicing warriors.⁴ Some stretched their bows; others drew their bowstrings. Some blew their huge conchs; others beat their drums.⁵ Some sported and jumped about, while some amongst thy foes laughed aloud. Many heroes repeatedly said these words unto Bhimasena:⁶—Exceedingly difficult and great hath been the feat that thou hast achieved today in battle, by having struck down the Kuru king, himself a great warrior, with thy mace!⁷ All these men regard this slaughter of the foe by thee to be like that of Vritra by Indra himself!⁸ Who else, save thyself, O Vrikodara, could slay the heroic Duryodhana while careering in diverse kinds of motion and performing all the wheeling manœuvres (characteristic of such encounters)?⁹ Thou hast now reached the other shore of these hostilities, that other shore which none else could reach! This feat that thou hast achieved is incapable of being achieved by any other warrior!¹⁰ By good luck, thou hast, O hero, like an infuriate elephant, crushed with thy foot the head of Duryodhana on the field of battle!¹¹ Having fought a wonderful battle, by good luck, O sinless one, thou hast quaffed the blood of Duṣṣāsana, like a lion quaffing the blood of a buffalo!¹² By good luck, thou hast, by thy own energy, placed thy foot on the head of all those that had injured the righteous-souled king Yudhishtira!¹³ In consequence of having vanquished thy foes and of thy having slain Duryodhana, by good luck, O Bhima, thy fame hath spread over the whole world!¹⁴ Bards and eulogists applauded Cakra after the fall of Vritra even as we are now applauding thee, O Bhārata, after the fall of thy foes!¹⁵ Know, O Bhārata, that the joy we felt upon the fall of Duryodhana hath not yet abated in the least!—Even these were the words addressed to Bhimasena by the assembled eulogists on that occasion!¹⁶ Whilst those tigers among men, viz., the Pāṇchālas and the Pāṇḍavas, all filled with delight, were indulging in such language, the slayer of Madana and

dressed them, saying,¹⁷—Ye rulers of men, it is not proper to slay a slain foe with such cruel speeches repeatedly uttered! This wight of wicked understanding hath already been slain!¹⁸ This sinful, shameless, and covetous wretch, surrounded by sinful counsellors and ever regardless of the advice of wise friends, met with his death even then¹⁹ when he refused, though repeatedly urged to the contrary by Vidura and Drona and Kripa and Sanjaya, to give unto the sons of Pāndu their paternal share in the kingdom which they had solicited at his hand!²⁰ This wretch is not now fit to be regarded either as a friend or a foe! What use in spending bitter breath upon one who hath now become a piece of wood!²¹ Mount your cars quickly, ye kings, for we should leave this place! By good luck, this sinful wretch hath been slain with his counsellors and kinsmen and friends!²²—Hearing these rebukes from Krishna, king Duryodhana, O monarch, gave way to wrath and endeavoured to rise.²³ Sitting on his haunches and supporting himself on his two arms, he contracted his eye-brows and cast angry glances at Vāsudeva.²⁴ The form then of Duryodhana whose body was half raised, looked like that of a poisonous snake, O Bhārata, shorn of its tail.²⁵ Disregarding his poignant and unbearable pains, Duryodhana began to afflict Vāsudeva with keen and bitter words.²⁶—O son of Kansa's slave, thou hast, it seems, no shame, for hast thou forgotten that I have been struck down most unfairly, judged by the rules that prevail in encounters with the mace? It was thou who unfairly caused this act by reminding Bhima with a hint about the breaking of my thighs! Dost thou think I did not mark it when Arjuna (acting under thy advice) hinted it to Bhima?²⁷⁻²⁸ Having caused thousands of kings, who always fought fairly, to be slain through diverse kinds of unfair means, feelst thou no shame or no abhorrence for those acts?²⁹ Day after day having caused a great carnage of heroic warriors, thou causedst the grandsire to be slain by plaining Cikhandin to the fore!³⁰ Having again caused an elephant of the name of Aṣwatthāman to be slain, O thou of wicked understanding, thou causedst the preceptor to lay aside his weapons. Thinkest thou that this is not known to me?³¹ While again

that valiant hero was about to be slain by this cruel Dhrishtadyumna, thou didst not dissuade the latter!" The dart that had been begged (of Cakra as a boon) by Karna for the slaughter of Arjuna, was baffled by thee through Ghatotkacha! Who is there that is more sinful than thou?" Similarly, the mighty Bhuriçravas, with one of his arms lopped off and while observant of the *Prāya* vow, was caused to be slain by thee through the agency of the high-souled Sātyaki." Karna had done a great feat for vanquishing Pārtha. Thou, however, causedst Açwasena, the son of that prince of snakes (viz., Takshaka.) to be baffled in achieving his purpose!" When again the wheel of Karna's car sank in mire and Karna was afflicted with calamity and almost vanquished on that account,—when, indeed, that foremost of men became anxious to liberate his wheel,—thou causedst that Karna to be then slain!" If ye had fought me and Karna and Bhishma and Drona by fair means, victory then, without doubt, would never have been yours!" By adopting the most crooked and unrighteous of means thou hast caused many kings observant of the duties of their order and ourselves also to be slain!—"

"Vāsudeva said,—Thou, O son of Gāndhāri, hast been slain with thy brothers, sons, kinsmen, friends, and followers, only in consequence of the sinful path in which thou hast trod!" Through thy evil acts those two heroes, viz., Bhishma and Drona, have been slain! Karna too hath been slain for having imitated thy behaviour!" Solicited by me, O fool, thou didst not, from avarice, give the Pāndavas their paternal share, acting according to the counsels of Cakuni!" Thou gavest poison to Bhimasena! Thou hadst also, O thou of wicked understanding, endeavoured to burn all the Pāndavas with their mother at the palace of lac!" On the occasion also of the gambling, thou hadst persecuted the daughter of Yajnasena, while in her season, in the midst of the assembly! Shameless as thou art, even then thou becamest worthy of being slain!" Thou hadst, through Suvala's son well-versed in dice, unfairly vanquished the virtuous Yudhishtira who was unskilled in gambling! For that art thou slain!" Through the sinful Jayadratha again, Krishnā was on another

occasion persecuted when the Pāṇdavas, her lords, had gone out a hunting towards the hermitage of Trinavindu !⁴⁶ Causing Abhimanyu, who was a child and alone, to be surrounded by many, thou didst slay that hero. It is in consequence of that fault, O sinful wretch, that thou art slain !⁴⁷ All those unrighteous acts that thou sayest have been perpetrated by us, have in reality been perpetrated by thee in consequence of thy sinful nature !⁴⁷ Thou hadst never listened to the counsels of Vrihaspati and Uçanas ! Thou hadst never waited upon the old ! Thou hadst never heard beneficial words !⁴⁸ Enslaved by ungovernable covetousness and thirst of gain, thou didst perpetrate many unrighteous acts ! Bear now the consequences of those acts of thine !—⁴⁹

“Duryodhana said,—I have studied, made presents according to the ordinance, governed the wide Earth with her seas, and staid over the heads of my foes ! Who is there so fortunate as myself !⁵⁰ That end again which is courted by Kshatriyas observant of the duties of their own order, viz., death in battle, hath become mine ! Who, therefore, is so fortunate as myself ?⁵¹ Human enjoyments such as were worthy of the very gods and such as could with difficulty be obtained by other kings, had been mine. Prosperity of the very highest kind had been attained by me ! Who then is so fortunate as myself ?⁵² With all my well-wishers, and my younger brothers, I am going to heaven, O thou of unfading glory ! As regards yourselves, with your purposes unachieved and torn by grief, live ye in this unhappy world !—⁵³

“Sanjaya continued,—“Upon the conclusion of these words of the intelligent king of the Kurus, a thick shower of fragrant flowers fell from the sky.⁵⁴ The *Gandharvas* beat many charming musical instruments. The *Apsaras* in a chorus sang the glory of king Duryodhana.⁵⁵ The *Siddhas* uttered loud sounds to the effect,—*Praise to king Duryodhana !*—Fragrant and delicious breezes mildly blew on every side. All the quarters became clear and the firmament looked blue as the *lapis lazuli*.⁵⁶ Beholding these exceedingly wonderful things and this worship offered to Duryodhana, the Pāṇdavas headed by Vāsudeva became ashamed.⁵⁷ Hearing (invisible beings

cry out) that Bhishma and Drona and Karna and Bhuriçravas were slain unrighteously, they became afflicted with grief and wept in sorrow.⁵⁸ Beholding the Pāṇḍavas filled with anxiety and grief, Krishna addressed them in a voice deep as that of the clouds or the drum, saying,—“All of them were great car-warriors and exceedingly quick in the use of weapons! If ye had put forth all your prowess, even then ye could never have slain them in battle by fighting fairly!”⁶⁰ King Duryodhana also could never be slain in a fair encounter! The same is the case with all those mighty car-warriors headed by Bhishma!⁶¹ From desire of doing good to you, I repeatedly applied my powers of illusion and caused them to be slain by diverse means in battle.⁶² If I had not adopted such deceitful ways in battle, victory would never have been yours, nor kingdom, nor wealth!⁶³ Those four were very high-souled warriors and regarded as *Atirathas* in the world. The very Regents of the Earth could not slay them in fair fight!⁶⁴ Similarly, the son of Dhritarāshtra, above fatigue as he was, when armed with the mace, could not be slain in fair fight by Yama himself armed with his bludgeon!⁶⁵ Ye should not take it to heart that this foe of yours hath been slain deceitfully! When the number of one's foes becomes great, then destruction should be effected by contrivances and means!⁶⁶ The gods themselves, in slaying the *Asuras*, have trod in the same way! That way, therefore, that hath been trod by the gods, may be trod by all!⁶⁷ We have been crowned with success. It is evening. We had better retire to our tents. Let us all, ye kings, take rest, with our steeds and elephants and cars!—“Hearing these words of Vāsudeva, the Pāṇḍavas and the Pāṇchālas, filled with delight, roared like a multitude of lions.⁶⁸ All of them blew their conchs and Mādhava himself blew *Pāṇchājanya*, filled with joy, O bull among men, at the sight of Duryodhana struck down in battle.”⁷⁰

SECTION LXII.

“Sanjaya said,—‘All those kings, possessed of arms that resembled spiked bludgeons, then proceeded towards their

tents, filled with joy and blowing their conchs on their way.¹ The Pāṇḍavas also, O monarch, proceeded towards our encampment. The great bowman Yuyutsu followed them, as also Sātyaki,² and Dhrishtadyumna, and Cikhandin, and the five sons of Draupadi. The other great bowmen also proceeded towards our tents.³ The Pārthas then entered the tent of Duryodhana, shorn of its splendours and reft of its lord and looking like an arena of amusement after it has been deserted by spectators.⁴ Indeed, that pavilion looked like a city reft of festivities, or a lake without its elephant. It then swarmed with women and eunuchs and certain aged counsellors.⁵ Duryodhana and other heroes, attired in robes dyed in yellow, formerly used, O king, to wait reverentially, with joined hands, on those old counsellors.⁶ Arrived at the pavilion of the Kuru king, the Pāṇḍavas, those foremost of car-warriors, O monarch, dismounted from their cars.⁷ At that time, always engaged, O bull of Bharata's race, in the good of his friend, Keçava, addressed the wielder of *Gāṇḍiva*, saying,⁸—Take down thy *Gāṇḍiva* as also the two inexhaustible quivers. I shall dismount! after thee, O best of the Bharatas!⁹ Get thee down, for this is for thy good, O sinless one!—Pāṇḍu's brave son Dhananjaya, did as he was directed.¹⁰ The intelligent Krishna, abandoning the reins of the steeds, then dismounted from the car of Dhananjaya.¹¹ After the high-souled Lord of all creatures had dismounted from that car, the celestial Ape that topped the standard of Arjuna's vehicle, disappeared there and then.¹² That great vehicle then, which had before been burnt by Drona and Karna with their celestial weapons, quickly blazed forth into flames, O king, without any visible fire having been applied to it.¹³ Indeed, the car of Dhananjaya, with its quivers, reins, steeds, yoke, and shaft, fell down, reduced to ashes.¹⁴ Beholding the vehicle thus reduced to ashes, O lord, the sons of Pāṇḍu became filled with wonder, and Arjuna, O king, having saluted Krishna and bowed unto him, said these words, with joined hands and in an affectionate voice,—O Govinda, O divine one, for what reason hath this car been consumed by fire?¹⁵⁻¹⁶ What is this highly wonderful incident that has happened before our eyes? O thou of

mighty arms, if thou thinkest that I can listen to it without harm, then tell me everything !—¹⁷

“Vāsudeva said,—“That car, O Arjuna, had before been consumed by diverse kinds of weapons. It was because I had sat upon it during battle that it did not fall into pieces, O scorcher of foes !”¹⁸ Previously consumed by the energy of *Brahma* weapons, it has been reduced to ashes upon my abandoning it after attainment by thee of thy objects !”¹⁹—Then, with a little pride, that slayer of foes, viz., the divine Keçava, embracing king Yudhishtira, said unto him.²⁰—By good luck, thou hast won the victory, O son of Kunti ! By good luck, thy foes have been vanquished ! By good luck, the wielder of *Gāndiva* and Bhimasena the son of Pāndu,²¹ and thyself, O king, and the two sons of Mādri, have escaped with life from this battle so destructive of heroes, and have escaped after having slain all your foes !”²² Quickly do that, O Bhārata, which should now be done by thee !”²³ After I had arrived at Upaplavya, thyself, approaching me, with the wielder of *Gāndiva* in thy company, gavest me honey and the customary ingredients, and saidst these words, O lord,²⁴—*This Dhananjaya, O Krishna, is thy brother and friend ! He should, therefore, be protected by thee in all dangers !*”²⁵—After thou hadst said these words I answered thee, saying,—*So be it !*—That Savyasāchin hath been protected by me. Victory also hath been thine, O king !”²⁶ With his brothers, O king of kings, that hero of true prowess hath come out of this dreadful battle, so destructive of heroes, with life !”²⁷—Thus addressed by Krishna, king Yudhishtira the just, with hair standing on end, O monarch, said these words unto Janārdana.²⁸

“Yudhishtira said,—Who else save thee, O grinder of foes, not excepting the thunder-wielding Purandara himself, could have withstood the *Brahma* weapons hurled by Drona and Karna !”²⁹ It was through thy grace that the *Samsaptakas* were vanquished ! It was through thy grace that Pārtha had never to turn back from even the fiercest of encounters !”³⁰ Similarly, it was through thy grace, O mighty-armed one, that I myself, with my posterity, have, by accomplishing diverse acts one after another, obtained the auspicious end of

prowess and energy !¹ At Upaplavya, the great *Rishi* Krishna-Dwaipāyana told me that thither is Krishna where righteousness is, and thither is victory where Krishna is !—²

“Sanjaya continued,—‘After this conversation, those heroes entered thy encampment and obtained the military chest, many jewels, and much wealth.’³ And they also obtained silver and gold and gems and pearls and many costly ornaments and blankets and skins,⁴ and innumerable slaves male and female, and many other things necessary for sovereignty. Having obtained that inexhaustible wealth belonging to thee, O bull of Bharata’s race, those highly-blessed ones, whose foes had been slain, uttered loud cries of exultation.⁵ Having unyoked their animals, the Pāndavas and Sātyaki remained there awhile for resting themselves.⁶ Then Vāsudeva of great renown said,—We should, as an initiatory act of blessedness, remain out of the camp for this night!⁷—Answering,—So be it!—the Pāndavas and Sātyaki, accompanied by Vāsudeva, went out of the camp for the sake of doing that which was regarded as an auspicious act.⁸ Arrived on the banks of the sacred stream Oghavati, O king, the Pāndavas, rest of foes, took up their quarters there for that night!⁹ They then despatched Keçava of Yadu’s race to Hastināpura. Vāsudeva of great prowess, causing Dāruka to get upon his car, proceeded very quickly to that place where the royal son of Amvikā was.¹⁰ While about to start on his car having Caivya and Sugriva (and the others) yoked unto it, (the Pāndavas) said unto him,—Comfort the helpless Gāndhāri who hath lost all her sons!¹¹—Thus addressed by the Pāndavas, that chief of the Sātawatas then proceeded towards Hastināpura and arrived at the presence of Gāndhāri who had all her sons slain.’”¹²

SECTION LXIII.

Janamejaya said,—“For what reason did that tiger among kings, viz., Yudhishtira the just, despatch that scorcher of foes, viz., Vāsudeva, unto Gāndhāri? Krishna had at first gone to the Kauravas for the sake of binging about peace. He did not obtain the fruition of his wishes. In consequence

of this the battle took place.* When all the warriors were slain and Duryodhana was struck down, when in consequence of the battle the empire of Pāndu's son became perfectly foeless,* when all the (Kuru) camp became empty, all its inmates having fled, when great renown was won by the son of Pāndu, what, O regenerate one, was the cause for which Krishna had once again to go (to Hastināpura)?⁴ It seems to me, O Brāhmana, that the cause could not be a light one since it was Janārdhana of immeasurable soul had himself to make the journey!⁵ O foremost of all *Adhyaryus*, tell me in detail what the cause was for undertaking such a mission!⁶

Vaiçampāyana said,—“The question thou askest me, O king, is, indeed, worthy of thee! I will tell you everything truly as it occurred, O bull of Bharata's race!” Beholding Duryodhana, the mighty son of Dhritarāshtra, struck down by Bhimasena in contravention of the rules of fair fight,⁷ in fact, beholding the Kuru king slain unfairly, O Bhārata, Yudhishtira, O monarch, became filled with great fear,⁸ at the thought of the highly-blessed Gāndhāri possessed of ascetic merit.—‘She hath undergone severe ascetic austerities and can, therefore, consume the three worlds,’⁹—even thus thought the son of Pāndu. By sending Krishna, Gāndhāri, blazing with wrath, would be comforted before Yudhishtira's own arrival.¹¹—‘Hearing of the death of her son brought to such a plight by ourselves, she will, in wrath, with the fire of her mind, reduce us to ashes!’¹² How will Gāndhāri endure such poignant grief, after she hears her son, who always fought fairly, slain unfairly by us?’¹³—Having reflected in this strain for a long while, king Yudhishtira the just, filled with fear and grief, said these words unto Vāsudeva.¹⁴—‘Through thy grace, O Govinda, my kingdom hath been reft of thorns! That which we could not in imagination even aspire to obtain hath now become ours, O thou of unfading glory! Before my eyes, O mighty-armed one, in battle, making the very hair to stand on end, violent were the blows that thou hadst to bear, O delighter of the Yādavas!’¹⁵⁻¹⁶ In the battle between the gods and the *Asuras*, thou hadst, in days of old, lent thy aid for the destruction of the foes of the gods

and those foes were slain!¹⁷ In the same way, O mighty-armed one, thou hast given us aid, O thou of unfading glory! By agreeing to act as our charioteer, O thou of Vrishni's race, thou hast all along protected us!¹⁸ If thou hadst not been the protector of Phālguna in dreadful battle, how could then this sea of troops been capable of being vanquished?¹⁹ Many were the blows of the mace, and many were the strokes of spiked bludgeons and darts and short arrows and lances and battle-axes, that have been endured by thee!²⁰ For our sake, O Krishna, thou hadst also to hear many harsh words and endure the fall, violent as the thunder, of weapons in battle!²¹ In consequence of Duryodhana's slaughter, all this has not been fruitless, O thou of unfading glory! Act thou again in such a way that the fruit of all those acts may not be destroyed!²² Although victory hath been ours, O Krishna, our heart, however, is yet trembling in doubt! Know, O Mādhava, that Gāndhāri's wrath, O mighty-armed one, hath been provoked!²³ That highly-blessed lady is always emaciating herself with the austerest of penances! Hearing of the slaughter of her sons and grandsons, she will, without doubt, consume us to ashes! It is time, O hero, I think, for pacifying her!²⁴ Except thee, O foremost of men, what other person is there that is able to even behold that lady of eyes red like copper in wrath and exceedingly afflicted with the ills that have befallen her children?²⁵ That thou shouldst go there, O Mādhava, is what I think to be proper, for pacifying Gāndhāri, O chastiser of foes, who is blazing with wrath! Thou art the Creator and the Destroyer! Thou art the first cause of all the worlds, thyself being eternal!²⁶ By words fraught with reasons, visible and invisible,* that are all the result of time, thou wilt quickly, O thou of great wisdom, be able to pacify Gāndhāri!²⁷ Our grandsire, the holy Krishna-Dwaipāyana, will be there. O mighty-armed one, it is thy duty to dispel, by all means in thy power, the wrath of Gāndhāri!²⁸—Hearing these words of king Yudhishtira the just, the perpetuator of Yadu's

* *I. e.*, illustrations drawn from visible objects and those based upon such articles of faith as are not addressed to the senses.—T.

race, summoning Dārūka, said,—‘Let my car be equipped!’⁹ Having received Keçava’s command, Dārūka in great haste, returned and represented unto his high-souled master that the car was ready.¹⁰ That scorcher of foes and chief of Yadu’s race, viz., the lord Keçava, having mounted upon the car, proceeded with great haste to the city of the Kurus.¹¹ The adorable Mādhava then, riding on his vehicle, proceeded, and arriving at the city called after the elephant entered it.¹² Causing the city to resound with the rattle of his car-wheels as he entered it, he sent word to Dhritarāshtra and then alighted from his vehicle and entered the palace of old king.¹³ He there beheld that best of *Rishis*, (viz., Dwaipāyana), arrived before him. Janārdhana, embracing the feet of both Vyāsa and Dhritarāshtra,¹⁴ quietly saluted Gāndhārī also. Then the foremost of the Yādavas, viz., Vishnu, seizing Dhritarāshtra by the hand, O monarch, began to weep melodiously.¹⁵ Having shed tears for a while from sorrow,¹⁶ he washed his eyes and his face with water according to rules. That chastiser of foes then said these softly flowing words unto Dhritarāshtra.¹⁷—‘Nothing is unknown to thee, O Bhārata, about the past and the future! Thou art well-acquainted, O lord, with the course of time!’¹⁸ From a regard for thee, the Pāndavas had endeavoured to prevent the destruction of their race and the extermination of Kshatriyas, O Bhārata!¹⁹ Having made an understanding with his brothers, the virtuous Yudhishtira had lived peacefully. He even went to exile after defeat at unfair dice!²⁰ With his brothers he led a life of concealment, attired in various disguises. They also endured every day diverse other woes as if they were quite helpless!²¹ On the eve of battle I myself came and in the presence of all men begged of thee only five villages.²² Afflicted by Time, and moved by covetousness, thou didst not grant my request. Through thy fault, O king, all the Kshatriya race hath been exterminated!²³ Bhishma, and Somadatta, and Vāthika, and Kripa, and Drona, and his son, and the wise Vidura, always solicited thee for peace. Thou didst not, however, follow their counsels!²⁴ Every one, it seems, when afflicted by Time, is stupified, O Bhārata, since even thou, O king, as regards this matter, didst act so

foolishly !⁴⁵ What else can it be but the effect of Time ? Indeed, Destiny is supreme ! Do not, O thou of great wisdom, impute any fault to the Pāṇdavas !⁴⁶ The smallest transgression is not discernible in the high-souled Pāṇdavas, judged by the rules of morality or reason or affection, O scorcher foes !⁴⁷ Knowing all this to be the fruit of thy own fault, it behoveth thee not to cherish any ill feeling towards the Pāṇdavas !⁴⁸ Race, line, funeral cake, and what else depends upon offspring, now depend on the Pāṇdavas as regards both thyself and Gāndhārī !⁴⁹ Thyself, O tiger among the Kurus, and the renowned Gāndhārī also, should not harbour malice towards the Pāṇdavas !⁵⁰ Reflecting upon all this, and thinking also of thy own transgressions, cherish good feelings towards the Pāṇdavas, I bow to thee, O bull of Bharata's race !⁵¹ Thou knowest, O mighty-armed one, what the devotion is of king Yudhishtira and what his affection is towards thee, O tiger among kings !⁵² Having caused this slaughter of even foes that wronged him so, he is burning day and night, and hath not succeeded in obtaining peace of mind !⁵³ That tiger among men, grieving for thee and for Gāndhārī, faileth to obtain any happiness.⁵⁴ Overwhelmed with shame he cometh not before thee that art burning with grief on account of thy children and whose understanding and senses have been agitated by that grief !⁵⁵—Having said these words unto Dhritarāṣṭra, that foremost one of Yadu's race, O monarch, addressed the grief-stricken Gāndhārī in these words of high-import :⁵⁶—'O daughter of Suvala, O thou of excellent vows, listen to what I say ! O auspicious dame, there is now no lady like thee in the world !⁵⁷ Thou rememberest, O queen, those words that thou spokest in the assembly in my presence,—those words fraught with righteousness and that were beneficial to both parties,—which thy sons, O auspicious lady, did not obey !⁵⁸⁻⁵⁹ Duryodhana who coveted victory was addressed by thee in bitter words. Thou toldst him then—*Listen, O fool, to these words of mine, viz., thither is victory where righteousness is* !⁶⁰—Those words of thine, O princess, have now been accomplished ! Knowing all this, O auspicious lady, do not set thy heart on sorrow !⁶¹ Let not

thy heart incline towards the destruction of the Pāṇdavas! In consequence of the strength of thy penances, thou art able, O highly blessed one, to burn, with thy eyes kindled with rage, the whole Earth with her mobile and immobile creatures!⁶³ Hearing these words of Vāsudeva, Gāndhāri said,—‘It is even so, O Keçava, as thou sayest!’⁶⁴ My heart, burning in grief, had been unsteadied! After hearing thy words, however, that heart, O Janārdhana, hath again become steady!’⁶⁵ As regards the blind old king, now become childless, thou, O foremost of men, with those heroes, viz., the sons of Pāṇdu, hast become his refuge!’⁶⁶—Having said so much, Gāndhāri, burning in grief on account of the death of her sons, covered her face with her cloth and began to weep aloud!’⁶⁷ The mighty-armed lord Keçava then comforted the grief-stricken princess with words that were fraught with reasons drawn from visible and invisible instances.’⁶⁸ Having comforted Gāndhāri and Dhritarāshtra, Keçava of Madhu’s race came to know (by intuition) the evil that was meditated by Drona’s son.’⁶⁹ Rising up in haste after worshipping the feet of Vyāsa with a bend of his head, Keçava, O monarch, addressed Dhritarāshtra, saying,’⁷⁰—‘I take thy leave, O foremost one of Kuru’s race! Do not set thy heart on grief! The son of Drona bears an evil purpose. It is for this that I rise so suddenly!’⁷¹ It seems that he has formed the project of destroying the Pāṇdavas during the night!’—Hearing these words, both Gāndhāri and Dhritarāshtra said unto Keçava, that slayer of Keçin, these words:—‘Go quickly, O mighty-armed one, and protect the Pāṇdavas!’⁷² Let me soon meet thee again, O Janārdhana!’—Then Keçava of unfading glory proceeded with Dāraka.’⁷³ After Vāsudeva had departed, O king, Vyāsa, that adored of the whole world, of inconceivable soul, began to comfort king Dhritarāshtra.’⁷⁴ The righteous-souled Vāsudeva departed, having achieved his mission successfully, from Hastināpura, for seeing the camp and the Pāṇdavas.’⁷⁵ Arrived at the camp, he proceeded to the presence of the Pāṇdavas. Telling them everything (about his mission to the city), he took his seat with them.’⁷⁶

SECTION LXIV.

"Dhritarāshtra said,—'Kicked at the head, his thighs broken, prostrated on the ground, exceedingly proud, what, O Sanjaya, did my son then say?' King Duryodhana was exceedingly wrathful and his hostility to the sons of Pāndu was deep-rooted. When, therefore, this great calamity overtook him, what did he next say on the field?"

"Sanjayaa said,—'Listen to me, O monarch, as I describe to thee what happened! Listen, O king, to what Duryodhana said when overtaken by calamity!'¹ With his thighs broken, the king, O monarch, covered with dust, gathered his flowing locks, casting his eyes on all sides.² Having with difficulty gathered his locks, he began to sigh like a snake. Filled with rage and with tears flowing fast from his eyes, he looked at me. He struck his arms against the Earth for a while like an infuriate elephant.³ Shaking his loose locks, and gnashing his teeth, he began to censure the eldest son of Pāndu. Breathing heavily, he then addressed me, saying,⁴—'Alas, I who had Cāntanu's son Bhishma for my protector, and Karna, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, and Gotama's son, and Cakuni, and Drona, that first of all wielders of arms,'⁵ and Aṣwatthāman, and the heroic Calya, and Kritavarman, alas, even I have come to this plight! It seems that Time is irresistible!⁶ I was the lord of eleven *Chamuns* of troops and yet I have come to this plight! O mighty-armed one, no one can rise superior to Time!⁷ Those of my side that have escaped with life from this battle should be informed how I have been struck down by Bhimasena in contravention of the rules of fair fight!⁸ Many have been the very unfair and sinful acts that have been perpetrated towards Bhuriçravas, and Bhishma, and Drona of great prosperity!⁹ This is another very infamous act that the cruel Pāndavas have perpetrated, for which, I am certain, they will incur the condemnation of all righteous men!¹⁰ What pleasure can a righteously disposed person enjoy at having gained a victory by unfair acts? What wise man, again, is there that would accord his approbation to a person contraven-

ing the rules of fairness ?¹³ What learned man is there that would rejoice after having won victory by unrighteousness as that sinful wretch, viz., Vrikodara the son of Pāndu, rejoices ?¹⁴ What can be more amazing than this, viz., that Bhimasena in wrath should with his foot touch the head of one like me while lying with my thighs broken ?¹⁵ Is that person, O Sanjaya, worthy of honor who behaveth thus towards a man possessed of glory, endued with prosperity, living in the midst of friends ?¹⁶ my parents are not ignorant of the duties of battle. Instructed by me, O Sanjaya, tell them that are afflicted with grief these words :¹⁷—I have performed sacrifices, supported a large number of servants properly, governed the whole Earth with her seas ! I stayed on the heads of my living foes !¹⁸ I gave wealth to my kinsmen to the extent of my abilities, and I did what was agreeable to friends. I withstood all my foes. Who is there that is more fortunate than myself ?¹⁹ I have made progresses through hostile kingdoms and commanded kings as slaves. I have acted handsomely towards all I loved and liked. Who is there more fortunate than myself ?²⁰ I honored all my kinsmen and attended to the welfare of all my dependants. I have attended to the three ends of human existence, viz., Religion, Profit, and Pleasure ! Who is there more fortunate than myself ?²¹ I laid my commands on great kings, and honor, unattainable by others, was mine. I always made my journeys on the very best of steeds. Who is there more fortunate than myself ?²² I studied the Vedas and made gifts according to the ordinance. My life has passed in happiness. By observance of the duties of my own order, I have obtained many regions of blessedness hereafter. Who is there more fortunate than myself ?²³ By good luck, I have not been vanquished in battle and subjected to the necessity of serving my foes as masters. By good luck, O lord, it is only after my death that my swelling Prosperity abandons me for waiting upon another !²⁴ That which is desired by good Kshatriyas observant of the duties of their order, that death, is obtained by me ! Who is there so fortunate as myself ?²⁵ By good luck, I did not suffer myself to be turned away from the path of hostility and to be vanquished like an ordinary person ! By

good luck, I have not been vanquished after I had done some base act !¹⁶ Like the slaughter of a person that is asleep or that is heedless, like the slaughter of one by the administration of poison, my slaughter hath taken place, for I have been slain as unrighteously, in contravention of the rules of fair fight !¹⁷ The highly blessed Açwatthāman, and Kritavarman of the Sātвата race, and Caradwat's son Kripa, should be told these words of mine, viz.,¹⁸—*You should never repose any confidence upon the Pāndavas, those violaters of rules, who have perpetrated many unrighteous acts !*¹⁹—After this, thy royal son of true prowess addressed our message-bearers in these words:—I have, in battle, been slain by Bhimasena most unrighteously !²⁰ I am now like a moneyless wayfarer and shall follow in the wake of Drona who has already gone to heaven, of Karna and Calya, of Vrishasena of great energy, of Cakuni the son of Suvala, of Jalasandha of great valour, of king Bhagadatta, of Somadatta's son, that mighty bowman, of Jayadratha the king of the Sindhus, of all my brothers headed by Duṣṣāsana and equal unto myself, of Duṣṣāsana's son of great prowess, and of Lakshmana my son, and thousands of others that fought for me !²¹⁻²⁴ Alas, how shall my sister, stricken with woe, live sorrowfully, after hearing of the slaughter of her brothers and her husband !²⁵ Alas, what shall be the plight of the old king, my sire, with Gāndhāri, and his daughters-in-law and grand-daughter-in-law !²⁶ Without doubt, the beautiful and large-eyed mother of Lakshmana, made sonless and husbandless, will soon meet with her death !²⁷ If Chārvāka, the mendicant devotee who is a master of speech, learns everything, that blessed man will certainly avenge my death !²⁸ By dying upon the sacred field of Samantapanchaka, celebrated over the three worlds, I shall certainly obtain many eternal regions !²⁹—Then, O sire, thousands of men, with eyes full of tears, fled away in all directions, having heard these lamentations of the king.³⁰ The whole Earth, with her forests and seas, with all her mobile and immobile creatures, began to tremble violently, and produce a loud noise. All the points of the compass became murky.³¹ The messengers, repairing to Drona's son,

represented to him all that had happened regarding the conduct of the mace-encounter and the fall of the king.⁴⁸ Having represented everything unto Drona's son, O Bhārata, all of them remained in a thoughtful mood for a long while and then went away, grief-stricken, to the places they came from.'"⁴⁹

SECTION LXV.

"Sanjaya said,—“Having heard of Duryodhana's fall from the messengers, those mighty car-warriors, viz., the unslain remnant of the Kaurava army,¹ exceedingly wounded with keen shafts, and maces and lances and darts,—those three, viz., Aāwatthāman and Kripa and Kritavarman of the Sāt-wata race,² came quickly on their fleet steeds to the field of battle. They beheld there the high-souled son of Dhritarāsh-tra prostrate on the ground³ like a gigantic *Ṣāla* tree laid low in the forest by a tempest. They beheld him writhing on the bare ground and covered with blood⁴ even like a mighty elephant in the forest laid low by a hunter. They saw him weltering in agony and bathed in profuse streams of blood.⁵ Indeed, they saw him lying on the ground like the Sun dropped on the Earth or like the Ocean dried by a mighty wind,⁶ or like the full Moon in the firmament with his disc shrouded by a fog. Equal to an elephant in prowess and possessed of long arms, the king lay on the Earth, covered with dust.⁷ Around him were many terrible creatures and carnivorous animals, like wealth-coveting dependents around a monarch in state.⁸ His forehead was contracted into furrows of rage and his eyes were rolling in wrath. They beheld the king, that tiger among men, full of rage, like a tiger struck down (by hunters).⁹ Those great bow-men, viz., Kripa and others, beholding the monarch laid low on the Earth, became stupified.¹⁰ Alighting from their cars, they ran towards the king. Seeing Duryodhana, all of them sat on the Earth around him.¹¹ Then Drona's son, O monarch, with tearful eyes and breathing like a snake, said these words unto that chief of Bharata's race, that foremost of all the kings

on Earth :¹³—Truly, there is nothing stable in the world of men, since thou, O tiger among men, liest on the bare Earth, stained with dust !¹⁴ Thou wert a king who had laid thy commands on the whole Earth ! Why then, O foremost of monarchs, dost thou lie alone on the bare ground in such a lonely wilderness ?¹⁵ I do not see Duṣṣāsana beside thee, nor the great car-warrior Karna, nor those friends of thine numbering in hundreds ! What is this, O bull among men ?¹⁶ Without doubt, it is difficult to learn the ways of Yama, since thou, O lord of all the worlds, thus liest on the bare ground, stained with dust !¹⁷ Alas, this scorcher of foes used to walk at the head of all Kshatriyas that had their locks sprinkled with holy water at ceremonies of coronation ! Alas, he now eateth the dust ! Behold the reverses that Time bringeth on its course !¹⁸ Where is that pure white umbrella of thine ? Where is that fanning yak-tail also, O king ! Where hath that vast army of thine now gone, O best of monarchs ?¹⁹ The course of events is certainly a mystery when causes other than those relied upon are at book, since even thou that wert the master of the world hast been reduced to this plight !²⁰ Without doubt, the prosperity of all mortals is very unstable, since thou that wert equal unto Cakra himself hast now been reduced to such a sorry plight !²¹—Hearing these words of the sorrowing Aṣwatthāman, thy son answered him in these words that were suited to the occasion.²² He wiped his eyes with his hands and shed tears of grief anew. The king then addressed all those heroes headed by Kripa and said,²³—This liability to death (of all living creatures) is said to have been ordained by the Creator himself. Death comes to all beings in course of Time !²⁴ That death hath now come to me, before the eyes of ye all ! I who reigned over the whole Earth have now been reduced to this plight !²⁵ By good luck, I never turned back from battle whatever calamities overtook me ! By good luck, I have been slain by those sinful men, by the aid particularly of deception !²⁶ By good luck, while engaged in hostilities, I always displayed courage and perseverance ! By good luck, I am slain in battle, along with all my kinsmen and friends !²⁷ By good luck, I,

behold you escaped with life from this great slaughter, and safe and sound! This is highly agreeable to me!¹⁷ Do not, from affection, grieve for my death! If the Vedas are any authority, I have certainly acquired many eternal regions!¹⁸ I am not ignorant of the glory of Krishna of immeasurable energy. He hath not caused me to fall off from the proper observance of Kshatriya duties!¹⁹ I have obtained him! On no account should any body grieve for me! Ye have done what persons like ye should do! Ye have always striven for my success. Destiny, however, is incapable of being frustrated!²⁰—Having said this much, the king, with eyes laved with tears, became silent, O monarch, agitated as he was with agony.²¹ Beholding the king in tears and grief, Drona's son flamed up in anger like the fire that is seen at the universal destruction.²² Overwhelmed with rage, he squeezed his hands, and addressing the king in a voice hoarse with tears, he said these words:²³—My sire was slain by those wretches with a cruel contrivance: That act, however, doth not burn me so keenly as this plight to which thou hast been reduced, O king!²⁴ Listen to these words of mine that I utter, swearing by Truth itself, O lord, and by all my acts of piety, all my gifts, my religion, and the religious merits I have won!²⁵ I shall today, in the very presence of Vāsudeva, despatch all the Pāṇchālas, by all means in my power, to the abode of Yama! It behoveth thee, O monarch, to grant me permission!²⁶—Hearing these words of Drona's son, that were highly agreeable to his heart, the Kuru king addressed Kripa, saying,—O preceptor, bring me without delay a pot full of water!²⁷—At these words of the king, that foremost of Brāhmanas soon brought a vessel full of water and approached the king.²⁸ Thy son then, O monarch, said unto Kripa,—Let the son of Drona, O foremost of Brāhmanas, blessed be thou, if thou wishest to do me good, be at my command installed as generalissimo!²⁹ At the command of the king, even a Brāhmana may fight, especially one that has adopted Kshatriya practices! Those learned in the scriptures say this!³⁰—Hearing these words of the king, Kripa, the son of Caradwat, installed Drona's son as generalissimo,

at the king's command!⁴¹ The installation over, O monarch, Aṣwatthāman embraced that best of kings and left the spot, having caused the ten points to resound with his leonine roars.⁴² That foremost of kings, viz., Duryodhana, profusely covered with blood, began to pass there that night so frightful to all creatures.⁴³ Wending away quickly from the field of battle, O king, those heroes, with hearts agitated by grief, began to reflect anxiously and earnestly.⁴⁴

FINIS CALYA PARVA.

THE MAHABHARATA

OF

KRISHNA-DWAIPAYANA VYASA

TRANSLATED

INTO

ENGLISH PROSE,

V. 10-11

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Published and distributed *chiefly gratis*

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PRATAPA CHANDRA RAY, C. I. E.

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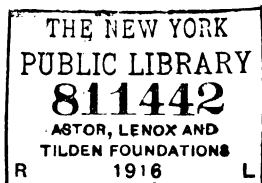
BHARATA PRESS.

No. 1, RAJA GOOROO DASS' STREET.

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THE MAHABHARATA

SAUPTIKA PARVA.

SECTION I.

Having bowed down unto Nārāyana, and Nara the most exalted of male beings, and unto the goddess Saraswati, must the word JAYA be uttered !

"Sanjaya said,—“Those heroes then together proceeded towards the south. At the hour of sunset they reached a spot near the (Kuru) encampment.¹ Letting their animals loose, they became very much frightened. Reaching then a forest, they secretly entered it.² They took up their quarters there at no great distance from the encampment. Cut and mangled with many keen weapons, they breathed long and hot sighs, thinking of the Pāndavas.³ Hearing the loud noise made by the victorious Pāndavas, they feared a pursuit and therefore fled towards the east.⁴ Having proceeded for sometime, their animals became tired and they themselves became thirsty. Overpowered by wrath and vindictiveness, those great bowmen could not put up with what had occurred, burning as they did with (grief at) the slaughter of the king. They, however, took rest for a while.⁵

"Dhritarāshtra said,—“The feat, O Sanjaya, that Bhima achieved seems to be incredible, since my son who was struck down possessed the strength of ten thousand elephants.⁶ In manhood's prime and possessed of an adamant frame, he was not capable of being slain by any creature ! Alas, even that son of mine was struck down by the Pāndavas in battle ! Without doubt, O Sanjaya, my heart is made of adamant, since it breaks not into a thousand fragments even after hearing of the slaughter of my hundred sons ! Alas, what will be

the plight of myself and my spouse, an old couple destitute of children! I dare not dwell in the dominions of Pāndu's son!¹⁷⁻¹⁸ Having been the sire of a king and a king myself, O Sanjaya, how shall I pass my days as a slave obedient to the commands of Pāndu's son!¹⁹ Having laid my commands over the whole Earth and having staid over the heads of all, O Sanjaya, how shall I live now as a slave in wretchedness?²⁰ How shall I be able, O Sanjaya, to endure the words of Bhima who hath, single-handed, slain a full hundred sons of mine?²¹ The words of the high-souled Vidura have come to be realised! Alas, my son, O Sanjaya, did not listen to those words!²² What, however, did Kritavarman and Kripa and Drona's son do after my son Duryodhana had been unfairly struck down?²³

"Sanjaya said,—“They had not proceeded far, O king, when they stopped, for they beheld a dense forest abounding with trees and creepers.²⁴ Having rested for a little while, they entered that great forest, proceeding on their cars drawn by their excellent steeds whose thirst had been assuaged.²⁵ That forest abounded with diverse kinds of animals, and it teemed with various species of birds. And it was covered with many trees and creepers and was infested by numerous carnivorous creatures.²⁶ Covered with many pieces of water and adorned with various kinds of flowers, it had many lakes overgrown with blue lotuses.²⁷ Having entered that dense forest, they cast their eyes about and saw a gigantic banian with thousands of branches.²⁸ Repairing to the shade of that banian, those great car-warriors, O king, those foremost of men, saw that that was the biggest tree in that forest.²⁹ Alighting from their cars, and letting loose their animals, they cleansed themselves duly and said their evening prayers.³⁰ The Sun then reached the Asta mountains, and Night, the mother of the universe, came.³¹ The firmament, bespangled with planets and stars, shone like an ornamented piece of brocade and presented a highly agreeable spectacle.³² Those creatures that walk the night began to howl and utter their cries at will, while they that walk the day owned the influence of sleep.³³ Awful became the noise of the night-wandering animals. The carnivorous creatures became full of glee, and the night,

as it deepened, became dreadful.⁸⁸ At that hour, filled with grief and sorrow, Kritavarman and Kripa and Drona's son all sat down together.⁸⁹ Seated under that banian, they began to give expression to their sorrow in respect of that very matter, viz., the destruction that had taken place of both the Kurus and the Pāṇdavas.⁹⁰ Heavy with sleep, they laid themselves down on the bare earth. They had been exceedingly tired and greatly mangled with shafts.⁹¹ The two great car-warriors, Kripa and Kritavarman, succumbed to sleep. However deserving of happiness and undeserving of misery, they then lay stretched on the bare ground.⁹² Indeed, O monarch, those two who had always slept on costly beds now slept, like helpless persons, on the bare ground, afflicted with toil and grief.⁹³ Drona's son, however, O Bhārata, yielding to the influence of wrath and revenge, could not sleep, but continued to breathe like a snake.⁹⁴ Burning with rage he could not get a wink of slumber. That hero of mighty arms cast his eyes on every side of that terrible forest.⁹⁵ As he surveyed that forest peopled with diverse kinds of creatures, the great warrior beheld a large banian covered with crows.⁹⁶ On that banian thousands of crows roosted in the night. Each perching separately from its neighbour, those crows slept at ease, O Kauravya!⁹⁷ As, however, those birds were sleeping securely on every side, Aṣṭawathāman beheld an owl of terrible aspect suddenly make its appearance there.⁹⁸ Of frightful cries and gigantic body, with green eyes and tawny plumage, its nose was very large and its talons were long. And the speed with which it came resembled that of Garuda.⁹⁹ Uttering soft cries, that winged creature, O Bhārata, secretly approached the branches of that banian.¹⁰⁰ That ranger of the sky, that slayer of crows, alighting on one of the branches of the banian, slew a large number of his sleeping enemies.¹⁰¹ He tore the wings of some and cut off the heads of others with his sharp talons and broke the legs of many. Endued with great strength, he slew many that fell down before his eyes.¹⁰² With the limbs and bodies, O monarch, of the slain crows, the ground covered by the spreading branches of the banian became thickly strewn on every side.¹⁰³ Having slain

those crows, the owl became filled with delight like a slayer of foes after having behaved towards his foes according to his pleasure.⁴³ Beholding that highly suggestive deed perpetrated in the night by the owl, Drona's son began to reflect on it, desirous of framing his own conduct by the light of that example.⁴⁴ He said unto himself,—This owl teaches me a lesson in battle. Bent as I am upon the destruction of the foe, the time for the deed has come!⁴⁵ The victorious Pāṇḍavas are incapable of being slain by me! They are possessed of might, endued with perseverance, sure of aim, and skilled in smiting.⁴⁶ In the presence, however, of the king I have vowed to slay them. I have thus pledged myself to a self-destructive act like an insect essaying to rush into a blazing fire!⁴⁷ If I were to fight fairly with them, I shall, without doubt, have to lay down my life! By an act of guile, however, success may yet be mine and a great destruction may overtake my foes!⁴⁸ People generally, as also those versed in the scriptures, always applaud those means which are certain over those which are uncertain.⁴⁹ Whatever of censure and evil repute this act may provoke ought to be incurred by a person that is observant of Kshatriya practices.⁵⁰ The Pāṇḍavas of uncleaned souls have, at every step, perpetrated very ugly and censurable acts that are again full of guile.⁵¹ As regards this matter, certain ancient verses, full of truth, are heard, sung by truth-seeing and righteousness-observing persons, who sang them after a careful consideration of the demands of justice.⁵² Those verses are even these:—*The enemy's force, even when fatigued, or wounded with weapons, or employed in eating, or when retiring, or when resting within their camp, should be smitten.*⁵³ *They should be dealt with in the same way when afflicted with sleep at dead of night, or when reft of commanders, or when broken, or when under the impression of an error.*⁵⁴—Having reflected in this way, the valiant son of Drona formed the resolution of slaying during the night the slumbering Pāṇḍavas and the Pāṇchālas.⁵⁵ Having formed this wicked resolution and pledged himself repeatedly to its execution, he awoke both his maternal uncle and the chief of the Bhojas.⁵⁶ Awakened from sleep, those two illustrious and mighty

persons, viz., Kripa and the Bhoja chief, heard Aṇwatthāman's scheme. Filled with shame, both of them abstained from giving a suitable reply.* Having reflected for a short while, Aṇwatthāman said with tearful eyes,—King Duryodhana, that one hero of great might, for whose sake we were waging hostilities with the Pāṇdavas, hath been slain! Deserted and alone, though he was the lord of eleven *Akshauhini*s of troops, that hero of unstained prowess hath been struck down by Bhimasena and a large number of wretches banded together in battle!† Another wicked act hath been perpetrated by the vile Vrikodara, for the latter hath touched with his foot the head of a person whose coronal locks underwent the sacred bath!‡ The Pāṇchālas are uttering loud roars and cries and indulging in loud bursts of laughter. Filled with joy, they are blowing their conchs and beating their drums!§ The loud peal of their instruments, mingled with the blare of conchs, is frightful to the ear, and borne by the winds, is filling all the points of the compass.¶ Loud also is the din made by their neighing steeds and grunting elephants and roaring warriors!‡ That deafening noise made by the rejoicing warriors as they are marching to their quarters, as also the frightful clatter of their car-wheels, comes to us from the east.‡ So great hath been the havoc made by the Pāṇdavas on the Dhārtarāshtras that we three are the only survivors of that great carnage!‡ Some were endued with the might of a hundred elephants, and some were masters of all weapons. Yet have they been slain by the sons of Pāṇdu! I regard this to be an instance of the reverses brought about by Time!‡ Truly, this is the end to which such acts leads! Truly, although the Pāṇdavas have achieved such difficult feats, even this should be the result of those feats!‡‡ If your wisdom hath not been driven away by stupefaction, then say what is proper for us to do in view of this calamitous and grave affair!—' "§

* Aṇwatthāman seems to justify his own cruel purpose by regarding it as a just consequence of the dreadful slaughter made by the Pāṇdavas. The verse seems to be obscure.—T.

SECTION II.

“Kripa said,—We have heard all that thou hast said, O puissant one! Listen, however, to a few words of mine, O mighty-armed one! All men are subjected to and governed by these two forces, viz., Destiny and Exertion. There is nothing higher than these two.* Our acts do not become successful in consequence of destiny alone, nor of exertion alone, O best of men! Success springs from the union of the two.† All purposes, high and low, are dependent on a union of those two. In the whole world, it is through these two that men are seen to act as also to abstain.‡ What result is produced by the clouds pouring upon a mountain? What results are not produced by them pouring upon a cultivated field?§ Exertion, where destiny is not auspicious, and absence of exertion where destiny is auspicious, both these are fruitless! What I have said before (about the union of the two) is the truth.¶ If the rains properly moisten a well-tilled soil, the seed produces great results. Human success is of this nature.’ Sometimes, destiny, having settled a course of events, acts of itself (without waiting for exertion). For all that, the wise, aided by skill, have recourse to exertion.‡ All the purposes of human acts, O bull among men, are accomplished by the aid of those two together. Influenced by these two, men are seen to strive or abstain.‡ Recourse may be had to exertion. But exertion succeeds through destiny. It is in consequence also of destiny that one who sets himself to work, depending on exertion, attains to success.‡ The exertion, however, of even a com-

* Nilakantha seems to suppose that there is a distinction between the *ā* and *ni* in the words *ābadhās* and *nibadhās*. The distinction, however, that he makes, is more fanciful than real.—T.

† I do not accept Nilakantha’s gloss of the second line of verse.4. What Kripa wishes to inculcate is that both action and inaction (success and failure) spring from these two, viz., destiny and exertion. If there is exertion, and destiny be auspicious, there is success. If there is no exertion, even though destiny be auspicious, or if there is exertion but inauspicious Destiny to contend with, success cannot be achieved.—T.

‡ I prefer the reading *Uthānanchāpyaduivasya*. I, therefore, reject Nilakantha’s gloss.—T.

petent man, even when well-directed, is, without the concurrence of destiny, seen in the world to be unproductive of fruit.¹¹ Those, therefore, among men, that are idle and without intelligence, disapprove of exertion. This, however, is not the opinion of the wise.¹² Generally, an act performed is not seen to be unproductive of fruit in the world. The absence of action, again, is seen to be productive of grave misery.¹³ A person obtaining something of itself without having made any efforts, as also one not obtaining anything even after exertion, is not be seen.¹⁴ One who is busy in action is capable of supporting life. He, on the other hand, that is idle, never obtains happiness. In this world of men it is generally seen that they that are addicted to action are always inspired by the desire of earning good.¹⁵ If one devoted to action succeeds in gaining his object or fails to obtain the fruit of his acts, he does not become censurable in any respect.¹⁶ If any one in the world is seen to luxuriously enjoy the fruits of action without doing any action, he is generally seen to incur ridicule and become an object of hatred.¹⁷ He who, disregarding this rule about action, liveth otherwise,† is said to do an injury to himself. This is the opinion of those that are endued with intelligence.¹⁸ Efforts become unproductive of fruits in consequence of these two reasons, viz., destiny without exertion and exertion without destiny.¹⁹ Without exertion, no act in this world becomes successful. Devoted to action and endued with skill, that person, however, who, having bowed down to the gods, seeks, the accomplishment of his objects, is never lost.²⁰ The same is the case with one who, desirous of success, properly waits upon the aged, asks of them what is for his good, and obeys their beneficial counsels.²¹ Men approved by the old should always be solicited for counsel while one has recourse to exertion. These men are the infalliable root of means and success is dependent on means.²² He who applies his efforts

* I. e., such a person is never overcome with despair and misanthropy.—T.

† I. e., enjoys the fruits of action without himself acting.—T.

after listening to the words of the old, soon reaps abundant fruits from those efforts." That man who, without reverence and respect for others (capable of giving him good counsel), seeks the accomplishment of his purposes, moved by passion, anger, fear, and avarice, soon loses his prosperity." This Duryodhana, stained by covetousness and bereft of foresight, had, without taking counsel, foolishly commenced to seek the accomplishment of an undigested project." Disregarding all his well-wishers and taking counsel with only the wicked, he had, though dissuaded, waged hostilities with the Pāndavas who are his superiors in all good qualities." He had, from the beginning, been very wicked. He could not restrain himself. He did not do the bidding of friends. For all that, he is now burning in grief amid calamity." As regards ourselves, since we have followed that sinful wretch, this great calamity hath, therefore, overtaken us!" This great calamity has scorched my understanding. Plunged in reflection, I fail to see what is for our good!" A man that is stupified himself should ask counsel of his friends. In such friends he hath his understanding, his humility, and his prosperity." One's actions should have their root in them.* That should be done which intelligent friends, having settled by their understanding, should counsel." Let us, therefore, repair to Dhritarāshtra and Gāndhāri and the high-souled Vidura and ask them as what we should do." Asked by us, they will say what, after all this, is for our good. We should do what they say. Even this is my certain resolution." Those men whose acts do not succeed even after the application of exertion, should, without doubt, be regarded as afflicted by destiny.—'""

SECTION III.

"Sanjaya said,—Hearing these words of Kripa that were auspicious and fraught with morality and profit, Aṣwatthāman, O monarch, became overwhelmed with sorrow and grief."

* I. e., one should act in the way directed by them.—T.

Burning with grief as if with a blazing fire, he formed a wicked resolution and then addressed them both, saying,³—The faculty of understanding is different in different men. Each man, however, is pleased with his own understanding.⁴ Every man regards himself more intelligent than others. Every one respects his own understanding and accords it great praise.⁵ Every one's own wisdom is with every one a subject of praise. Every one speaks ill of the wisdom of others, and well of his own, in all instances.⁶ Men whose judgments agree with respect to any unattained object even though there be a variety of considerations, become gratified with and applaud one another.⁷ The judgments, again, of the same men, overwhelmed with reverses through the influence of time, become opposed to one another.⁸ More particularly, in consequence of the diversity of human intellects, judgments necessarily differ when intellects are clouded.⁹ As a skilful physician, having duly diagnosed a disease, prescribes a medicine by the application of his intelligence for effecting a cure,⁹ even so men, for the accomplishment of their acts, use their intelligence, aided by their own wisdom. What they do is again disapproved by others.¹⁰ A man, in youth, is affected by one kind of understanding. In middle age, the same does not prevail with him, and in the period of decay, a different kind of understanding becomes agreeable to him.¹¹ When fallen into terrible distress or when visited by great prosperity, the understanding of a person, O chief of the Bhojas, is seen to be much afflicted.¹² In one and the same person, through want of wisdom, the understanding becomes different at different times. That understanding which at one time is acceptable becomes the reverse of that at another time.¹³ Having resolved, however, according to one's wisdom, that resolution which is excellent should be endeavoured to be accomplished. Such resolution, therefore, should force him to put forth exertion.¹⁴ All persons, O chief of the Bhojas, joyfully begin to act, even in respect of enterprises that lead to death, in the belief that those enterprises are achievable by them.¹⁵ All men, relying on their own judgments and wisdom, endeavour to accomplish diverse purposes, knowing them to be bene-

ficial.¹⁶ The resolution that has possessed my mind today in consequence of our great calamity, as something that is capable of dispelling my grief, I will now disclose unto both of you.¹⁷ The Creator, having formed his creatures, assigned unto each his occupation. As regards the different orders, he gave unto each a portion of excellence.¹⁸ Unto Brāhmanas he assigned that foremost of all things, viz., the *Veda*. Unto the Kshatriya he assigned superior energy. Unto the Vaiçya he gave skill, and unto the Cudra he gave the duty of serving the three other classes.¹⁹ Hence, a Brāhmana without self-restraint is censurable.* A Kshatriya without energy is base. A Vaiçya without skill is worthy of dispraise, as also a Cudra who is bereft of humility (to the other orders).²⁰ I am born in an adorable and high family of Brāhmanas. Through ill-luck, however, I am wedded to Kshatriya practices.²¹ If, conversant as I am with Kshatriya duties, I adopt now the duties of a Brāhmana and achieve a high object (viz., the pacification of self under such injuries), that course would not be consistent with nobleness.²² I hold an excellent bow and excellent weapons in battle. If I do not avenge the slaughter of my sire, how shall I open my mouth in the midst of men?²³ Paying regard to Kshatriya duties, therefore, without hesitation, I shall today walk in the steps of my high-souled sire and the king!²⁴ The Pāṇchālas, elated with victory, will trustfully sleep tonight, having put off their armour and in great glee, and filled with happiness at the thought of the victory they have won, and spent with toil and exertion.²⁵ While sleeping at their ease during the night within their own camp, I shall make a great and terrible assault upon their camp.²⁶ Like Maghavat slaying the *Dānavas*, I shall, attacking them while senseless and dead in sleep in their camp, slay them all, pating forth my prowess!²⁷ Like a blazing fire consuming a heap of dry grass, I shall slay all of them assembled in one place with their leader Dhrishtadyumna. Having slain the Pāṇchālas, I shall obtain peace of mind, O best of men!²⁸ While engaged in the act of slaughter,

* For the highest end of the *Vedas* is to inculcate self-restraint.—T.

I shall career in their midst like the wielder of *Pināka*, viz., Rudra himself, in rage among living creatures!¹³ Having cut off and slain all the Pāṇchālas today, I shall then, in joy, afflict the sons of Pāṇdu in battle!¹⁴ Taking their lives one after another and causing the Earth to be strewn with the bodies of all the Pāṇchālas, I shall pay off the debt I owe to my sire!¹⁵ I shall today make the Pāṇchālas follow in the wake, hard to tread, of Duryodhana and Karna and Bhishma and the ruler of the Sindhus!¹⁶ Putting forth my might, I shall tonight grind the head, like that of any animal, of Dhrishtadyumna the king of the Pāṇchālas!¹⁷ I shall tonight, O son of Gotama, cut off with my sharp sword, in battle, the sleeping sons of the Pāṇchālas and the Pāṇdavas!¹⁸ Having exterminated the Pāṇchāla army tonight while sunk in sleep, I shall, O thou of great intelligence, obtain great happiness and regard myself to have done my duty!—’”¹⁹

SECTION IV.

“Kripa said,—By good luck, O thou of unfading glory, thy heart is set today on vengeance! The wielder of the thunder himself will not succeed in dissuading thee today!¹ Both of us, however, shall accompany thee in the morning. Putting off thy armour and taking down thy standard, take rest for this night!² I shall accompany thee, as also Kṛitavarman of the Sātawata race, clad in mail and riding on our cars, while thou shalt proceed against the foe!³ United with ourselves, thou shalt slay the foe, viz., the Pāṇchālas with all their followers, tomorrow in press of battle, putting forth thy prowess, O foremost of car-warriors!⁴ If thou puttest forth thy prowess, thou art quite competent to achieve that feat! Take rest, therefore, for this night. Thou hast kept thyself awake for many a night.⁵ Having rested and slept, and having become quite refreshed, O giver of honors, encounter the foe in battle! Thou shalt then slay the enemy, without doubt!⁶ No one, not even Vāsava amongst the gods, would venture to vanquish thee armed with foremost of weapons, O first of car-warriors!⁷ Who is there that would, even if he be the chief of the gods himself, fight Drona's son when

the latter proceeds, accompanied by Kripa and protected by Kritavarman?⁸ Therefore, having rested and slept this night, and shaken off fatigue, we shall slay the foe tomorrow morning!⁹ Thou art a master of celestial weapons. I also am so, without doubt. This hero of Sātawata's race is a mighty bowman, always skilled in battle.¹⁰ All of us, uniting together, O son, shall succeed in slaying our assembled foes in battle by putting forth our might. Great shall be our happiness then! Dispelling thy anxieties, rest for this night and sleep happily!¹¹ Myself and Kritavarman, both armed with bows and capable of scorching our enemies, will, clad in mail, follow thee, O best of men, while thou shalt proceed on thy car against the enemy!¹² Proceeding to their camp, and proclaiming thy name in battle, thou shalt then make a great slaughter of the foe!¹³ Tomorrow morning, in broad daylight, having caused a great slaughter among them thou shalt sport like Cakra after the slaughter of great *Asuras*!¹⁴ Thou art quite competent to vanquish the army of the Pāñchālas in battle, like the slayer of the *Dānavas* in vanquishing in rage the *Dānava* host!¹⁵ United with myself in battle and protected by Kritavarman, thou art incapable of being withstood by the the wielder of the thunder-bolt himself!¹⁶ Neither I, O son, nor Kritavarman, will ever retreat from battle without having vanquished the Pāndus!¹⁷ Having slain the angry Pāñchālas along with the Pāndavas, we shall come away, or slain by them, we shall proceed to heaven!¹⁸ By every means in our power, we two shall render thee assistance in battle tomorrow morning! O thou of mighty-arms, I tell thee the truth, O sinless one!¹⁹—Addressed in these beneficial words by his maternal uncle, the son of Drona, with eyes red in rage, answered his uncle, O king, saying,²⁰—Where can a person that is afflicted, or one that is under the influence of rage, or one whose heart is always engaged in revolving projects for the acquisition of wealth, or one that is under the power of lust, obtain sleep?²¹ Behold, all these four causes are present in my case! Any one of these, singly would destroy sleep!²² How great is the grief of that person whose heart is always thinking of the slaughter of his sire! My heart is now burn-

ing day and night ! I fail to obtain peace !¹ The way in which my sire in particular was slain by those sinful wretches hath been witnessed by you all. The thought of that slaughter is cutting all my vitals !² How could a person like me live for even a moment after hearing the Pāṇchālas say that they have slain my father ?³ I cannot bear the thought of supporting life without having slain Dhrishtadyumna in battle ! In consequence of the slaughter of my father, he hath become slayable by me, as also all with whom he is united !⁴ Who is there so hard-hearted that would not burn after having heard the lamentations that I have heard of the king lying with broken thighs ?⁵ Who is there so destitute of compassion whose eyes would not be filled with tears after hearing such words uttered by the king with broken thighs ?⁶ They whose side was adopted by me have been vanquished. The thought of this enhances my sorrow as a rush of waters enhances the sea.⁷ Protected as they are by Vāsudeva and Arjuna, I regard them, O uncle, to be irresistible by the great Indra himself ?⁸ I am unable to restrain this rising wrath in my heart. I do not behold the man in this world that can assuage this wrath of mine !⁹ The messengers informed me of the defeat of my friends and the victory of the Pāṇdavas. That is burning my heart !¹⁰ Having, however, caused a slaughter of my enemies during their sleep, I shall then take rest and shall then sleep without anxiety !—”¹¹

SECTION V.

“Kripa said,—A person who is bereft of intelligence and who hath not his passions under control, cannot, even if he waits dutifully upon his superiors, understand all the considerations of morality. This is my opinion.¹ Similarly, an intelligent person, who does not practice humility, fails to understand the settled conclusions of morality.² A brave man, if bereft of understanding, by waiting all his life upon a learned person, fails to know his duties like a wooden laddle unable to taste the juicy soup (in which it may lie immersed).³ The wise man, however, by waiting upon a learned person for even a moment,

succeeds in knowing his duties like the tongue tasting the juicy soup (as soon as it comes into contact with the latter).⁴ That person who is endued with intelligence, who waits upon his superiors, and who has his passions under control, succeeds in knowing all the rules of morality and never disputes with what is accepted by all.⁵ An ungovernable, irreverent, and sinful person of wicked soul, perpetrates sin in seeking his wellbeing by disregarding destiny.⁶ Well-wishers seek to restrain a friend from sin. He who suffers himself to be dissuaded, succeeds in winning prosperity. He that does otherwise, reaps misery.⁷ As a person of disordered brains is restrained by soothing words, even so should a friend be restrained by well-wishers. He that suffers himself to be so restrained, never becomes a prey to misery.⁸ When a wise friend is about to perpetrate a wicked act, well-wishers possessed of wisdom repeatedly and according to the extent of their power endeavour to restrain him.⁹ Setting thy heart on what is truly beneficial, and restraining thyself by thy own self, do my bidding, O son, so that thou mayst not have to repent afterwards!¹⁰ In this world, the slaughter of sleeping persons is not applauded, agreeably to the dictates of religion. The same is the case with persons that have laid down their arms and come down from cars and steeds.¹¹ They also are unslayable who say—*we are thine!*—and they that surrender themselves, and they whose locks are dishevelled, and they whose animals have been killed under them or whose cars have been broken!¹² All the Pāṇchālas will sleep tonight, O lord, divesting themselves of armour. Trustfully sunk in sleep, they will be like dead men.¹³ That crooked-minded man who would wage hostility with them then, it is evident, would sink in deep and limitless hell without a raft to save himself.¹⁴ In this world thou art celebrated as the foremost of all persons conversant with weapons. Thou hast not as yet committed even a minute trespass.¹⁵ When the sun rises next morning and light shall discover all things, thyself, like a second sun in effulgence, wilt conquer the foe in battle!¹⁶ This censurable deed, so impossible in one like thee, will look like a red spot on a white sheet. Even this is my opinion.—¹⁷

"Açwatthāman said,—Without doubt, it is even so, O maternal uncle, as thou sayest ! The Pāṇḍavas, however, have before this, broken the bridge of righteousness into a hundred fragments !" In the very sight of all the kings, before thy eyes also, my sire, after he had laid down his weapons, was slain by Dhṛishtadyumna !" Karna also, that foremost of car-warriors, after the wheel of his car had sunk and he had been plunged into great distress, was slain by the wielder of *Gāṇḍīva* !"⁹ Similarly Cāntanu's son Bhishma, after he had laid aside his weapons and become disarmed, was slain by Arjuna with Cikhandin placed in his van !"¹⁰ So also, the mighty bowman Bhuriçravas, while observant of the *Prāya* vow on the field of battle, was slain by Yuyudhāna in total disregard of the cries of all the kings !"¹¹ Duryodhana too, having encountered Bhima in battle with the mace, hath been slain unrighteously by the former in the very sight of all the lords of Earth !"¹² The king was all alone in the midst of a large number of mighty car-warriors standing around him. Under such circumstances was that tiger among men slain by Bhimasena !"¹³ Those lamentations that I have heard, of the king lying prostrate on the Earth with his thighs broken, from the messengers circulating the news, are cutting the very core of my heart !"¹⁴ The unrighteous and sinful Pāṇchālas, who have broken down the barrier of virtue, are even such ! Why do you not censure them who have transgressed all considerations ?"¹⁵ Having slain the Pāṇchālas, those slayers of my sire, in the night when they are buried in sleep, I care not if I am born a worm or a winged insect in my next life !"¹⁶ That which I have resolved is hurrying me towards its accomplishment. Hurried as I am by it, how can I have sleep and happiness ?"¹⁷ That man is not yet born in the world, nor will be, who will succeed in baffling this resolution that I have formed for their destruction !—"

"Sanjaya continued,—Having said these words, O monarch, the valiant son of Drona yoked his steeds to his car at a corner and set out towards the direction of his enemies."¹⁸ Then Bhoja and Caradwat's son, those high-souled persons, addressed him, saying,—Why dost thou yoke the steeds to thy

car ? Upon what business art thou bent ?¹ We are determined to accompany thee tomorrow, O bull among men ! We sympathise with thee in weal and woe ! It behoveth thee not to mistrust us !—² Remembering the slaughter of his sire, Aṣwatthāman in rage told them truly about the feat that he had resolved to accomplish.³ When my sire, having slain hundreds and thousands of warriors with keen shafts, had laid aside his weapons, he was then slain by Dhrishtadyumna !⁴ I shall slay that slayer today in a similar condition, that is, when he will have laid aside his armour ! The sinful son of the king of the Pāṇchālas I shall today slay by a sinful act !⁵ It is my resolve to slay like an animal that sinful prince of the Pāṇchālas in such a way that he may not attain to regions earned by persons slain with weapons !⁶ Put on your coats of mail without delay and take your bows and swords, and wait for me here, ye foremost of car-warriors and scorchers of foes !⁷—Having said these words, Aṣwatthāman got upon his car and set out towards the direction of the enemy. Then Kripa, O king, and Kritavarman of the Sātвата race, both followed him.⁸ While the three proceeded against the enemy, they shone like three blazing fires in a sacrifice, fed with libations of clarified butter.⁹ They proceeded, O lord, towards the camp of the Pāṇchālas within which everybody was asleep. Having approached the gate, Drōṇa's son, that mighty car-warrior, stopped.¹⁰

SECTION VI.

“Dhritarāshtra said.—‘Seeing Drōṇa's son stop at the gate of the encampment, what, O Sanjaya, did those two mighty car-warriors, viz., Kripa and Kritavarman, do ? Tell me this !’

“Sanjaya said,—‘Inviting Kritavarman as also the mighty car-warrior Kripa, Drōṇa's son, filled with rage, approached the gate of the camp.’ He there beheld a being of gigantic frame, capable of making the very hair to stand on end, and possessed of the effulgence of the Sun or the Moon, guarding the entrance.* Round his loins was a tiger-skin dripping with blood, and he had a black deer for his upper garment. He had

for his sacred thread a large snake.⁴ His arms were long and massive and held many kinds of uplifted weapons. He had for his *Angadas* a large snake wound round his upper arm. His mouth seemed to blaze with flames of fire.⁵ His teeth made his face terrible to behold. His mouth was open and dreadful. His face was adorned with thousands of beautiful eyes.⁶ His body was incapable of being described, as also his attire. The very mountains, upon beholding him, would split into a thousand fragments.⁷ Blazing flames of fire seemed to issue from his mouth and nose and ears and all those thousands of eyes.⁸ From those blazing flames hundreds and thousands of *Hrishikeças* issued armed with conchs and discs and maces.⁹ Beholding that extraordinary being capable of inspiring the whole world with terror, Drona's son, without feeling any agitation, covered him with showers of celestial weapons. That being, however, devoured all those shafts shot by Drona's son.¹⁰ Like the *Vadavā* fire devouring the waters of the ocean, that being devoured the shafts sped by the son of Drona.¹¹ Beholding his arrowy showers prove fruitless, *Açwatthāman* hurled at him a long dart blazing like a flame of fire.¹² That dart of blazing point, striking against that being, broke into pieces like a huge meteor at the end of the *yuga* breaking and falling down from the firmament after striking against the Sun.¹³ *Açwatthāman* then, without losing a moment, drew from its sheath an excellent scimitar of the color of the sky and endued with a golden hilt. The scimitar came out like a blazing snake from its hole.¹⁴ The intelligent son of Drona then hurled that excellent scimitar at that being. The weapon, approaching that being, disappeared within his body like a mongoose disappearing in its hole.¹⁵ Filled with rage, the son of Drona then hurled a blazing mace of the proportions of a pole set up in honor of Indra. The being devoured that mace also.¹⁶ At last, when all his weapons were exhausted, *Açwatthāman*, casting his eyes around, beheld the whole firmament densely crowded with images of *Janārdana*.¹⁷ Drona's son, divested of weapons, beholding that wonderful sight, recollected the words of *Kripa*, and turning with grief, said,¹⁸—He that listens not to the beneficial words of advising

friends, is obliged to repent, being overwhelmed with calamity, even as my foolish self for having disregarded my two well-wishers!" That fool who, disregarding the way pointed out by the scriptures, seeketh to slay his enemies, falleth off from the path of righteousness and is lost in the trackless wilderness of sin.³⁰ One should not cast weapons upon kine, Brāhmanas, kings, women, friends, one's own mother, one's own preceptor, a weak man, an idiot, a blind man, a sleeping man, a terrified man, one just risen from sleep, an intoxicated person, a lunatic, and one that is heedless. The preceptors of old always inculcated this truth to men.³¹⁻³³ I have, however, by disregarding the eternal way pointed out by the scriptures, and by essaying to tread in a wrong path, fallen into terrible distress!³⁴ The wise have called that to be a terrible calamity when one falls back, through fear, from a great feat after having essayed to achieve it.³⁵ I am unable, by putting forth only my skill and might, to achieve that which I have vowed! Human exertion is never regarded more efficacious than destiny.³⁶ If any human action that is commenced does not succeed through destiny, the actor becomes like one who, falling off from the path of righteousness, is lost in the wilderness of sin.³⁷ The sages speak of defeat as foolishness when one having commenced an act swerves from it through fear.³⁸ In consequence of the wickedness of my essay, this great calamity has come upon me, otherwise Drona's son would never had been forced to hold back from battle.³⁹ This being, again, whom I see before me, is most wonderful! He stands there like the uplifted rod of divine chastisement. Reflecting even deeply, I cannot recognise who this being is!" Without doubt, that being is the terrible fruit of this sinful determination of mine that I had essayed to achieve unrighteously. He standeth there for baffling that determination!⁴⁰ It seems, therefore, that in my case this falling off from fight had been ordained by destiny. It is not for me to exert for the accomplishment of this my purpose unless destiny becomes favorable!⁴¹ I shall, therefore, at this hour, seek the protection of the puissant Mahādeva! He will dispel this dreadful rod of divine chastisement uplifted before me!⁴² I will take the shelter of that god, that source of

everything beneficial, viz., the lord of Umā, otherwise called Kaparddin, decked with a garland of human skulls, that plucker of Bhaga's eyes, called also Rudra and Hara!¹⁸ In ascetic austerities and prowess, he far surpasses all the gods! I shall, therefore, seek the protection of Giriṇa armed with trident!—"¹⁹

SECTION VII.

"Sanjaya said,—“The son of Drona, O monarch, having reflected thus, descended from the terrace of his car and stood, bending his head unto that supreme god.’ And he said.— I seek the protection of Him called fierce, Sthānu, Civa, Rudra, Sarva, Iṣāna, Iṣwara, Giriṇa, of that boon-giving god who is the Creator and Lord of the universe;¹ of Him whose throat is blue, who is without birth, who is called Cakra, who destroyed the sacrifice of Daksha, and who is called Hara; of Him whose form is the universe, who hath three eyes, who is possessed of multifarious forms, and who is the lord of Umā;² of Him who resides in crematoriums, who swells with energy, who is the lord of diverse tribes of ghostly beings, and who is the possessor of undecaying prosperity and power; of Him who wields the skull-topped club, who is called Rudra, who bears matted locks on his head, and who is a *Brahmachārin*!³ Purifying my soul that is so difficult to purify, and possessed as I am of small energy, I adore the Destroyer of the triple city, and offer myself as the victim!⁴ Hymned thou hast been, deserving art thou of hymns, and I hymn to thy glory! Thy purposes are never baffled! Thou art robed in skins; thou hast red hair on thy head; thou art blue-throated; thou art unbearable; thou art irresistible!⁵ Thou art pure; thou art the Creator of Brahman; thou art *Bramah*; thou art a *Brahmachārin*; thou art an observer of vows; thou art devoted to ascetic austerities; thou art infinite; thou art the refuge of all ascetics;⁷ thou art multiform; thou art the leader of diverse tribes of ghostly beings; thou art three-eyed; thou art fond of those beings called *companions*; thou art always seen by the Lord of treasures; thou art dear to Gauri's heart;⁸ thou art the sire of Kumāra; thou art tawny; thou hast for

thy excellent bearer a bovine bull ; thou art robed in a subtle attire ; thou art most fierce ; thou art eager to adorn Umā ;⁹ thou art higher than all that is high ; thou art higher than everything ; there is nothing higher than thou ; thou art the wielder of weapons ; thou art immeasurable, and thou art the protector of all quarters ;¹⁰ thou art cased in golden armour ; thou art divine thou hast the moon as an ornament on thy brow ! With concentrated attention, I seek thy protection, O god !¹¹ For success in getting over this dreadful distress that is so difficult to get over, I sacrifice unto thee, the purest of the pure, offering for thy acceptance the (five) elements of which my body is composed !¹²—Knowing this to be his resolution in consequence of his desire to accomplish his object, a golden altar appeared before the high-souled son of Drona.¹³ Upon that altar, O king, appeared a blazing fire, filling all the points of the compass, cardinal and subsidiary, with its splendour.¹⁴ Many mighty beings also, of blazing mouths and eyes, of many feet, heads, and arms, adorned with *Angadas* set with gems, and with uplifted arms, and looking like elephants and mountains, appeared there. Their faces resembled those of hares and boars and camels and horses and jackals and cows,¹⁵⁻¹⁶ and bears and cats and tigers and pards, and crows and apes and parrots.¹⁷ And the faces of some were like those of mighty snakes, and others had faces like those of ducks. And all of them were endued with great effulgence. And the faces of some were like those of wood-peckers and jays, O Bhārata,¹⁸ and of tortoises and alligators and porpoises and huge sharks and whales,¹⁹ and of lions and cranes and pigeons and elephants and shags.²⁰ Some had faces like those of ravens and hawks, some had cars on their hands ; some had thousand eyes ; some had very large stomachs ; and some had no flesh, O Bhārata !²¹ And some, O king, had no heads, and some, O Bhārata, had faces like those of bears. The eyes of some like fire, and some had fiery complexions.²² The hair on the heads and bodies of some were blazing, and some had four arms, and some, O king, had faces like those of sheep and goats.²³ The color of some was like that of conchs, and some had faces that resembled conchs, and the ears of some were

like conchs, and some wore garlands made of conchs, and the voices of some resembled the blare of conchs.³⁴ Some had matted locks on their heads, and some had five tufts of hair, and some had heads that were bald. Some had lean stomachs; some had four teeth, some had four tongues, some had ears straight as arrows, and some had diadems on their brows.³⁵ Some had strings of grass on their bodies, O monarch, and some had curly hair. Some had head-gears made of cloth, some had coronets, some had beautiful faces, and some were adorned with ornaments.³⁶ Some had ornaments made of lotuses, and some were decked with flowers. They numbered in hundreds and thousands.³⁷ Some were armed with *Çatāghnis*, some with thunder, and some had *mushalas* in their hands. Some had *Bhuçundis*, some had nooses, and some had maces in their hands, O Bhārata!³⁸ On the backs of some were slung quivers containing excellent shafts, and all were fierce in battle. Some had standards with banners and bells, and some were armed with battle-axes.³⁹ Some had large nooses in their uplifted arms, and some had clubs and bludgeons. Some had stout posts in their hands, some had scimitars, and some had snakes with erect heads for their diadems.⁴⁰ Some had large snakes (wound round their upper arms) for *Angadas*, and some had beautiful ornaments on their persons. Some were begrimed with dust, some smutted with mire, and all were attired in white robes and white garments. The limbs of some were blue, while others had limbs that were tawny. And some there were that were beardless.⁴¹ Those beings, called companions, possessed of golden complexions, and filled with joy, played upon drums and horns and cymbals and *Jharjharas* and *Anakas* and *Gomukhas*.⁴² And some sang and some danced about uttering loud sounds, and some leapt forward and cut capers and jumped sideways.⁴³ Endued with great fleetness, they ran about most fiercely, the hair on their heads waving in the air, like huge elephants infuriate with passion and frequently uttering loud roars.⁴⁴ Terrible, and of frightful mien, and armed with lances and battle-axes, they were attired in robes of diverse hues and decked with beautiful garlands and unguents.⁴⁵ Adorned with *Angadas* decked with

gems, and with uplifted arms, they were endued with great courage. Capable of forcibly slaying all foes, they were irresistible in prowess." Drinkers of blood and fat and other animal matter, they subsisted on the flesh and entrails of animals. Some had their locks tied in tall tufts above their heads. Some had single tufts on their heads; some had rings on their ears; and some had stomachs resembling earthen vessels used for cooking." Some were of very short statures, and some were very high in stature. Some were tall and very fierce. Some had grim features, some had long lips, and the genital limbs of some were very long." Some had costly and diverse kinds of crowns upon their heads; and some had bald heads, and the heads of others were covered with matted locks. They secured capable of bringing down the firmament with the sun, moon, and stars, on Earth, and exterminating the four orders of created things." They know not what it is to fear, and are capable of enduring the frowns of Hara.⁴⁰ They always act as they like, and are the lords of the lord of the three worlds. Always engaged in merry sports, they are thorough masters of speech and are perfectly free from pride.⁴¹ Having obtained the eight kinds of divine attributes, they are never elated with pride. The divine Hara is always filled with wonder at their feats.⁴² They are devout worshippers of Mahādeva. Adored by them in thought, word, and deed, the great god protects those worshippers of his, looking upon them, in thought, word, and deed, as children of his own loins.⁴³ Filled with rage, they always drink the blood and fat of all haters of *Brahma*. They always drink also the *Soma* juice endued with four kinds of taste.⁴⁴ Having adored the trident-bearing god with Vedic recitations, with *Brahmacharya*, with ascetic austerities, and with self-restraint, they have obtained the companionship of Bhava.⁴⁵ The divine Māheçwara, that lord of the past, the present, and the future, as also Pārvati, eat with those diverse tribes of mighty-beings that partake of their own nature.⁴⁶ Causing the universe to resound with the peal of diverse kinds of instruments, with noise of laughter, with loud sounds and shrieks and leonine roars, they approached Açwatthāman.⁴⁷ Uttering the praises,

of Mahādeva and spreading an effulgent light all around, desirous of enhancing the honor of Aṣwatthāman and the glory of the high-souled Hara, and wishing to ascertain the extent of Aṣwatthāman's energy, and desirous also of beholding the slaughter during the hour of sleep,⁴³ armed with terrible and fierce bludgeons and fiery wheels and battle-axes, that crowd of strange beings, endued with terrible forms, came from every side.⁴⁴ They were capable of inspiring the three worlds with dread at their sight. The mighty Aṣwatthāman, however, beholding them, felt no fear.⁴⁵ Drona's son, armed with bow, and with fingers cased in fences made of iguana skins, himself offered up his own self as a victim unto Mahādeva.⁴⁶ Bows were the fuel, and sharp shafts were the ladles, and his own soul possessed of great might was the libation, O Bhārata, in that act of sacrifice.⁴⁷ The valiant and wrathful son of Drona then, with propitiating *mantras*, offered up his own soul as the victim.⁴⁸ Having with fierce rites adored Rudra of fierce deeds, Aṣwatthāman, with joined hands, said these words unto that high-souled god.⁴⁹

“Aṣwatthāman said,—Sprung from Angiras's line, I am about to pour my soul, O god, as a libation on this fire! Accept, O lord, this victim!⁵⁰ In this hour of distress, O Soul of the universe, I offer up my own self as the sacrificial victim, from devotion to thee and with heart concentrated in meditation!⁵¹ All creatures are in thee and thou art in all creatures! A union of all high attributes occurs in thee!⁵² O lord, O thou that art the refuge of all creatures, I wait as a libation for thee, since I am unable to vanquish my foes! Accept me, O god!⁵³—Having said these words, Drona's son, ascending that sacrificial altar on which a fire blazed brightly, offered himself up as the victim and entered that blazing fire!⁵⁴ Beholding him stand immovable and with uplifted hands and as an offering unto himself, the divine Mahādeva appeared in person and smilingly said,⁵⁵—With truth, purity, sincerity, resignation, ascetic austerities, vows, forgiveness, devotion, patience, thought, and word,⁵⁶ I have been duly adored by Krishna of pure deeds! For this there is none dearer to me than Krishna!⁵⁷ For honoring him and at his word I have

protected the Pāṇchālas and displayed diverse kinds of illusion."³ By protecting the Pāṇchālas I have honored him. They have, however, been afflicted by Time. The period of their lives hath run out!⁴—Having said these words unto the high-souled Aṣwatthāman, the divine Mahādeva entered Aṣwatthāman's body after giving him an excellent and polished sword."⁵ Filled by that divine being, Drona's son blazed up with energy. In consequence of that energy derived from god-head, he became all powerful in battle."⁶ Many invisible beings and *Rākshasas* proceeded along his right and his left as he set out, like the lord Mahādeva himself, for entering the camp of his foes.'"⁷

SECTION VIII.

"Dhritarāshtra said,—'While Drona's son, that mighty warrior, thus proceeded towards the hostile camp, did Kripa and Bhoja stop from fear?' I hope those two great warriors, checked by vulgar guards, did not fly away secretly, thinking their opponents irresistible?¹ Or, have they, after grinding the camp, the Somakas, and the Pāṇdavas, followed, while still engaged in battle, the highly glorious path in which Duryodhana has gone?² Are those heroes, slain by the Pāṇchālas, sleeping on the bare Earth? Did they achieve any feat? Tell me all this, O Sanjaya!⁴

"Sanjaya said,—'When the high-souled son of Drona proceeded towards the camp, Kripa and Kritavarman waited at the gate.'⁵ Beholding them ready to exert themselves, Aṣwatthāman became filled with joy, and addressing them whisperingly, O king, said,—If you two exert, you are competent to exterminate all the Kshatriyas!⁶ What need I say, therefore, of this remnant of the (Pāṇdava) army, particularly when it is buried in sleep?' I shall enter the camp and career like Yama! I am sure that you two will act in such a way that no man may escape you with life!⁷—Having said these words, the son of Drona entered the vast camp of the Pārthas. Casting off all fear, he penetrated into it by a spot where there was no door.⁸ The mighty-armed hero, having entered the camp, proceed-

ed, guided by signs, very softly, towards the quarters of Dhrishtadyumna.¹⁰ The Pāṇchālas, having achieved great feats, had been much tired in battle. They were sleeping in confidence, assembled together, and by the side of one another.¹¹ Entering into Dhrishtadyumna's chamber, O Bhārata, Drona's son beheld the prince of the Pāṇchālas sleeping before him on his bed.¹² He lay on a beautiful sheet of silk upon a costly and excellent bed. Excellent wreaths of flowers were strewn upon that bed and it was perfumed with powdered *Dhupa*.¹³ Aṣwatthāman, O king, awoke with a kick the high-souled prince sleeping trustfully and fearlessly on his bed.¹⁴ Feeling that kick, the prince, irresistible in battle and of immeasurable soul, awakened from sleep and recognised Drona's son standing before him.¹⁵ As he was rising from his bed, the mighty Aṣwatthāman seized him by the hair of his head and began to press him down on the Earth with his hands.¹⁶ Thus pressed by Aṣwatthāman with great strength, the prince, from fear as also from sleepiness, was not able to put forth his strength at that time.¹⁷ Striking him with his foot, O king, on both his throat and breast while his victim writhed and roared, Drona's son endeavoured to kill him as if he were any animal.¹⁸ The Pāṇchāla prince tore Aṣwatthāman with his nails and at last softly said,—O preceptor's son, slay me with a weapon, do not tarry! O best of men, let me, through thy act, repair to the regions of the righteous!¹⁹—Having said this much, that slayer of foes, viz., the son of the Pāṇchāla king, assailed with strength by that mighty hero, became silent.²⁰ Hearing those indistinct sounds of his, Drona's son said,—O wretch of thy race, there is no region for those that slay their preceptors! For this, O thou of wicked understanding, thou deservest not to be slain with any weapon!²¹—While saying so, Aṣwatthāman, filled with rage, began to strike the vital parts of his victim with violent kicks of his heels, and slew his foe like a lion slaying an infuriate elephant.²² At the cries of that hero while he was being slain, his wives and guards that were in his tent all awaked, O king!²³ Beholding somebody crushing the prince with superhuman force, they regarded the assailant to be some preternatural being and, therefore, uttered no cries

from fear." Having despatched him to Yama's abode by such means, Aṣwatthāman of great energy went out and getting upon his beautiful car stayed on it." Indeed, coming out of Dhrishtadyumna's abode, O king, Aṣwatthāman caused all the points of the compass to resound with his roars, and then proceeded on his car to other parts of the camp for slaying his foes." After Drona's son, that mighty car-warrior, had gone away, the women and all the guards set up a loud wail of woe." Seeing their king slain, all the wives of Dhrishtadyumna, filled with great sorrow, cried aloud." At that wail of theirs many mighty Kshatriyas, awaking, put on their armour and came there for enquiring after the cause of those cries." Those ladies, terrified at the sight of Aṣwatthāman, in piteous tones asked the men to pursue him without delay." They said,—Whether he is a *Rākshasa* or a human being, we know not what he is! Having slain the Pāṇchāla king, he stayeth there!"—At these words, those foremost of warriors suddenly surrounded Drona's son. The latter slew them all by means of the *Rudra* weapon." Having slain Dhrishtadyumna and all those followers of his, he beheld Uttamaujas sleeping on his bed." Attacking him with his foot on the throat and chest, Drona's son slew that great hero also while the latter writhed in agony." Yudhāmanyu, coming up and believing his comrade to have been slain by a *Rākshasa*, speedily struck Drona's son in the chest with a mace." Rushing towards him, Aṣwatthāman seized him and brought him down to the ground and slew him like an animal while the latter uttered loud shrieks." Having slain Yudhāmanyu thus, that hero proceeded against the other car-warriors of the king, who were all asleep." He slew all those trembling and shrieking warriors like animals in a sacrifice. Taking up his sword then, he slew many others." Proceeding along the diverse paths of the camp one after another, Aṣwatthāman, accomplished in the use of the sword beheld diverse *Gulmas* and slew in a trice the unarmed and tired warriors sleeping within them." With that excellent sword he cut off combatants and steeds and elephants. Covered all over with blood, he seemed then to be Death himself

commissioned by Time.⁴⁰ Causing his foes to tremble by the repeated blows of his sword that were of three kinds, Açwatthāman became bathed in blood.⁴¹ Covered as he was with blood, and wielding as he did a blazing sword, his form, as he careered in battle, became exceedingly terrible and superhuman.⁴² Those who awaked from sleep, O Kauravya, became stupified with the loud noise (they heard around). Beholding Drona's son, they looked at each other's faces and trembled (with fear).⁴³ Those Kshatriyas, beholding the form of that crusher of foes, believed him to be a *Rākshasa* and closed their eyes.⁴⁴ Of terrible form, he careered in the camp like Yama himself, and at last saw the sons of Draupadi and the remnant of the Somakas.⁴⁵ Alarmed by the noise, and learning that Dhrishtadyumna had been slain, those mighty car-warriors, viz., the sons of Draupadi, armed with bows, fearlessly poured their shafts on Drona's son.⁴⁶ Awaked by their noise, the Prabhadrakas with Cikhandin at their head, began to grind the son of Drona with their arrows.⁴⁷ Drona's son, beholding them shower their arrows on him, uttered a loud roar and became desirous of slaying those mighty car-warriors.⁴⁸ Recollecting the death of his sire, Açwatthāman became filled with rage. Alighting from the terrace of his car, he rushed furiously (against his enemies).⁴⁹ Taking up his bright shield adorned with a thousand moons and his massive and celestial sword decked with gold, the mighty Açwatthāman rushed against the sons of Draupadi and began to lay about him with his weapon.⁵⁰ Then that tiger among men, in that dreadful battle, struck Prativindhya in the abdomen, at which the latter, O king, deprived of life, fell down on the Earth.⁵¹ The valiant Sutasoma, having pierced the son of Drona with a lance, rushed at him with his uplifted sword.⁵² Açwatthāman, however, cut off Sutasoma's arm with the sword in grasp, and once more struck him in the flank. At this, Sutasoma fell down, bereft of life.⁵³ The valiant Catānika, the son of Nakula, taking up a car-wheel with his two hands, violently struck Açwatthāman at the chest.⁵⁴ The regenerate Açwatthāman violently assailed Catānika after he had hurled that car-wheel. Exceedingly agitated, Nakula's son fell down upon

the Earth, upon which Drona's son cut off his head." Then Crutakarman, taking up a spiked bludgeon, attacked Aṣwatthāman. Furiously rushing at Drona's son, he assailed him violently on the left part of his forehead." Aṣwatthāman struck Crutakarman with his excellent sword on the face. Deprived of senses and his face disfigured, he fell down lifeless on the Earth." At this noise, the heroic Crutakirti, that great car-warrior, coming up, poured showers of arrows on Aṣwatthāman." Baffling those arrowy showers with his shield, Aṣwatthāman cut off from his enemy's trunk the latter's beautiful head adorned with ear-rings." Then the slayer of Bhishma, viz., the mighty Cikhandin, with all the Prabhadrakas, assailed the hero from every side with diverse kinds of weapons. Cikhandin struck Aṣwatthāman with an arrow in the midst of his two eye-brows." Filled with rage at this, Drona's son, possessed of great might, approached Cikhandin and cut him in twain with his sword." Having slain Cikhandin, Aṣwatthāman, filled with rage, rushed furiously against the other Prabhadrakas. He proceeded also against the remnant of Virāta's force." Endued with great strength, Drona's son made a heavy carnage amongst the sons, the grandsons, and the followers of Drupada, singling them out one after another." Accomplished in the use of the sword, Aṣwatthāman then, rushing against other combatants, cut them down with his excellent sword." The warriors in the Pāṇḍava camp beheld that Death-night in her embodied form, a black image, of bloody mouth and bloody eyes, wearing crimson garlands and smeared with crimson unguents, attired in a single piece of red cloth, with a noose in hand, and resembling an elderly lady, employed in chaunting a dismal note and standing full before their eyes, and about to lead away men and steeds and elephants all tied in a stout chord." She seemed to take away diverse kinds of spirits, with dishevelled hair and tied together in a chord, as also, O king, many mighty car-warriors divested of their weapons." On other days, O sire, the foremost warriors of the Pāṇḍava camp used to see in their dreams that figure leading away the sleeping combatants and Drona's son smiting them behind!"

The Pāṇḍava soldiers saw that lady and Drona's son in their dreams every night from the day when the battle between the Kurus and the Pāṇḍavas first commenced.⁶⁸ Afflicted before by Destiny, they were now smitten by Drona's son who terrified them all with the frightful roars uttered by him.⁶⁹ Afflicted by Destiny, the brave warriors of the Pāṇḍava camp, recollecting the sight they had seen in their dreams, identified it with what they now witnessed.⁷¹ At the noise made, hundreds and thousands of Pāṇḍava bowmen in the camp awoke from their slumbers.⁷² Aṣwatthāman cut off the legs of some, and the hips of others, and pierced some in their flanks, careering like the Destroyer himself let loose by Time.⁷³ The Earth, O lord, was soon covered with human beings that were crushed into shapelessness or trodden down by elephants and steeds and with others that roared in great affliction.⁷⁴ Many of them loudly exclaimed,—What is this?—Who is this one?—What is this noise?—Who is doing what?—While uttering such shrieks, Drona's son became their Destroyer.⁷⁵ That foremost of smiters, viz., the son of Drona, despatched to the regions of Yama all those Pāṇḍus and Srinjayas who were without armour and weapons.⁷⁶ Terrified at that noise, many awoke from sleep. Possessed with fear, blinded by sleep, and deprived of their senses, those warriors seemed to vanish (before the fury of Aṣwatthāman).⁷⁷ The thighs of many were paralysed and many were so stupefied that they lost all their energy. Shrieking and possessed with fear, they began to slay one another.⁷⁸ Drona's son once more got upon his car of terrible clatter, and taking up his bow despatched many with his shafts to Yama's abode.⁷⁹ Others that awaked from sleep, brave warriors and foremost of men, as they came towards Aṣwatthāman, were slain before they could approach him and were thus offered up as victims unto that Death-night.⁸⁰ Crushing many with that foremost of cars, he careered through the camp, and covered his foes with repeated showers of arrows.⁸¹ Once again with that beautiful shield of his, adorned with a hundred moons, and with that sword of his which was of the hue of the welkin, he careered amidst his enemies.⁸² Like an elephant agitating a large lake, Drona's

son, irresistible in battle, agitated the camp of the Pāndavas." Awaked by the noise, O king, many warriors, afflicted still with sleep and fear, and with senses still under a cloud, ran hither and thither.⁶⁴ Many shrieked in harsh tones and many uttered incoherent exclamations. Many succeeded not in obtaining their weapons and armour.⁶⁵ The locks of many were dishevelled, and many failed to recognise one another. Having risen from sleep, many fell down, fatigued; some wandered here and there without any purpose.⁶⁶ Elephants and steeds, breaking their chords, passed excreta and urine.⁶⁷ Many, causing great confusion, huddled together. Amongst these, some, through fear, laid themselves down on the Earth. The animals of the camp crushed them there.⁶⁸ While the camp was in this state, *Rākshasas*, O king, uttered loud roars in joy, O chief of the Bharatas!⁶⁹ That loud noise, O king, uttered by ghostly beings in joy, filled all the points of the compass and the welkin.⁷⁰ Hearing the wails of woe, elephants, steeds, breaking their chords, rushed hither and thither, crushing the combatants in the camp.⁷¹ As those animals rushed hither and thither, the dust raised by them made the night doubly dark.⁷² When that thick gloom set in, the warriors in the camp became perfectly stupefied; sires recognised not their sons, brothers recognised not their brothers.⁷³ Elephants, assailing riderless elephants, and steeds, assailing riderless steeds, assailed and broke and crushed the people that stood in their way.⁷⁴ Losing all order, combatants rushed and slew one another, and felling those that stood in their way crushed them into pieces.⁷⁵ Deprived of their senses and overcome with sleep, and enveloped in gloom, men, impelled by fate, slew their own comrades.⁷⁶ The guards, leaving the gates they watched, and those at duty at the outposts leaving the posts they guarded, fled away for their lives, deprived of their senses and not knowing whither they proceeded.⁷⁷ They slew one another, the slayers, O lord, not recognising the slain. Afflicted by fate, they cried after their sires and sons.⁷⁸ While they fled, abandoning their friends and relatives, they called upon one another, mentioning their families and names.⁷⁹ Others, uttering cries of *oh* and *alas*, fell down on the Earth,

In the midst of the battle, Drona's son, recognising them, slew them all.¹⁰⁰ Other Kshatriyas, while being slaughtered, lost their senses, and afflicted by fear, sought to fly away from their camps.¹⁰¹ Those men that sought to fly away from the camp for saving their lives, were slain by Kritavarman and Kripa at the gate.¹⁰² Divested of weapons and instruments and armour, and with dishevelled hair, they joined their hands. Trembling with fear, they were on the ground. The two Kuru warriors, however, (who were on their cars) gave quarter to none.¹⁰³ None amongst those that escaped from the camp was let off by those two wicked persons, viz., Kripa and Kritavarman.¹⁰⁴ Then again, for doing that which was highly agreeable to Drona's son, those two set fire to the Pāndava camp in three places.¹⁰⁵ When the camp was lighted, Aṇwatthāman, that delighter of his sires, O monarch, careered, sword in hand and smiting his foes with great skill.¹⁰⁶ Some of his brave foes rushed towards him and some ran hither and thither. That foremost of regenerate ones, with his sword, deprived all of them of their lives.¹⁰⁷ The valiant son of Drona, filled with rage, felled some of the warriors, cutting them in twain with his sword as if they were sessame stalks.¹⁰⁸ The Earth, O bull of Bharata's race, became strewn with the fallen bodies of foremost of men and steeds and elephants mingled together and uttering woful wails and cries.¹⁰⁹ When thousands of men had fallen down deprived of life, innumerable headless trunks stood up and fell down.¹¹⁰ Aṇwatthāman, O Bhārata, cut off arms adorned with *Angadas* and holding weapons in grasp, and heads, and thighs resembling trunks of elephants, and hands, and feet.¹¹¹ The illustrious son of Drona mangled the backs of some, cut off the heads of some, and caused some to turn away from the fight.¹¹² And he cut off some at the middle, and lopped off the ears of others, and struck others on the shoulders, and pressed down the heads of some into their trunks.¹¹³ As Aṇwatthāman careered in this way, slaughtering thousands of men, the deep night became more terrible in consequence of the darkness that set in.¹¹⁴ The Earth became terrible to behold, strewn with thousands of human beings dead and dying and innumerable steeds and elephants.¹¹⁵ Cut off

by the enraged son of Drona, his foes fell down on the Earth that was then crowded with *Yakshas* and *Rākshasas* and frightful with (broken) cars and slain steeds and elephants.¹¹⁶ Some called upon their bothers, some upon their sires, and some upon their sons. And some said,—The Dhārta-rāshtras in rage could never accomplish such feats in battle as these which *Rākshasas* of wicked deeds are achieving upon us during the hour of sleep! It is only in consequence of the absence of the Pārthas that this great slaughter is going on!¹¹⁷⁻¹⁸ That son of Kunti, who hath Janārdhana for his protector, is incapable of being vanquished by gods, *Asuras*, *Gandharvas*, *Yakshas*, and *Rākshasas*!¹¹⁹ Devoted to *Brahma*, truthful in speech, self-restrained, and compassionate towards all creatures, that son of Prithā, called Dhananjaya never slaughters one that is asleep, or one that is heedless, or one that has laid aside his weapons, or one that has joined his hands in supplication, or one that is retreating, or one whose locks have been dishevelled!¹²⁰ Alas, they are *Rākshasas* of wicked deeds who are perpetrating such terrible acts upon ourselves!—Uttering such words, many laid themselves down.¹²¹ The loud din caused by the cries and groans of human beings died away within a short space of time.¹²² The Earth being drenched with blood, O king, that thick and frightful dust soon disappeared.¹²³ Thousands of men moving in agony, overwhelmed with anxiety, and overcome with despair, were slain by Aṣwatthāman like Rudra slaying living creatures!¹²⁴ Many who laid themselves down on the ground clasping one another, and many who sought to fly away, and many who sought to hide themselves, and many who struggled in battle, were all slain by the son of Drona.¹²⁵ Burnt by the raging flames and slaughtered by Aṣwatthāman, the men, losing their senses, slew one another.¹²⁶ Before half the night was over, the son of Drona, O monarch, despatched the large host of the Pāndavas unto Yama's abode.¹²⁷ That night, so terrible and destructive unto human beings and elephants and steeds filled with joy all creatures that wander in the dark!¹²⁸ Many *Rākshasas* and *Piṣāchas* of various tribes were seen there, gorging upon human flesh and quaffing the blood that lay on the ground.¹²⁹

They were fierce, tawny in hue, terrible, of adamant teeth, and dyed with blood. With matted locks on their heads, their thighs were long and massive; endued with five feet, their stomachs were large.¹³⁰ Their fingers were set backwards. Of harsh temper and ugly features, their voice was loud and terrible. They had rows of tinkling bells tied to their bodies. Possessed of blue throats, they looked very frightful.¹³¹ Exceedingly cruel and incapable of being looked at without fear, and without abhorrence for anything, they came there with their children and wives. Indeed, diverse were the forms seen there of the *Rākshasas* that came.¹³² Quaffing the blood that ran in streams, they became filled with joy and began to dance in separate bands.—This is excellent!—This is pure!—This is very sweet!—these were the words they uttered.¹³³ Other carnivorous creatures, subsisting upon animal food, having gorged upon fat and marrow and bones and blood, began to eat the delicate parts of corpses.¹³⁴ Others, drinking the fat that flowed in streams, ran naked over the field. Possessed of diverse kinds of faces, other carnivorous beings of great ferocity, and living upon dead flesh,¹³⁵ came there in tens of thousands and millions. Grim and gigantic *Rākshasas* also of wicked deeds, came there in bands as numerous.¹³⁶ Other ghostly beings, filled with joy and gorged to satiety, O king, also came there and were seen in the midst of that dreadful carnage.¹³⁷ When morning dawned, Aṣwatthāman desired to leave the camp.¹³⁸ He was then bathed in human blood, and the hilt of his sword so firmly adhered in his grasp that his hand and sword, O king, became one!¹³⁹ Having walked in that path that is never trod (by good warriors), Aṣwatthāman, after that slaughter, looked like the blazing fire at the end of the *Yuga* after it has consumed all creatures into ashes.¹⁴⁰ Having perpetrated that feat agreeably to his vow, and having trod in that untrodden way, Drona's son, O lord, forgot his grief for the slaughter of his sire.¹⁴¹ The Pāndava camp, in consequence of the sleep in which all within it were buried, was perfectly still when Drona's son had entered it in the night. After the nocturnal slaughter, when all became once more quiet, Aṣwatthāman issued from it.¹⁴²

Having issued from the camp, the valiant Açwatthāman met his two compassions and, filled with joy, told them his feat, gladdening them, O king, by the intelligence.¹⁴³ Those two, in return, devoted as they were to his good, gave him the agreeable intelligence of how they also had slaughtered thousands of Pāṇchālas and Srinjayas (at the gates).¹⁴⁴ Even thus did that night prove terribly destructive to the Somakas who had been heedless and buried in sleep.¹⁴⁵ The course of time, without doubt, is irresistible. Those who had exterminated us were themselves exterminated now !¹⁴⁶

“Dhritarāshtra said,—‘Why is it that that mighty car-warrior, viz., the son of Drona, did not achieve such a feat before although he had resolutely exerted for bestowing victory upon Duryodhana ?’¹⁴⁷ For what reason did that great bowman do this after the slaughter of the wretched Duryodhana ? It behoveth thee to tell me this !’¹⁴⁸

“Sanjaya said,—‘Through fear of the Pārthas, O son of Kuru’s race, Açwatthāman could not achieve such a feat then ! It was owing to the absence of the Pārthas and the intelligent Keçava as also of Sātyaki, that Drona’s son could accomplish it !’¹⁴⁹ Who is there, the lord Indra unexcepted, that is competent to slay them in the presence of these heroes ? Besides, O king, Açwatthāman succeeded in accomplishing the feat only because the men were all asleep !’¹⁵⁰ Having caused that vast slaughter of the Pāṇḍava forces, those three great car-warriors (viz., Açwatthāman and Kripa and Kritavarman), meeting together, exclaimed,—‘Good luck !’¹⁵¹—His two companions congratulated Açwatthāman, and the latter was also embraced by them. In great joy the latter uttered these words :—‘All the Pāṇchālas have been slain as also all the sons of Draupadi ! All the Somakas also, as well as all that remained of the Matsyas, have been slaughtered by me !’¹⁵² Crowned with success, let us without delay go there where the king is ! If the king be still alive, we will give him this joyful intelligence !—’ ”¹⁵³

SECTION IX.

"Sanjaya said,—'Having slain all the Pāṇchālas and the sons of Draupadi, the three Kuru heroes together came to that spot where Duryodhana lay, struck down by the foe.' Arrived there, they beheld that life had not been wholly extinct in the king. Jumping down from their cars, they surrounded thy son.' The Kuru king, O monarch, was lying there with broken thighs. Almost senseless, his life was about to ebb away. He was vomiting blood at intervals, with down-cast eyes.' He was then surrounded by a large number of carnivorous animals of terrible forms, and by wolves and hyenas, that awaited at no great distance for feeding upon his body.* With great difficulty the king was keeping off those beasts of prey that stood in expectation of feasting upon him. He was writhing on the Earth in great agony.' Beholding him thus lying on the Earth, bathed in his own blood, the three heroes who were the sole survivors of his army, viz., Aṇwat-thāman and Kripa and Kritavarman, became afflicted with grief and sat surrounding him.' Encompassed by those three mighty car-warriors who were covered with blood and who breathed hot sighs, the Kuru king looked like a sacrificial altar surrounded by three fires.' Beholding the king lying in that highly undeserving plight, the three heroes wept in unendurable sorrow.* Wiping the blood from off his face with their hands, they uttered these piteous lamentations in the hearing of the king lying on the field of battle.*

"'Kripa said,—There is nothing too difficult for Destiny to bring about, since even this king Duryodhana who was the lord of eleven *Akshauhini*s of troops sleepeth on the bare ground, struck down by the foe and covered with blood!'" Behold, fond as he was of the mace, that mace decked with pure gold still lieth by the side of the king whose splendour still resembles that of pure gold!" In no battle did that mace abandon this hero! Even now, when he is about to ascend to heaven, that weapon leaveth not this illustrious warrior!" Behold, that weapon, adorned with pure gold, still lieth by the side of this hero like a loving wife by the side of her lord

stretched on his bed in his chamber of sleep!" Behold the reverses brought about by Time! This scorcher of foes that used to walk at the head of all crowned kings, now eateth the dust, struck down (by the foe)!" He who had formerly struck down many foes and caused them to lie on the bare ground, alas, that king of the Kurus lieth today on the bare ground, struck down by foes!" He to whom hundreds of kings used to bow down in fear, lieth today on the field of battle, surrounded by beasts of prey!" The Brāhmanas formerly used to wait upon this lord for wealth! Alas, beasts of prey wait upon him today for feeding upon his body!—"

"Sanjaya continued,—'Beholding that chief of Kuru's race lying on the ground, Aṇwatthāman, O best of the Bharatas, uttered these piteous lamentations:—"O tiger among kings, all people indicated thee as the foremost of all bowmen! People also said that (in encounters with the mace) thou, a disciple of Cankarshana, wert like the Lord of treasures, (viz., Kuvera), himself!" How then, O sinless one, could Bhima notice any laches in thee! Thou wert ever mighty and possessed of skill! He, on the other hand, O king, is a wicked-souled wight!" Without doubt, O monarch, Time in this world is mightier than everything else, for we behold even thee struck down by Bhimasena in battle!" Alas, how could the wretched and mean Vrikodara unrighteously strike thee down, thee that wert conversant with every rule of righteousness! Without doubt, Time is irresistible!" Alas, having summoned thee to a fair fight, Bhimasena, putting forth his might, fractured thy thighs!" Fie on that wretched Yudhishtira who tolerated the head of one unrighteously struck down in battle to be touched with the foot!" In all battles warriors will certainly reprobate Vrikodara as long as the world will last. Without doubt, thou hast been struck down unrighteously!" The valiant Rāma of Yadu's race, O king, always used to say that there is no one equal to Duryodhana in encounters with the mace!" He of the Vrishni race O Bhārata, used to boast of thee, O lord, in every assembly saying,—Duryodhana of Kuru's race is a worthy disciple of mine!"—Thou hast obtained that end which great *Rishi*.

have declared to be the high reward of a Kshatriya slain in battle with his face towards the foe!¹⁸ I do not, O bull among men, grieve for thee, O Duryodhana! I grieve only for thy mother Gāndhārī and thy sire, childless as they now are!¹⁹ Afflicted with sorrow, they will have to wander over the Earth, begging their food! Fie on Krishna of Vrishni's race, and on Arjuna of wicked understanding!²⁰ They regard themselves conversant with the duties of morality, yet both of them stood indifferent whilst thou wert being slain! How will the other Pāndavas, shameless though they be, O king, speak of the manner in which they have accomplished thy death?²¹ Thou art highly fortunate, O son of Gāndhārī, since thou hast been slain on the field of battle, O bull among men, while advancing fairly against the foe!²² Alas, what will be the plight of Gāndhārī who is now childless, and who hath lost all her kinsmen and relatives! What also will be the plight of the blind king!²³ Fie on Kritavarman, on myself, as also on the mighty car-warrior Kripa, since we have not yet gone to heaven with thy royal self before us!²⁴ Fie on us, lowest of mortals, since we do not follow thee that wert the grantor of all wishes, the protector of all men, and the benefactor of all thy subjects!²⁵ Through thy power, the abodes of Kripa, of myself, and of my sire, along with those of our dependants, O tiger among men, are full of wealth!²⁶ Through thy grace, ourselves with our friends and relatives have performed many foremost of sacrifices with a profusion of presents to Brāhmanas!²⁷ Where shall such sinful persons as ourselves now go, since thou hast gone to heaven, taking with thee all the kings of the Earth?²⁸ Since we three, O king, do not follow thee that art about to obtain the highest end (of life), it is for this that we are indulging in such lamentations!²⁹ Deprived of thy companionship, reft of wealth, our memories painfully dwelling upon thy prosperity, alas, what will be our lot since we do not go with thee?³⁰ Without doubt, O chief of Kuru's race, we shall have to wander in grief on the Earth! Deprived of thee, O king, where can we have peace and where can we have happiness?³¹ Going from this world, O monarch, and meeting with those mighty car-warriors (that

have preceded thee), show thy regards to them, at my request, one after another, according to the order of their rank and years!" Having offered worship to thy preceptor, that foremost of all wielders of bows, tell him, O king, that Dhrishtadyumna hath been slain by me!" Embrace king Vālhika, that mighty car-warrior, as also the ruler of the Sindhus, and Somadatta, and Bhuriçravas," and the other foremost of kings that have preceded thee to heaven. At my request, embrace all of them and enquire after their welfare!"

"Sanjaya continued,—'Having said these words unto the king deprived of his senses and lying with broken thighs, Açwatthāman once more cast his eyes on him and uttered these words:—"If, O Duryodhana, thou hast any life in thee still, listen to these words that are so pleasant to hear! On the side of the Pāndavas, only seven are alive, and among the Dhārtarāshtras, only we three!" The seven on their side are the five brothers and Vāsudeva and Sātyaki; on our side, we three are myself and Kripa and Kritavarman!" All the sons of Draupadi have been slain, as also all the children of Dhrishtadyumna! All the Pāñchālas too have been slain as also the remnant of the Matsyas, O Bhārata!" Behold the vengeance taken for what they had done! The Pāndavas are now childless! While buried in sleep, the men and animals in their camp have all been slain!" Penetrating into their camp in the night, O king, I have slain Dhrishtadyumna, that wight of sinful deeds, as one kills an animal!"—Duryodhana then, having heard those words that were so agreeable to his heart, regained his senses and said these words in reply:—"That which neither Ganga's son, nor Karna, nor thy sire, could achieve, hath at last been achieved by thee today, accompanied by Kripa and Bhoja!" Thou hast slain that low wretch (viz., Dhrishtadyumna) who was commander of the Pāndava forces, as also Cikhandin! In consequence of this I regard myself equal to Magavat himself!" Good be to you all! Let prosperity be yours! All of us will again meet together in heaven!—Having said these words the high-souled king of the Kurus became silent." Casting off his griefs for all his (slain) kinsmen, he then gave up his life-breaths, His

soul ascended to sacred heaven, while his body only remained on Earth.⁶⁶ Even thus, O king, thy son Duryodhana breathed his last! Having provoked the battle first, he was slain by his foes at last!⁶⁷ The three heroes repeatedly embraced the king and gazed steadfastly on him. They then ascended their cars.⁶⁸ Having heard these piteous lamentations of Drona's son, I came away at early dawn towards the city.⁶⁹ Even thus the armies of the Kurus and the Pāndavas have been destroyed! Great and terrible have been that carnage, O king, caused by thy evil policy!⁷⁰ After thy son ascended to heaven, I became afflicted with grief and the spiritual sight which the *Rishi* gave hath been lost by me!⁷¹

Vaiçampāyana continued,—“The king, hearing of his son's death, breathed long and hot sighs, and became plunged into great anxiety.”⁷²

SECTION X.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“After that night had gone away, the driver of Dhṛishtadyumna's car gave intelligence to king Yudhishtira of the great slaughter that had been caused during the hour of sleep.¹

“The driver said,—“The sons of Draupadi, O king, have been slain, with all the children of Drupada himself, while they were heedless and trustfully asleep in their own camp!² During the night, O king, thy camp has been exterminated by the cruel Kritavarman, and Kripa the son of Gotama, and the sinful Aṣwatthāman!³ Slaying thousands of men and elephants and steeds with lances and darts and battle-axes, those men have exterminated thy army!⁴ While thy army was being slaughtered like a forest cut down with axes, a loud wail was heard rising from thy camp!⁵ I am the sole survivor, O monarch, of that vast force! I have, O thou of virtuous soul, escaped with difficulty from Kritavarman at a time when he was heedless!”—Hearing these evil tidings, Kuntī's son Yudhishtira, however capable of bearing up (against foes), fell down on the Earth, afflicted with grief at the loss of his sons.⁷ Advancing forward, Sātyaki held the king in his

embrace. Bhimasena and Arjuna and the two sons of Mâdri also stretched forth their arms.⁸ Having recovered his senses, the son of Kunti lamented in great affliction, uttering these words rendered indistinct by sorrow: 'Alas, having vanquished the foe, we have ourselves been vanquished in the end!' The course of events is difficult to be ascertained even by persons endued with spiritual sight! The foe who were vanquished have become victorious! Ourselves, again, while victorious, are vanquished!⁹ Having slain brothers and friends and sires and sons and well-wishers, and kinsmen, and counsellors, and having vanquished them all, we ourselves are vanquished at last!¹¹ Misery looks like prosperity, and prosperity looks like misery! This our victory has assumed the shape of defeat. Our victory, therefore, has ended in defeat!¹² Having won the victory, I am obliged to grieve as an afflicted wretch! How, then, can I regard it as a victory? In reality, I have been doubly defeated by the foe!¹³ They for whose sake we have incurred the sin of victory by slaying our kinsmen and friends, alas, they, after victory had crowned them, have been vanquished by defeated foes that were heedful!¹⁴ Alas, through heedlessness have they been slain that had escaped from even Karna, that warrior who had barbed arrows and *nālikas* for his teeth, the sword for his tongue, the bow for his gaping mouth, and the twang of the bowstring and the sound of palms for his roars,—that angry Karna who never retreated from battle, and who was a very lion among men!¹⁵⁻¹⁶ Alas, those princes that succeeded in crossing, by boats constituted by their own excellent weapons, the great Drona-ocean having cars for its deep lakes, showers of arrows for its waves, the ornaments of warriors for its gems, car-steeds for its animals, darts and swords for its fishes, elephants for its alligators, bows for its whirlpools, mighty weapons for its foam, and the signal of battle for its moonrise causing it to swell with energy, and the twang of the bowstring and the sound of palms for its roar,—alas, even those princes have from heedlessness been slain!¹⁷⁻¹⁸ There is, in this world, no more powerful cause of death, as regards men, than heedlessness! Prosperity abandons a heedless man from every side, and every kind of misery overtakes him!¹⁹ The

tall standard with excellent top that stood on his car was the wreath of smoke that infallibly indicated the Bhishma-fire. Shafts constituted its flames, and wrath was the wind that fanned it! The twang of his formidable bow and the sound of his palms constituted the roar of that fire. Armour and diverse kinds of weapons were the *homa* libations that were poured into it. The vast hostile army was the heap of dry forest-grass that was assailed by that fire! Alas, even they that had endured that fire whose terrible energy was represented by the mighty weapons in Bhishma's hands, have it last fallen through heedlessness!¹⁰⁻²¹ A heedless person can never acquire knowledge, asceticism, prosperity, or great renown! Behold, Indra has obtained great happiness after slaying all his foes heedfully!²² Behold, the few survivors among our foes have, through our heedlessness, slain so many sons and grandsons of kings each of whom was really like Indra himself! Alas, they have perished like merchants with rich freights perishing through carelessness in a shallow stream after having crossed the great ocean!²³ They whose bodies are now lying on the bare ground, slain by those vindictive wretches, have without doubt ascended to heaven! I grieve, however, for the princess Krishnā! Alas, she will be plunged today in an ocean of grief!²⁴ Hearing of the slaughter of her brothers and sons and her venerable sire, the king of the Pāṇchālas, without doubt she will fall down senseless on the Earth! Her body emaciated by grief, she will not rise again!²⁵ Unable to bear the grief resulting from such affliction, and worthy as she is of happiness, alas, what will be her plight? Cut to the quick by the slaughter of her sons and brothers, she will be like one scorched by fire!²⁶ Having in deep affliction indulged in these lamentations, that king of Kuru's race then addressed Nakula, saying,—'Go and bring the unfortunate princess Draupadi here along with all her maternal relations!'²⁷ Obediently accepting that command of the king who equalled Yama himself in righteousness, Nakula speedily proceeded on his car to the quarters of Draupadi where that princess resided with all the wives of the Pāṇchāla king.²⁸ Having despatched the son of Mādri,

Yudhishthira, crushed by grief, proceeded, with tears in his eyes and accompanied by those friends of his, to the field on which his sons had battled and which still teemed with diverse kinds of creatures.²² Having entered that cursed field abounding with fierce sights, the king saw his sons, well-wishers, and friends, all lying on the ground, covered with blood, their bodies mangled, and heads separated from their trunks.²³ Beholding them in that plight, Yudishthira, that foremost of righteous men, became deeply afflicted. That chief of the Kurus then began to weep aloud and fell down on the Earth, deprived of his senses, along with all his followers.²⁴

SECTION XI.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Beholding his sons, grandsons, and friends all slain in battle, the king’s soul became overwhelmed with great grief, O Janamejaya !” Recollecting those sons and grandsons and brothers and allies, a deep sorrow took possession of the illustrious monarch.¹ Senseless and trembling, his eyes were bathed in tears. His friends then, themselves filled with anxiety, began to comfort him.² At that time, Nakula, skilled in executing errands, arrived there on his car of solar effulgence, accompanied by the princess Krishnā in great affliction.³ She had been residing at Upaplavya. Having received that heart-rending intelligence about the slaughter of all her sons, she became exceedingly agitated.⁴ Trembling like a plantain tree shaken by the wind, the princess Krishnā, arrived at the presence of Yudhishthira, fell down, afflicted by grief.⁵ Her face, adorned with eyes resembling a couple of full-blown lotuses, seemed to be darkened by grief like the Sun himself when enveloped in darkness.⁶ Beholding her prostrate on the Earth, the wrathful Vrikodara, of prowess incapable of being baffled, advancing hastily, raised her up and clasped her with his arms.⁷ The beautiful lady, comforted by Bhimasena, began to weep, and addressing the eldest son of Pāndu with his brothers, said,—“By good luck, O monarch, having obtained the whole Earth, thou shalt enjoy her after the slaughter of thy brave sons in the observance of Kshatriya

duties!¹⁵ By good luck, O son of Prithā, thou art happy at the thought of having obtained the whole Earth! By good luck, thy thoughts do not dwell on Subhadra's son whose tread resembled that of an infuriate elephant!¹⁶ By good luck, thou dost not, like myself while residing at Upaplavya, recollect thy heroic sons slaughtered in the observance of Kshatriya duties!¹⁷ O son of Prithā, hearing of the slaughter of those sleeping heroes by Drona's son of sinful deeds, grief burns me as if I were in the midst of a fire!¹⁸ If Drona's son be not made to reap the fruit of that sinful deed of his,—if, putting forth your prowess in battle, thou dost not take the life of that wretch of sinful deeds, along with the lives of all his followers,—then, listen to me, ye Pāndavas, I shall sit here in *Prāya*.!¹⁹⁻²⁰ Having said these words, the helpless Krishnā, the daughter of Yajnasena, sat by the side of the eldest son of Pāndu, viz., king Yudhishtira the just.²¹ The royal sage Yudhishtira, of righteous soul, seeing his dear queen sit in *Prāya*, addressed her, saying,—‘O auspicious lady, O thou that art conversant with morality, all thy sons and brothers have righteously met with a noble death! It becometh thee not to grieve for them!²²⁻²³ As regards Drona's son, he hath gone to a distant forest, O beautiful princess! How shalt thou, O lady, make thyself sure of his fall in battle?’²⁴

“Draupadi answered,—‘I have heard that Drona's son hath a gem on his head, born with him! I shall see that gem brought to me after the slaughter of that wretch in battle! Placing that gem on thy head, O king, I shall endure to live! Even this is my resolve!’²⁵ Having said these words unto the royal son of Pāndu, the beautiful Krishnā approached Bhimasena and said these words of high purpose unto him:²⁶—‘Remembering the duties of a Kshatriya, O Bhima, it becometh thee to come to my rescue! Slay that man of sinful deeds like Magavat slaying Camvara!²⁷ There is no one in this world who is equal to thee in prowess! It is known throughout the world how on an occasion of great calamity²⁸ thou becamest at the town of Vāranāvata the refuge of all the Pārthas! When again we were seen by Hidimva, it was thou that becamest our refuge in the same way!²⁹ Like

Magavat rescuing (his spouse, viz.,) the daughter of Puloma, thou hadst rescued my afflicted self, in Virāta's city, from a great calamity!"⁵ Like those great feats, O Pārtha, that thou hast achieved in former days, slay now, O slayer of foes, the son of Drona and be thou happy!"⁶—Hearing these and other piteous lamentations of the princess, Kunti's son Bhimasena of great might could not endure them.⁷ He mounted upon his great car adorned with gold, and took his beautiful bow with arrow placed on the string.⁸ Making Nakula his charioteer, and resolved upon slaying the son of Drona, he began to stretch his bow and caused his steeds to be urged without delay.⁹ Those steeds, fleet as the wind, thus urged, O tiger among men, proceeded with great speed.¹⁰ Possessed of great valor and unfading energy, Bhima set out from the Pāndava camp and proceeded with great celerity along the track of Aṇwatthāman's vehicle."¹¹

SECTION XII.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“After the irresistible Bhimasena had set out, that bull of Yadu's race, possessed of eyes like lotus petals, addressed Kuru's son Yudhishtira, saying,—‘O son of Pāndu, this brother of thine, overwhelmed with grief at the slaughter of his sons, proceedeth alone to battle, from desire of slaying the son of Drona!’ O bull of Bharata's race, of all thy brothers, Bhima is thy dearest! Beholding him fallen into a great danger why dost thou not stir thyself? The weapon called *Brahmaçira*, which that subjugator of hostile towns, viz., Drona, communicated to his son, is capable of consuming the whole world.⁴ The illustrious and highly blessed preceptor, that foremost of all wielders of bows, delighted with Dhananjaya, had given him that very weapon.⁵ Unable to endure it, his only son then begged it of him. Unwillingly he imparted the knowledge of that weapon to Aṇwatthāman.⁶ The illustrious Drona knew the restlessness of his son. Acquainted with all duties, the preceptor laid this command on him, saying,—‘Even when overtaken by the greatest danger, O child, in the midst of battle, thou shouldst never

use this weapon, particularly against human beings :⁸—Even thus the preceptor Drona spoke unto his son. A little while after he again spoke, saying,—O bull among men, thou wilt not, it seems, walk in the path of the righteous!⁹—Hearing those bitter words of his sire, the wicked-souled Aṇwatthāman, in despair of obtaining every kind of prosperity, began in grief to wander over the Earth.¹⁰ Then, O chief the Kurus, while you were living in the woods, O Bhārata, he came to Dwārakā and took up his abode there, worshipped by the Vrishnis.¹¹ One day, after he had taken up his abode in Dwārakā, he came to me, without a companion and when I myself was without anybody by my side, on the sea-coast, and there smilingly addressing me, said,¹²—O Krishna, that weapon, called *Brahmaçira*, worshipped by gods and *Gandharvas*, which my sire, the preceptor of the Bharatas, of prowess incapable of being baffled, had obtained from Agastya after performing the austere penances, is now with me, O Dāçārha, as much as it is with my sire!¹³⁻¹⁴ O foremost one of Yadu's race, in exchange for that celestial weapon, give me thy discus which is capable of slaying all foes in battle!¹⁵—While he with joined hands and great importunity thus begged of me my discus, myself, O bull of Bharata's race, from desire of gladdening him, told him these words,¹⁶—Gods, *Dānavas*, *Gandharvas*, men, birds and snakes, assembled together, are not equal to even a hundredth part of my energy.¹⁷ I have this bow, this dart, this discus, and this mace! I will give thee whichever amongst these thou desirest to have from me!¹⁸ Without giving me the weapon thou wishest to give, take from among these weapons of mine whichever thou mayst be able to wield and use in battle!¹⁹—Thus addressed, the illustrious son of Drona, as if challenging me, solicited at my hands my discus of excellent nave and hard as thunder, possessed of a thousand spokes, and made of iron.²⁰—Take it,—I said unto him. Thus addressed, he rose suddenly and seized the discus with his left hand.²¹ He failed, however, to even move the weapon from the spot on which it lay. He then made preparations for seizing it with his right-hand.²² Having seized it then very firmly and having put forth all his strength, he still

failed to either wield or move it. At this, Drona's son became filled with sorrow. After he was tired with the exertions he made, he ceased, O Bhārata!¹¹⁻¹⁴ When he withdrew his heart from that purpose, I addressed the anxious and senseless Aṇwatthāman and said,¹⁵—He who is always regarded as the foremost of all human beings, that wielder of *Gāndiva*, that warrior having white steeds yoked unto his car, that hero owning the prince of apes for the device on his standard,¹⁶ that hero who, desirous of vanquishing in a wrestling encounter the god of gods, viz., the blue-throated lord of Uma, gratified the great Cankara himself,¹⁷ that Phālguna than whom I have no dearer friend on Earth, that friend to whom there is nothing that I cannot give including my very wives and children,¹⁸ that dear friend Pārtha of unstained acts, never said unto me, O Brāhmana, such words as these which thou hast uttered!¹⁹ That son whom I obtained through ascetic penances and observance of austere *Brahmacharya* for twelve years on the breast of Himavat whither I had gone for the purpose,²⁰ that son of mine, viz., Pradyumna, of great energy and a portion of Sanatkumāra himself, begotten by me upon my wife Rukmini who had practised vows as austere as mine,²¹ that hero even never solicited this best of objects, viz., this unrivalled discus, which thou of little understanding hast solicited!²² Rāma of great might never said such words to me! Neither Gada, nor Cāmya, have ever asked that of me which thou hast asked!²³ No one among the other great car-warriors of the Vrishni and the Andhaka race residing in Dwārakā has ever asked this of me which thou hast asked!²⁴ Thou art the son of the preceptor of the Bharatas, thou art held in high respect by all the Yādavas! Let me ask thee, O foremost of car-warriors, with whom wouldst thou fight using this weapon?²⁵—Thus addressed by me, Drona's son replied, saying,—After offering worship to thee, O Krishna, it was my intention to fight thee, O thou of unfading glory!²⁶ It was for this, O Krishna, that I solicited thee for thy discus which is adored by gods and *Dānavas*! If I had got it I would then have become invincible in the world!²⁷ Having failed, O Keçava, in obtaining

my almost unattainable wish, I am about to leave thee, O Govinda! Address me in fair words now!" This terrible weapon is held by thee that art the foremost of all terrible persons! Unrivalled art thou for this weapon! There is none else in this world capable of possessing it!"—Having said these words unto me, the son of Drona, taking many couples of steeds and much wealth and diverse kinds of gems, left Dwārakā.⁴⁰ He is wrathful, wicked-souled, restless, and very cruel! He knows the weapon called *Brahmaçira*. Vrikodara should be protected from him!"⁴¹

SECTION XIII.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Having said these words, that foremost of all wielders of weapons, viz., that delighter of all the Yādavas, mounted upon his excellent car equipt with every kind of powerful weapons.¹ Unto that vehicle were yoked two pairs of foremost steeds of the Kāmvoja breed, that were adorned with garlands of gold. The *Dhur* of that best of cars was of the hue of the morning sun.² On the right was yoked the steed known as Caivya; on the left was placed Sugriva; the *Pārshni* was borne by two others called Megha-pushpa and Valāhaka.³ There was seen on that car a celestial standard decked with gems and gold and created by the divine Artificer, and standing high like the *Māyā* (of Vishnu himself).⁴ Upon that standard was Vinatā's son (Garuda) shining with great splendour. Indeed, that enemy of snakes perched on the standard-top of Keçava who is Truth embodied.⁵ Then Hrishikeça, that foremost of all bowmen, mounted on that car. After him Arjuna of irresistible feats and Yudhishthira the king of the Kurus ascended the same vehicle.⁶ Seated on that car, by the side of him of Daçārha's race who wielded the bow called *Çārngā*, the two sons of Pāndu looked exceedingly beautiful, like the twin Açwins seated by the side of Vāsava.⁷ Causing them to ascend on that car of his which was adored by all the world, he of Daçārha's race urged those foremost of steeds endued with great fleetness.⁸ Those steeds then suddenly flew, taking after them that excellent

vehicle ridden by the two sons of Pāndu and by that bull of Yadu's race.⁹ Endued with great speed, as those animals bore away the wielder of *Çārngā*, loud became the noise caused by their rush, like that of birds coursing through the air.¹⁰ Proceeding with great speed, they soon came up, O bull of Bharata's race, with the mighty bowman Bhimasena in whose wake they had followed.¹¹ Although those great car-warriors met Bhima, they failed however to stop that son of Kunti, as, filled with wrath, he proceeded fiercely towards the foe.¹² In the very sight of those illustrious and firm bowmen, Bhima, by means of his very fleet steeds, proceeded towards the bank of the river brought down by Bhagiratha.¹³ He beheld the high-souled and illustrious and dark-complexioned and island-born Vyāsa sitting near the edge of the water in the midst of many *Rishis*.¹⁴ And he also saw Drona's son of wicked deeds sitting beside them, covered with dust, attired in a piece of cloth made of *Kuça* grass, and smeared all over with clarified butter.¹⁵ The mighty-armed Bhimasena, the son of Kunti, taking up his bow with shaft fixed on it, rushed towards Aṇwat-thāman, and said,—‘Wait, wait!’¹⁶ Drona's son, beholding that terrible bowman coming towards him bow in hand, and his two brothers on Janārdhana's car,¹⁷ became exceedingly agitated and thought his hour had come. Of soul incapable of being depressed, he called to his mind that high weapon (which he had obtained from his sire).¹⁸ He then took up a blade of grass with his left hand. Fallen into great distress, he inspired that blade of grass with proper *mantras* and converted it into that powerful celestial weapon.¹⁹ Unable to brook the arrows (of the Pāndavas) and the presence of those wielders of celestial weapons, he uttered in wrath these terrible words, viz.,—‘For the destruction of the Pāndavas.’²⁰ Having said these words, O tiger among kings, the valiant son of Drona let off that weapon for stupifying all the worlds.²¹ A fire then was born in that blade of grass, which seemed capable of consuming the three worlds like the all-destroying Yama at the end of the *Yuga*.²²

SECTION XIV.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“At the very outset the mighty-armed hero of Daçārha’s race understood from signs the intention of Drona’s son. Addressing Arjuna, he said,¹—‘O Arjuna, O son of Pāndu, the time is come for the use of that celestial weapon which is in thy memory and the knowledge of which was imparted to thee by Drona!’² For protecting thyself as also thy brothers, O Bhārata, shoot in this battle that weapon which is capable of neutralising all weapons!’³ Thus addressed by Keçava, Arjuna, that slayer of hostile heroes, quickly alighted from the car, taking with him his bow with shaft fixed on the string.⁴ Softly wishing good unto the preceptor’s son and then unto himself, and unto all his brothers, that scorcher of foes⁵ then bowed unto all the gods and all his superiors and let off his weapon, thinking of the welfare of all the worlds and uttering the words,—‘Let Açwatthāman’s weapon be neutralised by this weapon!’⁶ That weapon, quickly let off by the wielder of *Gāndiva*, blazed up with fierce flames like the all-destroying fire that appears at the end of the *Yuga*.⁷ Similarly, the weapon that had been shot by Drona’s son of fierce energy, blazed up with terrible flames within a huge sphere of fire.⁸ Numerous peals of thunder were heard; thousands of metors fell; and all living creatures became inspired with great dread.⁹ The entire welkin seemed to be filled with noise and assumed a terrible aspect with those flames of fire. The whole Earth, with her mountains and waters and trees, trembled.¹⁰ Then the two great *Rishis*, viz., Nārada who is the soul of every creature, and the grandsire of all the Bharata princes, (viz., Vyāsa), beholding those two weapons scorching the three worlds, showed themselves there. The two *Rishis* sought to pacify the two heroes Aāwatthāman and Dhananjaya.¹¹⁻¹² Conversant with all duties and desirous of the welfare of all creatures, the two sages, possessed of great energy, stood in the midst of those two blazing weapons.¹³ Incapable of being overwhelmed by any force, those two illustrious *Rishis*, placing themselves between the two weapons, stood like two blazing fires.¹⁴ Incapable of being checked by any creature endued with life, and adored by gods and *Dāna*-

was, they two acted in this way, neutralising the energy of the two weapons and doing good to all the world.¹⁵

"The two *Rishis* said,—'Those great car-warriors who have fallen in this battle were acquainted with diverse kinds of weapons. They, however, never shot such a weapon upon human beings. What act of rashness is this, ye heroes, that ye have done?' "¹⁶

SECTION XV.

Vaishampāyana said,—"At the very sight, O tiger among men, of those two *Rishis* possessed of splendour like that of fire, Dhananjaya quickly resolved to withdraw his celestial shaft.¹ Joining his hands, he addressed those *Rishis*, saying,—'I used this weapon, saying,—Let it neutralise the (enemy's) weapon!² —If I withdraw this high weapon, Drona's son of sinful deeds will then, without doubt, consume us all with the energy of his weapon.³ Ye two are like gods! It behoveth you to devise some means by which our welfare as also that of the three worlds may be secured!⁴—Having said these words, Dhananjaya withdrew his weapon! The withdrawal of that weapon by the gods themselves in battle is exceedingly difficult.⁵ Not excepting the great Indra himself, there was nobody save the son of Pāndu, who was capable of withdrawing that high weapon after it had once been let off.⁶ That weapon was born of *Brahma* energy. No person of uncleaned soul can bring it back after it is once let off. Only one that leads the life of a *Brahmachārin* can do it.⁷ If one who has not practised the vow of *Brahmacharya* seeks to bring it back after having shot it, it strikes off his own head and destroys him with all his equipments.⁸ Arjuna was a *Brahmachārin* and an observer of vows. Having obtained that almost unobtainable weapon, he had never used it even when plunged into situations of the greatest danger.⁹ Observant of the vow of truth, possessed of great heroism, leading the life of a *Brahmachārin*, the son of Pāndu was submissive and obedient to all his superiors. It was for this that he succeeded in withdrawing his weapon.¹⁰ Drona's son, beholding

those two *Rishis* standing before him, could not by his energy withdraw his own terrible weapon.¹¹ Unable to withdraw the high weapon in battle, Drona's son, O king, with a cheerless heart, said unto the island-born *Rishi* these words.¹²—Threatened by a great danger, and desirous of protecting my life, I let off this weapon, through fear of Bhimasena, O sage!¹³ This Bhimasena of false behaviour, acted sinfully, O holy one, while slaying the son of Dhritarāshtra in battle!¹⁴ It is for this, O regenerate one, that of uncleansed soul as I am, I let off this weapon! I dare not, however withdraw it now!¹⁵ Having inspired this irresistible and celestial weapon with the energy of fire, I let it off for the destruction of the Pāndavas.¹⁶ Contrived for the destruction of the Pāndavas, that weapon, therefore, will take away the lives of all the sons of Pāndu.¹⁷ O regenerate one, I have, in wrath, done this sinful deed! I invoked this weapon in battle for the destruction of the Pāndavas!¹⁸

“Vyāsa said,—Prithā's son Dhananjaya, O child, was acquainted with the weapon called *Brahmaçira*. Neither from wrath, nor for thy destruction in battle, did he shoot this weapon.¹⁹ Arjuna, on the other hand, used it for baffling thy weapon. He has again withdrawn it!²⁰ Having obtained even the *Brahma* weapon through thy sire's instructions, the mighty-armed Dhananjaya did not fall off from a Kshatriya's duties.²¹ Arjuna is possessed of such patience, and such honesty. He is, besides, conversant with every weapon. Why dost thou seek to compass the destruction of such a person with all his brothers?²² That region where the weapon called *Brahmaçira* is baffled by another high weapon, suffers a drought for twelve years for the clouds do not pour a drop of water there for this period!²³ For this reason, the mighty-armed son of Pāndu, although he had the power, would not still, from desire of doing good to living creatures, baffle thy weapon with his!²⁴ The Pāndavas should be protected; thy own self should be protected; the kingdom also should be protected. Therefore, O thou of mighty-arms, withdraw this celestial weapon of thine!²⁵ Dispel this wrath from thy heart, and let the Pāndavas be safe! The royal sage Yudhishtira

never desires to win victory by perpetrating any sinful act!¹⁸ Give unto these that gem which is on thy head. Taking that, the Pāṇḍavas will in return grant thee thy life!¹⁹

“Drona’s son said,—‘This my gem is more valuable than all the wealth that has ever been earned by the Pāṇḍavas and the Kauravas!’²⁰ If this gem is worn, the wearer ceases to have any fear from weapons or disease or hunger! He ceases to have any fear of gods and *Dānavas* and *Nāgas*?²¹ His apprehensions from *Rākshasas* as also from robbers will cease. Even these are the virtues of this gem of mine!²² I cannot, by any means, part with it!²³ That, however, O holy one, which thou sayest, should be done by me. Here is this gem! Here is myself! This blade of grass (inspired into a fatal weapon) will, however,²⁴ fall into the wombs of the Pāṇḍava women, for this weapon is high and mighty, and incapable of being frustrated! O regenerate one, I am unable to withdraw it, having once let it off!²⁵ I will now throw this weapon into the wombs of the Pāṇḍava women. As regards thy commands in other respects, O holy one, I shall certainly obey them!’²⁶

“Vyāsa said,—‘Do then this. Do not, however, entertain any other purpose, O sinless one! Throwing this weapon into the wombs of the Pāṇḍava women, stop thyself!’²⁷

Vaiçampāyana continued,—“The son of Drona, having heard these words of the island-born, threw that uplifted weapon into the wombs of the Pāṇḍava women.”²⁸

SECTION XVI.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Understanding that that weapon was thrown (into the wombs of the Pāṇḍava women) by Drona’s son of sinful deeds, Hrishikeça, with a cheerful heart, said these words unto him :—‘A certain Brāhmana of pious vows; beholding Virāta’s daughter who is now daughter-in-law to Arjuna, while she was at Upaplavya, said,²⁹—While the Kuru line will become extinct, a son will be born to thee. This

* I think, the meaning of this is that Yudhishtira would not reign by killing thee.—T.

thy son, for that reason, will be called by the name of Parikshit!—The words of that pious man shall become true! The Pāṇḍavas shall have a son called Parikshit!’⁴ Unto Govinda, that foremost one of the Sātwata race, while he was saying these words, Drona’s son, filled with wrath, replied, saying,⁵—‘This, O Keçava, that thou sayest from thy partiality for the Pāṇḍavas, shall not happen! O thou of eyes like lotus petals, my words cannot but be fulfilled!’⁶ Uplifted by me, this weapon of mine shall fall on the foetus that is in the womb of Virāta’s daughter,—upon that foetus which thou, O Krishna, art desirous of protecting!’⁷

“The holy one said,—‘The fall of this mighty weapon will not be fruitless. The foetus will die. But being dead, it will live again and have a long life!’ As regards thyself, all wise men know thee for a coward and a sinful wretch! Always engaged in sinful acts, thou art the slayer of children! For this reason, thou must have to bear the fruit of these thy sins!’⁸ For three thousand years thou shalt wander over this Earth, without a companion and without being able to talk with any one!’⁹ Alone and without anybody by thy side, thou shalt wander through diverse countries! O wretch, thou shalt have no place in the midst of men!’¹⁰ The stench of puss and blood shall emanate from thee, and inaccessible forests and dreary moors shall be thy abode! Thou shalt wander over the Earth, O thou of sinful soul, with the weight of all diseases on thee!’¹¹ The heroic Parikshit, attaining to age and a knowledge of the Vedas and the practice of pious vows, shall obtain all weapons from the son Caradwat!’¹² Having obtained a knowledge of all high weapons, and observant of all Kshatriya duties, that righteous-souled king shall rule the Earth for sixty years!’¹³ More than this, that boy shall become the mighty-armed king of the Kurus, known by the name of Parikshit, before thy very eyes, O thou of wicked soul!’¹⁴ Though burnt by the energy of thy weapon’s fire, I shall revive him! O lowest of men, behold the energy of my austerities and my truth!’¹⁵

“Vyāsa said,—‘Since, disregarding us, thou hast perpetrated this exceedingly cruel act, and since thy behaviour is such

although thou art a good Brāhmana (by birth),¹⁷ therefore those excellent words that Devaki's son has said, will, without doubt, be realised in thy case, an adopter as thou hast been of Kshatriya usages!¹⁸

"Açwatthāman said,—'With thyself among all men, O holy one, I shall live! Let the words of this illustrious and foremost of men become true!¹⁹

Vaiçampāyana continued,—"Drona's son then, having made over his gem to the high-souled Pāndavas, cheerlessly proceeded, before their eyes, to the forest."²⁰ The Pāndavas, who had killed and chastised all their foes, placed Govinda and the island-born Krishna and the great ascetic Nārada at the head, and taking the gem that was born with Açwatthāman quickly came back to the intelligent Draupadi who was sitting in observance of the *Prāya* vow.²¹⁻²²

Vaiçampāyana continued,—"Those tigers among men, born by their excellent steeds resembling the wind in fleetness came back, with him of Daçārha's race, to their encampment."²³ Speedily alighting from their cars, those great cat-warriors, themselves much more afflicted, beheld, Drupada's daughter Krishnā afflicted with woe.²⁴ Approaching the cheerless princess stricken with sorrow and grief, the Pāndavas with Keçava, sat round her.²⁵ Then the mighty Bhimasena desired by the king, gave that celestial gem unto her and said these words:²⁶—"This gem, O amiable lady, is thine! The slayer of thy sons hath been vanquished! Rise, casting off thy sorrow, and recollect the duties of a Kshatriyā lady!²⁷ O thou of black eyes, when Vāsudeva was about to set out (from Upaplavya) on his mission of peace, thou hadst, O timid lady, said even these words unto the slayer of Madhu:²⁸—'I have no husbands! I have no sons, nor brothers! Nor art thou alive, O Govinda, since the king desires for peace!²⁹—Those bitter words were addressed by thee to Krishna, the foremost of persons! It behoveth thee to recollect those words of thine that were so consistent with Kshatriya usages!³⁰ The wretched Duryodhana, that obstacle on the way of our sovereignty, has been slain. I have quaffed the blood of the living Dusçāsana!³¹ We have paid off the debt we owed

our enemy! People, while talking, will not be able to censure us any longer! Having vanquished Drona's son, we have set him free for the sake of his being a Brāhmana and of the respect that should be shown to our deceased preceptor!" His fame hath been destroyed, O goddess, only his body remains! He has been divested of his gem and on Earth he has been reft of his weapons!"

"Draupadi said,—'I desired to only pay off our debt for the injury we have sustained. The preceptor's son is worthy of my reverence as the preceptor himself!" Let the king bind his gem on his head, O Bhārata!'—The king then, taking that gem, placed it on his head, at the desire of Draupadi and regarding it as a gift from the preceptor." Holding on his head that excellent and celestial gem, the puissant king looked beautiful like a mountain with the moon above it." Though stricken with grief on account of the death of her sons, the princess Draupadi, possessed of great mental strength, gave up her vow. Then king Yudhishtira enquired of the mighty-armed Krishna, saying the following words."

SECTION XVII.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“After all the troops had been slain during the hour of sleep by those three car-warriors, king Yudhishtira in great grief said these words unto him of Daçārha's race:—How, O Krishna, could my sons, all of whom were mighty car-warriors, be slaughtered by the sinful and wretched Açwatthāman of no great skill in battle? How, also could Drona's son slay the children of Drupada, all of whom were accomplished in weapons, possessed of great progress, and capable of battling with hundreds of thousands of foes? How could he slay that foremost of car-warriors, viz., Dhrištadyumna, before whom the great bowman Drona himself could not appear? What act was done by the preceptor's son, O bull among men, in consequence of which he succeeded in slaying, single-handed, all our men in battle?"

"The holy one said,—'Verily, Drona's son had sought the that highest of all the gods, viz., the eternal Mahādeva

It was for this that he succeeded in slaying, single-handed, so large a number of warriors.⁶ If Mahādeva be gratified, he can bestow even immortality ! Giriṇa can give such valour as will succeed in checking Indra himself.⁷ I know Mahādeva truly, O bull of Bharata's race ! I know also his various acts of old !⁸ He, O Bhārata, is the beginning, the middle, and the end of all creatures ! This entire universe acts and moves through his energy !⁹ The puissant Grandsire, desirous of creating living creatures, saw Rudra ; and the Grandsire asked him, saying,—Create living creatures without delay !¹⁰—Thus asked, Rudra of twany locks, saying,—So be it!—plunged into the water and practised austerities for a long time, inasmuch as he was sensible of the defects of living creatures.¹¹ Having waited in expectation of Rudra for a very long time, the Grandsire, by a fiat of his will, invoked into existence another being for making him the creator of all kinds of living things.¹² Beholding Giriṇa plunged into the waters, this (second) being, said unto his sire,—If there be no being born before me, then I will create living creatures !¹³—His sire replied unto him, saying,—There is no other first-born being besides thee ! This Sthānu has plunged into the water ! Go and create living creatures, without any anxiety !¹⁴—That being then created many living creatures, having Daksha for their first, who created all these creatures of four kinds.¹⁵ As soon, however, as they were created, they ran, O king, towards their sire, afflicted with hunger and desirous of devouring him.¹⁶ The second being whom Brahman had created, thereupon ran towards him, desirous of protection from his own offspring. And he said unto the Grandsire,—O illustrious one, protect me from these, and let these creatures have their food assigned unto them !¹⁷—Then the Grandsire assigned herbs and plants and other vegetables as their food, and unto those that were strong he assigned the weaker creatures as the means of sustenance.¹⁸ Their sustenance having been thus assigned, the newly created creatures all went away to regions they pleased, and cheerfully multiplied by union with their respective species.¹⁹ After the creatures had multiplied and the Grandsire had become well pleased, the first-born

rose from water and beheld the living creation.¹⁰ He saw that diverse kinds of creatures had been created and that they had multiplied by their own energy. At this sight, Rudra became angry and caused his procreative limb to disappear in the bowels of the Earth. The unfading Brahman, soothing him by soft words, said unto him,¹¹⁻¹²—O Sarva, what wert thou doing so long within the water? For what reason also hast thou caused thy limb of generation to disappear in the bowels of the Earth?¹³—Thus questioned, that lord of the universe wrathfully answered the lord Brahman,—Somebody else has created all these creatures! What purpose then would be served by this limb of mine?¹⁴ I have, by my austerities, O Grandsire, created food for all these creatures. These herbs and plants also will multiply like those that will subsist upon them!¹⁵—Having said these words, Bhava went away, in cheerlessness and rage, to the foot of the Munjavat mountains for practising severer austerities.¹⁶

SECTION XVIII.

“The holy one said,—‘After the *Krita yuga* had elapsed, the gods, desirous of performing a sacrifice, duly made preparations for one according to the directions laid down in the Vedas.¹ They collected clarified butter and the other requisites. And they not only devised what the requisites of their sacrifice should be, but also determined those amongst themselves that should have a share in the sacrificial offerings.² Not knowing Rudra truly, the celestials, O king, assigned no share for the divine Sthānu.³ Seeing that the celestials assigned to him no share in the sacrificial offerings, Sthānu, clad in deer skins, desired to destroy that Sacrifice and with that object constructed a bow.⁴ There are four kinds of Sacrifices, viz., the *Loka*-Sacrifice, the Sacrifice of espidial rites, the eternal domestic Sacrifice, and the Sacrifice consist-

* The sense seems to be that both food and creatures having been ordained after this fashion, there was no further need of a creative principle. Hence Rudra's wrath.—T.

ing in the gratification derived by man from his enjoyment of the five elemental substances and their compounds. It is from these four kinds of Sacrifice that the universe has sprung.* Kaparddin constructed that bow using as materials the first and the fourth kinds of Sacrifices. The length of that bow was five cubits.* The sacred (*mantra*) *Vashat*, O Bhārata, was made its string. The four parts, of which a Sacrifice consists, became the adornments of that bow.* Then Mahādeva, filled with rage, and taking up that bow, proceeded to that spot where the celestials were engaged in their Sacrifice.* Beholding the unfading Rudra arrive there attired as a *Brahmachārīn* and armed with that bow, the goddess Earth shrank with fear and the very mountains began to tremble.* The very wind ceased to move, and fire itself, though fed, did not blaze forth. The stars in the firmament, in anxiety, began to wander in irregular courses.* The Sun's splendour decreased. The disc of the Moon lost its beauty. The entire welkin became enveloped in a thick gloom.* The celestials, overwhelmed, knew not what to do. Their Sacrifice ceased to blaze forth. The gods were all terrified.* Rudra then pierced the embodiment of Sacrifice with a fierce shaft in the heart. The embodied form of Sacrifice, assuming the shape of a deer, fled away, with the god of fire.* Approaching heaven in that form, he blazed forth in beauty. Rudra, however, O Yudhishtira, pursued him through the skies.* After Sacrifice had fled away, the gods lost their splendours. Having lost their senses, the gods were stupified.* Then the

* Nilakantha explains the four kinds of sacrifice mentioned here as follows:—*Loka*-sacrifice means the desire cherished by everybody for being regarded as good; *Kriyā*-sacrifice means the especial rites performed on especial occasions; *Griha*-sacrifice is the daily performance of those religious rites that are enjoined in the scriptures, such as the *Agni-hotra*, &c., &c. Lastly, *Nri*-sacrifice is the enjoyment by man of the things amidst which his life is cast and the happiness he derives from that enjoyment. How the universe can be said to depend upon or to have sprung from these four kinds of sacrifice is more than what I can understand.—T.

three-eyed Mahādeva, with his bow, broke in rage the arms of Savitri, and plucked out the eyes of Bhaga and the teeth of Pushna.¹⁶ The gods then fled away, as also all the several parts of Sacrifice. Some amongst them, reeling as they sought to fly away, fell down senseless.¹⁷ The blue-throated Rudra, having agitated them thus, laughed aloud and whirling the horn of his bow, paralysed them.¹⁸ The celestials then uttered a cry. At their command, the string of the bow broke. The string having broken, the bow became stretched into a line.¹⁹ The gods then approached the bowless god of gods and, with the embodied form of Sacrifice, sought the protection of the puissant Mahādeva and endeavoured to gratify him.²⁰ Gratified, the great god threw his wrath into the water. O king, that wrath, assuming the form of fire, is always employed in consuming that liquid element.²¹ He then gave unto Savitri his arms, Bhaga his eyes, and Pushna his teeth. And he also restored the Sacrifices themselves, O Pāndava!²² The world once more became safe and sound. The gods assigned unto Mahādeva all the libations of clarified butter as the share of great deity.²³ O monarch, when Mahādeva had become angry, the whole world had thus become agitated; when he became gratified, everything became safe. Possessed of great energy, the god Mahādeva was gratified with Aṣwat-thāman.²⁴ It was for this that thy sons, those mighty car-warriors, could be slain by that warrior. It was for this that many other heroes, viz., the Pāñchālas, with all their followers, - could be slain by him.²⁵ Thou shouldst not suffer thy mind to dwell on it. It was not Drona's son that accomplished that act. It was done through the grace of Mahādeva. Do now what should next be done.'"²⁶

FINIS SAUPTIKA PARVA.

811442

THE MAHABHARATA

OF

KRISHNA-DWAIPAYANA VYASA

TRANSLATED

INTO

ENGLISH PROSE,



Published and distributed *chiefly gratis*

BY

PRATAPA CHANDRA RAY, C. I. E.

STREE PARVA.



CALCUTTA :

BHARATA PRESS.

No. 1, RAJA GOOROO DASS' STREET,

1890.

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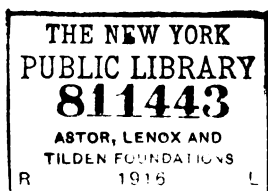


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FINIS.

THE MAHABHARATA

STREE PARVA.

SECTION I.

(Jalapradānika Parva).

Bowing down unto Nārāyana, and Nara the foremost of male beings, and unto the goddess Saraswati, must the word JAYA be uttered.

Janamejaya said,—“After Duryodhana had fallen and after all the warriors also had fallen, what, O sage, did king Dhritarāshtra do on receipt of the intelligence? What also did the high-souled Kuru king Yudhishtira the son of Dharma do? What did the three survivors (of the Kuru army, viz.,) Kripa and the others do? I have heard everything about the feats of Açwatthāman. Tell me what happened after that mutual denunciation of curses. Tell me all that Sanjaya said unto the blind old king?”

Vaiçampāyana said,—“After he had lost his century of sons, king Dhritarāshtra, afflicted with grief on that account, cheerless, and looking like a tree shorn of its branches, became overwhelmed with anxiety and lost his power of speech. Possessed of great wisdom, Sanjaya, approaching the monarch, addressed him, saying,—‘Why dost thou grieve, O monarch? Grief does not serve any purpose!’ Eight and ten *Akshauhini* of combatants, O king, have been slain! The Earth hath become desolate, and is almost empty now! Kings of diverse realms, hailing from diverse quarters, united with thy son (for aiding him in battle) and have all laid down their lives!’ Let now the obsequial rites of thy sires and sons and grandsons and kinsmen and friends and preceptors be performed in due order!’”

Vaiçampāyana continued,—“Destitute of sons and counselors and all his friends, king Dhritarāshtra of great energy suddenly fell down on the Earth like a tree uprooted by the wind.”

“Dhritarāshtra said,—‘Destitute as I am of sons and counsellors and all my friends, I shall, without doubt, have to wander in sorrow over the Earth!’¹⁰ What need have I now of life itself, reft as I am of kinsmen and friends and resembling as I do a bird shorn of its wings and afflicted with decrepitude?’¹¹ Shorn of kingdom, deprived of kinsmen, and destitute of eyes, I cannot, O thou of great wisdom, shine any longer on Earth like a luminary shorn of its splendours!’¹² I did not follow the counsels of friends, of Jamadagni’s son, of the celestial *Rishi* Nārada, and of the island-born Krishna, while they offered me counsel!’¹³ In the midst of the assembly, Krishna told me what was for my good, saying,—A truce to hostilities, O king! Let thy son take the whole kingdom! (Give but five villages to the Pāndavas).—Fool that I was, for not following that advice, I am now obliged to repent so poignantly!’¹⁴ I did not listen to the righteous counsels of Bhishma! Alas, having heard of the slaughter of Duryodhana whose roars were as deep as those of a bull,’¹⁵ having heard also of the death of Duçāsana and the extinction of Karna and the setting of the Drona-sun, my heart does not break into pieces!’¹⁶ I do not, O Sanjaya, remember any evil act committed by me in former days, whose consequences, fool that I am, I am suffering today!’¹⁷ Without doubt, I committed great sins in my former lives, for which the supreme Ordainer has set me to endure such a measure of grief!’¹⁸ This destruction of all my kinsmen, this extermination of all my well-wishers and friends, at this old age, has come upon me through the force of Destiny. What other man is there on Earth who is more afflicted than my wretched self?’¹⁹ Since it is so, let the Pāndavas behold me this very day firmly resolved to betake myself to the long way that leads to the regions of Brahman!’ ”^{20*}

* The sense seems to be that Dhritarāshtra expresses a wish for betaking himself to the woods for preparing himself for death.— T.

Vaiṣampāyana continued,—“While king Dhritarāshtra was indulging in such lamentations, Sanjaya addressed him in the following words for dispelling his grief.”—‘Cast off thy grief, O monarch! Thou hast heard the conclusions of the Vedas and the contents of diverse scriptures and holy writ, from the lips of the old, O king! Thou hast heard those words which the sages said unto Srinjaya while the latter was afflicted with grief on account of the death of his son!’²² When thy son, O monarch, caught the pride that is born of youth, thou didst not accept the counsels offered unto thee by thy well-wishers. Desirous of fruit, thou didst not, through covetousness, do what was really for thy benefit!’²³ Thy own intelligence, like a sharp sword, has wounded thee. Thou didst generally pay court to those that were of wicked behaviour!’²⁴ Thy son had Duṣṣāṣana for his counsellor, and the wicked-souled son of Rādhā, and the equally wicked Cakuni, and Chritrasena of foolish understanding, and Calya. Thy son (by his own behaviour) made the whole world his enemy.’²⁵ Thy son, O Bhārata, did not obey the words of Bhishma the revered chief of the Kurus, of Gāndhāri and Vidura, of Drona, O king, of Kripa the son of Caradwat, of the mighty-armed Krishna, of the intelligent Nārada, of many other *Rishis*, and of Vyāsa himself of immeasurable energy!’²⁶⁻²⁷ Though possessed of prowess, thy son was of little intelligence, proud, always desirous of battle, wicked, ungovernable, and discontented.’²⁸ Thou art possessed of learning and intelligence and art always truthful! They that are so righteous and possessed of such intelligence as thou, are never stupified by grief!’²⁹ Virtue was regarded by none. Battle was the one word on their lips. For this the Kshatriya order has been exterminated and the fame of thy foes enhanced!’³⁰ Thou hadst occupied the position of an umpire, but thou didst not utter one word of salutary advice. Unfitted as thou wert for the task, thou didst not hold the scales evenly.’³¹ Every person should, at the outset, adopt such a beneficial line of action that he may not have, in the end, to repent for something already done by him.’³² Through affection for thy son, O monarch, thou didst what was agreeable to Duryodhana. Thou art obliged to repent for that, now! It

behoveth thee, however, not to give way to grief!"³³ The man whose eyes are directed towards only the honey without being once directed to the fall, meets with destruction through his covetousness for honey. Such a man is obliged to repent even like thee!"³⁴ The man who indulges in grief never wins wealth. By grieving one loses the fruits one desires. Grief is again an obstacle to the acquisition of objects dear to us. The man who gives way to grief loses even his salvation."³⁵ The man who shrouds a burning coal within the folds of his attire and is burnt by the fire that is kindled by it, would be pronounced a fool if he grieves for his injuries."³⁶ Thyself, with thy son, hadst, with your words, fanned the Pārtha-fire, and with your covetousness acting as clarified butter caused that fire to blaze forth, into consuming flames."³⁷ When that fire thus blazed forth thy sons fell into it like insects. It behoveth thee not, however, to grieve for them now that they have all been burnt in the fire of the enemy's arrows."³⁸ The tear-stained face, O king, which thou bearest now is not approved by the scriptures or praised by the wise."³⁹ These tears, like sparks of fire, burn the dead for whom they are shed. Kill thy grief with thy intelligence, and bear thyself up with the strength of thy own self!"⁴⁰ Thus was the king comforted by the high-souled Sanjaya. Vidura then, O scorcher of foes, once again addressed the king, displaying great intelligence."⁴¹

SECTION II.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Listen, O Janamejaya, to the nectar-like words that Vidura said unto the son of Vichitravirya and by which he gladdened that bull among men!"

“Vidura said,—‘Rise, O king! Why art thou stretched on the Earth? Bear thyself up with thy own self! O king, even this is the final end of all living creatures!" Everything massed together ends in destruction; everything that gets high is sure to fall down. Union is certain to end in separation; life is sure to end in death." The Destroyer, O Bhārata, drags both the hero and the coward. Why then, O bull amongst Kshatriyas, should not Kshatriyas engage in battle?" He

that does not fight is seen to die. He, again, that fights, is seen to escape with life. When, however, one's time comes, O king, one cannot escape.⁸ As regards living creatures, they are non-existent at first. They exist in the period that intervenes. In the end they once more become nonexistent. What matter of grief then is there in this?⁹ The man that indulges in grief succeeds not in meeting with the dead. By indulging in grief, one does not himself die. When the course of the world is such, why dost thou indulge in sorrow?⁷ Death drags all creatures, even the gods. There is none dear or hateful to death, O best of the Kurus!⁸ As the wind tears off the tops of all blades of grass, even so, O bull of Bharata's race, Death overmasters all creatures.⁹ All creatures are like members of a caravan bound for the same destination. (When death will encounter all) it matters very little whom he meets with first.¹⁰ It behoveth thee not, O king, to grieve for those that have been slain in battle. If the scriptures are any authority, all of them must have obtained the highest end.¹¹ All of them were versed in the Vedas; all of them had observed vows. Facing the foe, all of them have met with death. What matter of sorrow is there in this?¹² Invisible they had been (before birth). Having come from that unknown region, they have once more become invisible. They are not thine, nor art thou theirs. What grief then is there in such disappearance?¹³ If slain, one wins heaven. By slaying, fame is won. Both these, with respect to us, are productive of great merit. Battle, therefore, is not bootless.¹⁴ No doubt, Indra will contrive for them regions capable of granting every wish. These, O bull among men, become the guests of Indra.¹⁵ Men cannot, by sacrifices with profuse gifts, by ascetic penances and by learning, go so speedily to heaven as heroes slain in battle.¹⁶ On the bodies of hostile heroes constituting the sacrificial fire, they poured their arrowy libations. Possessed of great energy, they had in return to endure the arrowy libations (poured upon them by their enemies).¹⁷ I tell thee, O king, that for a Kshatriya in this world there is not a better road to heaven than battle!¹⁸ They were all high-souled Kshatriyas; possessed of bravery, they were

ornaments of assemblies. They have attained to a high state of blessedness. They are not persons for whom we should grieve!" Comforting thyself by thy own self, cease to grieve. O bull among men! It behoveth thee not to suffer thyself to be overwhelmed with sorrow and to abandon all action.¹⁹ There are thousands of mothers and fathers and sons and wives in this world. Whose are they, and whose are we?²¹ From day to day thousands of causes spring up for sorrow and thousands of causes for fear. These, however, affect the ignorant but are nothing to him that is wise.²² There is none dear or hateful to Time, O best of the Kurus! Time is indifferent to none. All are equally dragged by time.²³ Time causeth all creatures to grow, and it is Time that destroyeth everything. When all else is asleep, Time is awake. Time is irresistible.²⁴ Youth, beauty, life, possessions, health, and the companionship of friends, all are unstable. He that is wise will never covet any of these.²⁵ It behoveth thee not to grieve for what is universal. A person may, by indulging in grief, himself perish, but grief itself, by being indulged in, never becomes light.²⁶ If thou feelest thy grief to be heavy, it should be counteracted by not indulging in it. Even this is the medicine for grief, viz., that one should not indulge in it.²⁷ By dwelling on it, one cannot lessen it. On the other hand, it grows with indulgence. Upon the advent of evil or upon the bereavement of something that is dear, only they that are of little intelligence suffer their minds to be afflicted with grief.²⁸ This is neither Profit, nor Religion, nor Happiness, on which thy heart is dwelling.²⁹ The indulgence of grief is the certain means of one's losing one's objects. Through it, one falls away from the three great ends of life (viz., religion, profit, and pleasure). They that are destitute of contentment, are stupified on the accession of vicissitudes dependent up on the possession of wealth. They, however, that are wise, are, on the other hand, unaffected by such vicissitudes. One should kill mental grief by wisdom, just as physical grief should be killed by medicine. Wisdom hath this power. They, however, that are foolish, can never obtain tranquillity of soul.³⁰⁻³¹ The acts of a former life closely follow a man, insomuch that they

lie by him when he lies down, stay by him when he stays, and run with him when he runs."³ In those conditions of life in which one acts well or ill, one enjoys or suffers the fruit thereof in similar conditons."³ In those forms (of physical organisation) in which one performs particular acts, one enjoys or suffers the fruits thereof in similar forms."⁴ One's own self is one's own friend, as, indeed, one's own self is one's own enemy. One's own self is the witness of one's acts, good and evil."⁵ From good acts springs a state of happiness, from sinful dæds springs woe. One always obtains the fruit of one's acts. One never enjoys or suffers weal or woe that is not the fruit of one's own acts."⁶ Intelligent persons like thee, O king, never sink in sinful enormities that are disapproved by knowledge and that strike at the very root (of virtue and happiness).'"⁷

SECTION III.

"Dhritarāshtra said,—'O thou of great wisdom, my grief has been dispelled by thy excellent words! I desire, however, to again hear thee speak.' How, indeed, do those that are wise free themselves from mental grief born of the advent of evils and the bereavement of objects that are dear?"

"Vidura said,—'He that is wise obtains tranquillity by subduing both grief and joy through means by which one may escape from grief and joy.'¹ All those things about which we are anxious, O bull among men, is ephemeral. The world is like a plantain tree, without enduring strength.'² Since the wise and the foolish, the rich and the poor, all, divested of their anxieties, sleep on the crematorium, with bodies reft of flesh and full of bare bones and shrivelled sinews,³ whom amongst them will the survivors look upon as possessed of distinguishing marks by which the attributes of birth and beauty may be ascertained? (When all are equal in death) why sould human beings, whose understandings are always decieved (by the things of this world) covet one another's rank and position?⁴ The learned say that the bodies of men are like houses. In time these are destroyed. There is one being, however, that

is eternal.' As a person, casting off one attire, whether old or new, wears another, even such is the case with the bodies of all embodied beings.⁹ O son of Vichitravirya, creatures obtain weal or woe as the fruit of their own acts.⁹ Through their acts they obtain heaven, O Bhārata, or bliss, or woe. Whether able or unable, they have to bear their burdens which are the result of their own acts.¹⁰ As amongst earthen pots some break while still on the potter's wheel, some while partially shaped, some as soon as brought into shape, some after removal from the wheel, some while in course of being removed, some after removal, some while wet, some while dry, some while being burnt, some while being removed from the kiln, some after removal therefrom, and some while being used, even such is the case with the bodies of embodied creatures.¹¹⁻¹³ Some are destroyed while yet in the womb, some after coming out of the womb, some on the day after, some on the expiration of a fortnight or of a month, some on the expiration of a year or of two years, some in youth, some in middle age, and some when old.¹⁴⁻¹⁶ Creatures are born or destroyed according to their acts in previous lives. When such is the course of the world, why do you then indulge in grief?¹⁶ As men, while swimming in sport on the water, sometimes dive and sometimes emerge, O king, even so creatures sink and emerge in life's stream. They that are of little wisdom suffer or meet with destruction as the result of their own acts.¹⁷⁻¹⁸ They, however, that are wise, observant of virtue, and desirous of doing good unto all living creatures, they, acquainted with the real nature of the appearance of creatures in this world, attain at last to the highest end."¹⁹

SECTION IV.

"Dhritarāshtra said,—'O foremost of speakers, how may the wilderness of this world be known? I desire to hear this! Asked by me, tell me this!'"

"Vidura said,—'I will describe to thee all the acts of creatures from their first conception. At the outset it lives in the admixture of blood and the vital fluid. Then it grows little

by little. Then on the expiry of the fifth month it assumes shape.² It next becomes a foetus with all its limbs completed, and lives in a very impure place, covered with flesh and blood.³ Then, through the action of the wind, its lower limbs are turned upwards and the head comes downwards. Arriving in this posture at the mouth of the uterus, it suffers manifold woes.⁴ In consequence of the contractions of the uterus, the creature then comes out of it, endued with the results of all his previous acts. He then encounters in this world other evils that rush towards him. Calamities proceed towards him like dogs at the scent of meat.⁵ Next diverse diseases approach him while he is enchained by his previous acts.⁶ Bound by the chains of the senses and women and wealth and other sweet things of life, diverse evil practices also approach him then, O king !⁷ Seized by these, he never obtains happiness. At that season he succeeds not in obtaining the fruit of his acts, right or wrong. They, however, that set their hearts on reflection, succeed in protecting their souls.⁸ The person governed by his senses does not know that death has come at his door. At last, dragged by the messengers of the Destroyer, he meets with destruction at the appointed time.⁹ Agitated by his senses, whatever of good and evil he has done has been done at the outset. Having enjoyed or suffered the fruits of these, he once more becomes indifferent to his acts of self-slaughter.¹⁰ Alas, the world is deceived, and covetousness brings it under its dominion ! Deprived of understanding by covetousness, wrath, and fear, one knows not one's own self !¹¹ Filled with joy at one's own respectability of birth, one is seen to traduce those that are not high-born ! Swelled also with pride of wealth, one is seen to contempt the poor !¹² One regards others to be ignorant fools, but seldom takes a survey of one's own self. One attributes faults to others but never desires to punish one's own self.¹³ Since the wise and the ignorant, the rich and the poor, the high-born and the low-born, the honored and the dishonored,¹⁴ all go to the place of the dead and sleep there freed from every anxiety, with bodies divested of flesh and full only of bones united by dried up tendons,¹⁵ whom amongst them would the survivors look upon as distinguished

above the others and by what signs would they ascertain the attributes of birth and beauty ?¹⁶ When all, stretched after the same fashion, sleep on the bare ground, why then should men, taking leave of their senses, desire to deceive one another ?¹⁷ He that, looking at this saying (in the scriptures) with his own eyes or hearing it from others, practiseth virtue in this unstable world of life and adhereth to it from early age, attaineth to the highest end.¹⁸ Learning all this, he that adhereth to Truth, O king, succeedeth in passing over all paths.' "¹⁹

SECTION V.

“Dhritarāshtra said,—‘Tell me in detail everything about the ways of that intelligence by which this wilderness of duties may be safely covered !’

“Vidura said,—‘Having bowed down to the Self-create, I will obey thy behest by telling thee how the great sages speak of the wilderness of life.’ A certain Brāhmana, living in the great world, found himself on one occasion in a large inaccessible forest teeming with beasts of prey.³ It abounded on every side with lions and tigers and other animals looking like elephants, all of which were engaged in roaring aloud. Such was the aspect of that forest that Yama himself would take fright at it.⁴ Beholding the forest, the heart of the Brāhmana became exceedingly agitated. His hair stood on end, and other signs of fear manifested themselves, O scorcher of foes !’ Entering it, he began to run hither and thither, casting his eyes on every point of the compass for finding out somebody whose shelter he might seek.⁵ Wishing to avoid those terrible creatures, he ran in fright. He could not succeed, however, in distancing them or freeing himself from their presence.⁷ He then saw that that terrible forest was surrounded with a net, and that a frightful woman stood there, stretching her arms.⁸ That large forest was also encompassed by many five-headed snakes of dreadful forms, tall as cliffs and touching the

* A figurative expression, meaning, obtains all kinds of blessedness.—T.

very heavens.⁹ Within it was a pit whose mouth was covered with many hard and unyielding creepers and herbs.¹⁰ The Brāhmāna, in course of his wanderings, fell into that invisible pit. He became entangled in those clusters of creepers that were interwoven with one another,¹¹ like the large fruit of a jack tree hanging by its stalk. He continued to hang there, feet upwards and head downwards.¹² While in that posture, diverse other calamities overtook him. He beheld a large and mighty snake within the pit. He also saw a gigantic elephant near its mouth.¹³ That elephant, dark in complexion, had six faces and twelve feet. And the animal gradually approached that pit covered with creepers and trees.¹⁴ About the twigs of the tree (that stood at the mouth of the pit) roved many bees of frightful forms, employed from before in drinking the honey gathered in their comb about which they swarmed in large numbers.¹⁵ Repeatedly they desired, O bull of Bharata's race, to taste that honey which though sweet to all creatures could however, attract children only.¹⁶ The honey (collected in the comb) fell in many jets below. The person who was hanging in the pit continually drank those jets.¹⁷ Employed, in such a distressful situation, in drinking that honey, his thirst, however, could not be appeased. Unsatiated with repeated draughts, the person desired for more.¹⁸ Even then, O king, he did not become indifferent to life. Even there, the man continued to hope for existence. A number of black and white rats were eating away the roots of that tree.¹⁹ There was fear from the beasts of prey, from that fierce woman on the outskirts of that forest, from that snake at the bottom of the well, from that elephant near its top,²⁰ from the fall of the tree through the action of the rats, and lastly from those bees flying about for tasting the honey.²¹ In that plight he continued to dwell, deprived of his senses, in that wilderness, never losing at any time the hope of prolonging his life.' ”²²

SECTION VI.

“Dhritarāshtra said,—‘Alas, great was the distress of that person and very painful his mode of life! Tell me, O first of speakers, whence was his attachment to life and whence his happiness?’¹ Where is that region, so unfavourable to the practice of virtue, in which that person resides? Oh, tell me how will that man be freed from all those great terrors?’ Tell me all this! We shall then exert properly for him. My compassion has been greatly moved by the difficulties that lie in the way of his rescue!’²

“Vidura said,—‘They that are conversant, O monarch, with the religion of *Moksha* cite this as a simile. Understanding this properly, a person may attain to bliss in the regions hereafter.’⁴ That which is described as the wilderness is the great world. The inaccessible forest within it is the limited sphere of one’s own life.’⁵ Those that have been mentioned as beasts of prey are the diseases (to which we are subject). That woman of gigantic proportions residing in the forest,’⁶ is identified by the wise with Decrepitude which destroys complexion and beauty. That which has been spoken of as the pit is the body or physical frame of embodied creatures.’⁷ The huge snake dwelling in the bottom of that pit is Time, the destroyer of all embodied creatures. It is, indeed, the universal destroyer.’⁸ The cluster of creepers growing in that pit and attached to whose spreading stems the man hangeth down is the desire for life which is cherished by every creature.’⁹ The six-faced elephant, O king, which proceeds towards the tree standing at the mouth of the pit is spoken of as the year. Its six faces are the seasons and its twelve feet are the twelve months.’¹⁰ The rats and the snakes that are cutting off the tree are said to be days and nights that are continually lessening the periods of life of all creatures. Those that have been described as bees are our desires.’¹¹ The numerous jets that are dropping honey are the pleasures derived from the gratification of our desires and to which men are seen to be strongly addicted.’¹² The wise know life’s course to be even such. Through that knowledge they succeed in tearing off its bonds.’”¹³

SECTION VII.

“Dhritarāshtra said,—‘Excellent is this parable that thou hast recited! Indeed, thou art acquainted with Truth! Having listened to thy nectar-like speech, I desire to hear thee more!’¹

“Vidura said,—‘Listen to me, O king, I shall once more discourse in detail on those means an acquaintance with which enables the wise to free themselves from the ties of the world!’² As a person, O king, who has to travel a long way, is sometimes obliged to halt when fatigued with toil,³ even so, O Bhārata, they that are of little intelligence, travelling along the extended way of life, have to make frequent halts in the shape of repeated births in the womb. They, however, that are wise, are freed from that obligation.⁴ Men conversant with the scriptures, for this, describe life’s course as a long way. The wise also call life’s round with all its difficulties as a forest.⁵ Creatures, O bull of Bharata’s race, whether mobile or immobile, have to repeatedly return to the world. The wise alone escape.⁶ The diseases, mental and physical, to which mortals are subject, whether visible or invisible, are spoken of as beasts of prey by the wise.⁷ Men are always afflicted and impeded by them, O Bhārata! Then again, those fierce beasts of prey, represented by their own acts in life, never cause any anxiety to them that are of little intelligence.⁸ If any person, O monarch, somehow escapes from diseases, Decrepitude, that destroyer of beauty, overwhelms him afterwards.⁹ Plunged in a slough by the objects of the different senses, viz., sound and form and taste and touch and scent, man remains there without anything to rescue him thence.¹⁰ Meanwhile, the years, the seasons, the months, the fortnights, the days, and the nights, coming one after another, gradually despoil him of beauty and lessen the period allotted to him.¹¹ These all are messengers of death. They, however, that are of little understanding, know them not to be such. The wise say that all creatures are governed by the Ordainer through their acts.¹² The body of a creature is called the car. The living principle is the driver of (that car). The

senses are said to be the steeds. Our acts and the understanding are the traces.¹³ He who followeth after those running steeds, has to come repeatedly to this world in a round of re-births.¹⁴ He, however, who, being self-restrained, restrains them by his understanding, hath not to come back.¹⁵ They, however, that are not stupified while wandering in this wheel of life that is revolving like a real wheel, do not in reality wander in a round of re-births.¹⁶ He that is wise should certainly take care to prevent the obligation of re-birth. One should not be indifferent to this, for indifference may subject us to it repeatedly.¹⁷ The man, O king, who has restrained his senses and subdued wrath and covetousness, who is contented, and truthful in speech, succeeds in obtaining peace.¹⁸ This body is called the car of Yama. They that are of little intelligence are stupified by it. Such a person, O king, would obtain that which thou hast obtained.¹⁹ The loss of kingdom, of friends, and of children, O Bhārata, and such as these, overtake him who is still under the influence of desire.²⁰ He that is wise should apply the medicine of intelligence to all great griefs. Indeed, obtaining the medicine of wisdom, which is truly very efficacious and is almost unattainable, the man of restrained soul would kill that serious disease called sorrow.²¹ Neither prowess, nor wealth, nor friends, nor well-wishers, can cure a man of his grief so effectually as the self-restrained soul. Therefore, observant of the great duty of abstention from all injuries, or friendship for all creatures, be of pious behaviour, O Bhārata!²² Self-restraint, renunciation, and heedfulness are the three steeds of Brahman. He who rides on the car of his soul, unto which are yoked these steeds with the aid of traces furnished by good conduct, and drives it, casting off all fear of death, proceedeth, O king, to the regions of *Brahma*.²³ That person, O monarch, who gives unto all creatures an assurance of his harmlessness, goes to the highest of regions, viz., the blessed one of Vishnu.²⁴ The fruit that one obtains by giving an assurance unto all creatures of his harmlessness cannot be obtained by a thousand sacrifices or by daily fasts.²⁵ Amongst all things there is certainly nothing dearer than self, Death is certainly disliked

by all creatures, O Bhārata ! Therefore, compassion should certainly be shown unto all.²⁶ Endued with diverse kinds of errors, entangled by the net of their own intelligence, they that are wicked and are of good vision, wander repeatedly on the Earth. They, however, that are wise and endued with subtile sight, attain to a union with *Brahma*.²⁷

SECTION VIII.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Even after hearing the words of Vidura, the chief of the Kurus, afflicted with grief on account of the death of his sons, fell down senseless on the Earth.¹ Beholding him fall down in that state, his friends as also the island-born Vyāsa, and Vidura, and Sanjaya, and other well-wishers, and the attendants who used to wait at the gates and who enjoyed his confidence,² sprinkled cool water over his body, and fanned him with palm leaves, and gently rubbed him with their hands. For a long while they comforted the king while in that condition.³ The monarch, recovering his senses after a long time, wept for a long while, overwhelmed with grief on account of the death of his sons.⁴ He said,—‘Fie on the state of humanity ! Fie on the human body ! The woes that are suffered in this life frequently arise from the very state of humanity !’ Alas, O lord, great is the grief, like poison or fire, that one suffers at the loss of sons, of wealth, of kinsmen, and relatives !⁵ That grief causes the limbs to burn, and our wisdom to be destroyed. Overwhelmed with that grief, a person regards death to be preferable.⁶ This calamity that has overtaken me through ill-luck is even like that. It will not, I see, end except with life itself ! O best of regenerate ones, I shall, therefore, put an end to my life this very day !’—Having said these words unto his high-souled sire, that foremost of all persons conversant with *Brahma*, Dhritarāshtra, overwhelmed with grief, became stupified. The king, O monarch, reflecting on his woes, became speechless.⁷ Hearing these words of his, the puissant Vyāsa thus spoke unto his son afflicted with grief on account of the death of his children.¹⁰

“Vyāsa said,—‘O mighty-armed Dhritarāshtra, listen to what I say ! Thou art possessed of learning, thou hast great intelligence, and thou, O puissant one, art skilled in understanding duties !’¹¹ Nothing of that which should be known is unknown to thee, O searcher of foes ! Without doubt, thou knowest the instability of all things doomed to death !’¹² When the world of life is unstable, when this world itself is not eternal, when life is sure to end in death, why then, O Bhārata, dost thou grieve ?’¹³ Before thy very eyes, O king, the concatenation of facts brought about by Time, making thy son the cause, produced this hostility !’¹⁴ This destruction of the Kurus, O king, was inevitable. Why then dost thou grieve for those heroes that have attained to the highest end ?’¹⁵ O thou of mighty-arms, the high-souled Vidura knew everything. With all his might he had endeavoured, O king, to bring about peace !’¹⁶ It is my opinion that the course marked out by Destiny cannot be controlled by any one, even if one struggles for eternity !’¹⁷ The course that was settled by the gods was heard directly by me. I will recite it to thee, so that tranquillity of mind may be thine !’¹⁸ Once before, without any fatigue, I repaired very quickly to the court of Indra. There I beheld all the denizens of heaven assembled together.’¹⁹ There were, O sinless one, all the celestial *Rishis* also, headed by Nārada. There, O monarch, I saw also the Earth (in her embodied form).’²⁰ The latter had repaired to the gods for the accomplishment of a particular mission. Approaching the gods, she said,²¹—That which ye all should do for me hath, ye blessed ones, been already promised by you while you were in Brahman’s abode ! Let that be accomplished soon !’²²—Hearing these words of hers, Vishnu, the adored of all the worlds, smilingly addressed her in the midst of the celestial conclave, saying,²³—The eldest of the hundred sons of Dhritarāshtra, he, viz., who is known by the name of Duryodhana, will accomplish thy business ! Through that king, thy purpose will be achieved !’²⁴ For his sake, many kings will assemble together on the field of Kuru. Capable of smiting, they will cause one another to be slain through the instrumentality of hard weapons.’²⁵ It is evident,

O godless, that thy burthen will then be lightened in battle ! Go quickly to thy own place and continue to bear the weight of creatures, O beauteous one !¹⁶—From this thou wilt understand, O king, that thy son Duryodhana, born in Gāndhārī's womb, was a portion of Kali, sprung for the object of causing a universal slaughter !¹⁷ He was vindictive, restless, wrathful, and difficult of being gratified. Through the influence of Destiny his brothers also became like him.¹⁸ Cakuni became his maternal uncle and Karna his great friend. Many other kings were born on Earth for aiding in the work of destruction.¹⁹ As the king is, so do his subjects become. If the king becomes righteous, even unrighteousness (in his dominions) assumes the shape of righteousness.²⁰ Servants, without doubt, are affected by the merits and defects of their masters. Those sons of thine, O king, having obtained a bad king, have all been destroyed.²¹ Conversant with truth, Nārada knew all this. Thy sons, through their own faults, have been destroyed, O king ! Do not grieve for them, O monarch ! There is no cause for grief !²² The Pāṇḍavas have not, O Bhārata, the least fault in what has happened ! Thy sons were all of wicked souls. It is they that caused this destruction on Earth.²³ Blessed be thou, Nārada had truly informed Yudhishtira of all this in his court on the occasion of the *Rājasuya* sacrifice, saying,²⁴—The Pāṇḍavas and the Kauravas, encountering each other, will meet with destruction. Do that, O son of Kunti, which thou shouldst !²⁵—Hearing these words of Nārada, the Pāṇḍavas became filled with grief. I have thus told thee that which is an eternal secret of the gods !²⁶ This will destroy thy grief and restore to thee a love of thy life-breaths, and cause thee to cherish affection for the Pāṇḍavas, for all that has happened has been due to what had been ordained by the gods.²⁷ O thou of mighty-arms, I had learnt all this sometime before. I also spoke of it to king Yudhishtira the just on the occasion of his foremost of sacrifices, viz., the *Rājasuya* !²⁸ When I secretly informed him of all this, Dharma's son endeavoured his best for preserving peace with the Kauravas. That, however, which is ordained by the gods proved too powerful (to be frustrated by

him).³⁸ The frat, O king, of the Destroyer, is incapable of being baffled any how by mobile and immobile creatures.³⁹ Thou art devoted to virtue and possessed of superior intelligence, O Bhārata! Thou knowest also that which is the way and that which is not the way of all creatures!⁴¹ If king Yudhishtira learns that thou art burning with grief and losing thy senses frequently, he will cast off his very life-breaths!⁴² He is always compassionate and possessed of wisdom. His kindness extends even to all the inferior creatures. How is it possible, O king, that he will not show compassion to thee, O monarch?⁴³ At my command, and knowing that that which is ordained is inevitable, as also from kindness to the Pāṇḍavas, continue to bear thy life, O Bhārata!⁴⁴ If thou livest thus, thy fame will spread in the world. Thou shalt then be able to acquire a knowledge of all duties and find many years for obtaining ascetic merit.⁴⁵ This grief for the death of thy sons that has arisen in thy heart, like a blazing fire, should always be extinguished, O king, by the water of wisdom!⁴⁶

Vaiçampāyana continued,—“Hearing these words of Vyāsa of immeasurable energy and reflecting upon them for a little while, Dhritarāshtra said,⁴⁷—‘O best of regenerate ones, I am exceedingly afflicted by a heavy load of grief! My senses are repeatedly forsaking me and I am unable to bear up my own self.⁴⁸ Hearing, however, these words of thine about what had been ordained by the gods, I shall not think of casting off my life-breaths and shall live and act without indulging in grief!’⁴⁹ Hearing these words of Dhritarāshtra, O monarch, Satyawati’s son Vyāsa, disappeared then and there.”⁵⁰

SECTION IX.

Janamejaya said,—“After the holy Vyāsa had departed, what, O regenerate sage, did king Dhritarāshtra do? It behoveth thee to tell me this!” What also did the Kuru king, the high-souled son of Dharma, do! And how were those three, viz., Kripa and others, do? I have heard of the feats of Aṣwatthāman and the mutual denouncement of

curses. Tell me what happened next and what Sanjaya next said (unto the old king)."³

Vaiçampāyana said,—“After Duryodhana had been slain and all the troops slaughtered, Sanjaya, deprived of his spiritual sight, came back to Dhritarāshtra.”⁴

“Sanjaya said,—‘The kings of diverse peoples, that came from diverse realms, have all, O king, gone to the regions of the dead, along with thy sons!’ Thy son, O king, who had constantly been implored (for peace) but who always wished to terminate his hostility (with the Pāndavas by slaughtering them) has caused the Earth to be exterminated.’ Do thou, O king, cause the obsequial rites of thy sons and grandsons and sires to be performed according to due order!’”⁵

Vaiçampāyana continued,—“Hearing these terrible words of Sanjaya, the king fell down on the Earth and lay motionless like one deprived of life.” Approaching the monarch who was lying prostrate on the Earth, Vidura, conversant with every duty, said these words:—‘Rise, O king, why dost thou lie down thus? Do not grieve, O bull of Bharata’s race! Even this, O lord of Earth, is the final end of all creatures!’” At first creatures are non-existent. In the interim, O Bhārata, they become existent. At the end, they once more become non-existent. What cause of sorrow is there in all this?”⁶ By indulging in grief, one cannot get back the dead. By indulging in grief, one cannot die himself. When such is the course of the world, why dost thou indulge in grief?”⁷ One may die without having engaged in battle. One also escapes with life after having engaged in battle. When one’s Time comes, O king, one cannot escape!”⁸ Time drags all kinds of creatures. There is none dear or hateful to Time, O best of the Kurus!”⁹ As the wind tears off the ends of all blades of grass, even so all creatures, O bull of Bharata’s race, are brought by Time under its influence.”¹⁰ All creatures are like members of the same caravan bound for the same destination. What cause of sorrow is there if Time meets with one a little earlier than with another?”¹¹ Those again, O king, that have fallen in battle and for whom thou grieveest, are not really objects of thy grief, since all those illustrious ones have gone to

heaven!" By sacrifices with profuse presents, by ascetic austerities, and by knowledge, people cannot so easily repair to heaven as heroes by courage in battle.¹⁸ All those heroes were conversant with the Vedas; all of them were observant of vows; all of them have perished, facing the foe in battle. What cause of sorrow then is there?"¹⁹ They poured their arrowy libations upon the bodies of their brave foes as upon a fire. Foremost of men, they bore in return the arrowy libations poured upon themselves.²⁰ I tell thee, O king, that there is no better way to heaven for a Kshatriya than through battle!²¹ All of them were high-souled Kshatriyas, all of them were heroes and ornaments of assemblies. They have attained to a high state of blessedness. One should not grieve for them.²² Do thou comfort thy own self. Do not grieve, O bull among men! It behoveth thee not to suffer thyself to be overwhelmed with sorrow and abandon all action!"²³

SECTION X.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Hearing these words of Vidura, that bull of Bharata's race (viz., Dhritarāshtra,) ordered his car to be yoked. The king once more said,—‘Bring Gāndhārī hither without delay, and all the Bharata ladies! Bring hither Kunti also, as well as all the other ladies with her!’”¹ Having said these words unto Vidura conversant with every duty, Dhritarāshtra of righteous soul, deprived of his senses by sorrow, ascended on his car.² Then Gāndhārī, afflicted with grief on account of the death of his sons, accompanied by Kuntī and the other ladies of the royal household, came, at the command of her lord, to that spot where the latter was waiting for her.³ Afflicted with great grief, they came together to the king. As they met, they accosted each other and uttered loud wails of woe.⁴ Then Vidura, who had become more afflicted than those ladies, began to comfort them. Placing those weeping fair ones on the cars that stood ready for them, he set out (with them) from the city.⁵ At that time a loud wail of woe arose from every Kuru house. The whole city, including the very children, became exceedingly afflicted with grief.⁷ Those ladies that had

not before this been seen by the very gods were now, helpless as they were for the loss of their lords, seen by the common people.⁸ With their beautiful tresses all dishevelled, and their ornaments cast off, those ladies, each attired in a single piece of raiment, proceeded most wofully.⁹ Indeed, they issued from their houses resembling white mountains, like a dappled herd of deer from their mountain caves after the fall of their leader.¹⁰ Those fair ladies, in successive bevies, O king, came out, filled with sorrow, and ran hither and thither like a herd of fillies on a circus yard.¹¹ Seizing each other's hands, they uttered loud wails after their sons and brothers and sires. They seemed to exhibit the scene that takes place on the occasion of the universal destruction at the end of the *Yuga*.¹² Weeping and crying and running hither and thither, and deprived of their senses by grief, they knew not what to do.¹³ Those ladies who formerly felt the blush of modesty in the presence of even companions of their own sex, now felt no blush of shame, though scantily clad, in appearing before their mothers-in-law.¹⁴ Formerly they used to comfort each other while afflicted with even slight causes of woe. Stupified by grief, they now, O king, refrained from even casting their eyes upon each other.¹⁵ Surrounded by those thousands of wailing ladies, the king cheerlessly issued out of the city and proceeded with speed towards the field of battle.¹⁶ Artizans and traders and Vaiçyas and all kinds of mechanics, issuing out of the city, followed in the wake of the king.¹⁷ As those ladies, afflicted by the wholesale destruction that had overtaken the Kurus, cried in sorrow, a loud wail arose from among them that seemed to pierce all the worlds.¹⁸ All creatures that heard that wail thought that the hour of universal destruction had come when all things would be consumed by the fire that arises at the end of the *Yuga*.¹⁹ The citizens also (of Hastināpura), devoted to the house of Kuru, with hearts filled with anxiety at the destruction that had overtaken their rulers, set up, O king,—a wail that was as loud as that uttered by those ladies."²⁰

SECTION XI.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Dhritarāshtra had not proceeded for more than two miles when he met with those three great car-warriors, viz., Caradwat's son Kripa, Drona's son (Açwatthāman), and Kritavarman.¹ As soon as the latter obtained a sight of the blind monarch possessed of great power, the three heroes sighed in grief and with voices choked in tears weepingly addressed him, saying,²—‘Thy royal son, O king, having achieved the most difficult feats, has, with all his followers, gone to the region of Indra!’³ We are the only three car-warriors of Duryodhana's army that have escaped with life. All the others, O bull of Bharata's race, have perished.”⁴ Having said these words unto the king, Caradwat's son Kripa, addressing the grief-afflicted Gāndhārī, said these words unto her,⁵—‘Thy sons have fallen while engaged in achieving feats worthy of heroes, i. e., while fearlessly fighting in battle and striking down large numbers of foes!’⁶ Without doubt, having obtained those bright worlds that are attainable only by the use of weapons, they are sporting there like celestials, having assumed resplendent forms.’⁷ Amongst those heroes there was no one that turned back from battle. Every one of them has fallen at the end or edge of weapons. None of them joined his hands, begging for quarter.’⁸ Death in battle at the end or edge of weapons has been said by the ancients to be the highest end that a Kshatriya can obtain. It behoveth thee not, therefore, to grieve for any of them!’⁹ Their foes, O queen, viz., the Pāndavas, too, have not been more fortunate! Listen, what we, headed by Açwatthāman, have done unto them.’¹⁰ Learning that thy son had been slain unrighteously by Bhima, we slaughtered the Pāndavas after entering their camp buried in sleep.’¹¹ All the Pāñchālas have been slain. Indeed, all the sons of Drupada, as also all the sons of Draupadi, have been slaughtered.’¹² Having caused this carnage of the sons of our foes, we are flying away since we three are incapable of standing in battle with them.’¹³ Our foes, the Pāndavas, are all heroes and mighty bowmen. They will soon come up with us, filled with rage, for taking vengeance on us.’¹⁴ Learn-

ing the slaughter of their sons, those bulls among men, infuriate with rage,—those heroes,—O illustrious lady, will speedily pursue our track.¹⁵ Having caused a carnage (in their sleeping camp) we dare not stay. Grant us permission, O queen! It behoveth thee not to set thy heart on sorrow!¹⁶ Grant us thy permission also, O king! Summon all thy fortitude. Do thou also observe the duties of a Kshatriya in their highest form!¹⁷ Having said these words unto the king, and circum-ambulating him, Kripa and Kritavarman and Drona's son, O Bhārata,¹⁸ without being able to withdraw their eyes from king Dhritarāshtra possessed of great wisdom, urged their steeds towards the banks of the Ganges.¹⁹ Moving away from that spot, O king, those great car-warriors, with hearts plunged in anxiety, took one another's leave and separated from one another.²⁰ Caradwat's son Kripa went to Hastināpura; Hridikā's son repaired to his own kingdom; while the son of Drona set out for the asylum of Vyāsa.²¹ Even thus those heroes, who had offended the high-souled sons of Pāndu, respectively proceeded to the places they selected, afflicted with fear and casting their eyes on one another.²² Having met the king thus, those brave chastisers of foes, before the sun rose, went away, O monarch, to the places they chose.²³ It was after this, O king, that the sons of Pāndu, those great car-warriors, encountered the son of Drona, and putting forth their prowess, vanquished him, O monarch, (in the way already related)."²⁴

SECTION XII.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“After all the warriors had been slaughtered, king Yudhishtira the just heard that his uncle Dhritarāshtra had set out from the city called after the elephant.¹ Afflicted with grief on account of the death of his sons, Yudhishtira, O king, accompanied by his brothers, set out for meeting his uncle filled with sorrow and overwhelmed with grief for the slaughter of his (hundred) sons.² The son of Kunti was followed by the high-souled and heroic Krishna of Daçārha's race, and by Yuyudhāna, as also by Yuyutsu.”³

The princess Draupadi also, burning with grief, and accompanied by those Pāṇchāla ladies that were with her, sorrowfully followed her lord.⁴ Yudhishtira beheld near the banks of the Ganges, O king, the crowd of Bharata ladies afflicted with woe and crying like a flight of she-spreys.⁵ The king was soon surrounded by those thousands of ladies who with arms raised aloft in grief, were indulging in loud lamentations and giving expression to all kinds of words, agreeable and disagreeable.⁶—‘Where, indeed, is that righteousness of the king, where his truth and compassion, since he has slain sires and brothers and preceptors and sons and friends?’ How, O mighty-armed one, hath thy heart become tranquil after causing Drona, and thy grandsire Bhishma, and Jayadratha, to be slaughtered?⁸ What need hast thou of sovereignty, after having seen thy sires and brothers, O Bhārata, and the irresistible Abhimanyu and the sons of Draupadi, thus slaughtered?’—Passing over those ladies crying like a flight of she-ospreys, the mighty-armed king Yudhishtira the just saluted the feet of his eldest uncle.¹⁰ Having saluted their sire according to custom, those slayers of foes, viz., the Pāṇdavas, announced themselves to him, each uttering his own name.¹¹ Dhritarāshtra, exceedingly afflicted with grief on account the slaughter of his sons, then reluctantly embraced the eldest son of Pāṇdu, who was the cause of that slaughter.¹² Having embraced Yudhishtira the just and spoken a few words of comfort to him, O Bhārata, the wicked-souled Dhritarāshtra sought for Bhima, like a blazing fire ready to burn everythig that would approach it.¹³ Indeed, the fire of his wrath, fanned by the wind of his grief, seemed then to be ready to consume the Bhima-forest.¹⁴ Ascertaining the evil intentions cherished by him towards Bhima, Krishna, dragging away the real Bhima, presented an iron statue of the second son of Pāṇdu to the old king.¹⁵ Possessed of great intelligence, Krishna had, at the very outset, understood the intentions of Dhritarāshtra, and had, therefore, kept such a contrivance ready for baffling them.¹⁶ Seizing with his two arms that iron Bhima, king Dhritarāshtra, possessed of great strength, broke it into pieces, thinking it to be Bhima him-

lf in flesh and blood.¹⁷ Endued with might equal to that
 ten thousand elephants, the king reduced that statue into
 agments. His own breast, however, became considerably
 ruised and he began to vomit blood.¹⁸ Covered with blood,
 the king fell down on the ground like a *Pārijāta* tree
 opped with its flowery burden.¹⁹ His learned charioteer San-
 ya the son of Gavalgana raised the monarch and soothing
 id comforting him, said,—‘Do not act so.’²⁰ The king then,
 ving cast off his wrath and returned to his normal disposi-
 on, became filled with grief and began to weep aloud, saying,
 ‘Alas, Oh Bhima, Alas, Oh Bhima!’²¹—Understanding that
 was no longer under the influence of wrath, and that he was
 uly sorry for having (as he believed) killed Bhima, Vāsudeva,
 at foremost of men, said these words,²²—‘Do not grieve,
 Dhritarāshtra, for thou hast not slain Bhimasena! That
 an iron statue, O king, which has been broken by thee!’²³
 nderstanding that thou wert filled with rage, O bull of
 harata’s race, I dragged the son of Kunti away from within
 e jaws of Death!’²⁴ O tiger among kings, there is none
 ual to thee in strength of body! What man is there, O
 ighty-armed one, that would endure the pressure of thy
 ms?’²⁵ Indeed, as no one can escape with life from an en-
 unter with the Destroyer himself, even so nobody can come
 t safe from within thy embrace!’²⁶ It was for this that
 nder iron statue of Bhima, which had been caused to be
 ade by thy son, had been kept ready for thee!’²⁷ Through
 ief for the death of thy sons, thy mind has fallen off from
 ghteousness! It is for this, O great king, that thou seekest
 slay Bhimasena!’²⁸ The slaughter of Bhima, however, O
 ng, would do thee no good. Thy sons, O monarch, would
 t be revived by it!’²⁹ Therefore, do thou approve of what has
 en done by us with a view to secure peace, and do not set
 y heart on grief!’³⁰

SECTION XIII.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Certain maid-servants then came to
 the king for washing him. After he had been duly washed,

the slayer of Madhu again addressed him, saying,¹—‘Thou hast, O king, read the Vedas and diverse scriptures! Thou hast heard all old histories, and everything about the duties of kings!’ Thou art learned, possessed of great wisdom, and competent to strength and weakness. Why then dost thou cherish such wrath when all that has overtaken thee is the result of thy own fault?² I spoke to thee before the battle. Both Bhishma and Drona, O Bhārata, did the same, as also Vidura and Sanjaya. Thou didst not, however, then follow our advice.⁴ Indeed, though exhorted by us, thou didst not yet act according to the counsels we offered, knowing that the Pāṇḍavas were superior to thee and thine, O Kauravya, in strength and courage!⁵ That king who is capable of seeing his own faults and knows the distinctions of place and time, obtains great prosperity!⁶ That person, however, who, though counselled by well-wishers, does not accept their words, good or bad, meets with distress and is obliged to grieve in consequence of the evil policy he pursues.⁷ Observe thou a different course of life now, O Bhārata! Thou didst not keep thy soul under restraint, but suffered thyself to be ruled by Duryodhana!⁸ That which has come upon thee is due to thy own fault. Why then dost thou seek to slay Bhima? Recollecting thy own faults, govern thy wrath now!⁹ That mean wretch who had, from pride caused the princess of Pāṇchāla to be brought into the assembly, has been slain by Bhimasena in just revenge.¹⁰ Look at thy own evil acts as also at those of thy wicked-souled son! The sons of Pāṇdu are perfectly innocent! Yet have they been treated most cruelly by thee and him!’¹¹

Vaiçampāyana continued,—‘After he had thus been told nothing but the truth by Krishna, O monarch, king Dhritarāshtra replied unto Devaki’s son, saying,¹²—‘It is even so, O thou of mighty arms! What thou sayest, O Mādhava, is perfectly true! It is parental affection, O thou of righteous soul, that caused me to fall away from righteousness!’¹³ By good luck, that tiger among men, the mighty Bhima of true prowess, protected by thee, came not within my embrace!’¹⁴ Now, however, I am free from wrath and fever. I desire eagerly, O Mādhava to embrace that hero, viz., the second

son of Pāndu!"¹⁵ When all the kings have been dead, when my children are no more, upon the sons of Pāndu depend my welfare and happiness!"¹⁶ Having said these words, the old king then embraced those princes of excellent frames, viz., Bhima, and Dhananjaya, and those two foremost of men, viz., the two sons of Mādri, and wept, and comforted and pronounced blessings upon them."¹⁷

SECTION XIV.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Commanded by Dhritarāshtra, those bulls of Kuru’s race, viz., the Pāndava brothers, accompanied by Kecava, then proceeded to see Gāndhāri!¹ The faultless Gāndhāri, afflicted with grief on account of the death of her hundred sons, recollecting that king Yudhishtira the just had slain all his enemies, wished to curse him.” Understanding her evil intentions towards the Pāndavas, the son of Satyawati addressed himself for counteracting them at the very outset.² Having cleansed himself by the sacred and fresh water of the Ganges, the great *Rishi*, capable of proceeding everywhere at will with the fleetness of the mind, came to that spot.³ Capable of seeing the heart of every creature with his spiritual vision and with his mind directed towards it, the sage made his appearance there.⁴ Endued with great ascetic merit and ever intent on saying what was for the benefit of creatures, the *Rishi*, addressing his daughter-in-law at the proper moment, said,—‘Do not avail of this opportunity for denouncing a curse! On the other hand, utilize it for showing thy forgiveness!’⁵ Thou shouldst not be angry with the Pāndavas, O Gāndhāri! Set thy heart on peace! Restrain the words that are about to fall from thy lips! Listen to my advice!’⁶ Thy son, desirous of victory, had beseeched thee every day for the eighteen days that battle lasted, saying,—O mother, bless me who am fighting with my foes!’—Implored every day in these words by thy son desirous of victory, the answer thou always gavest him was,—Thither is victory where righteousness is!’⁷—I do not, O Gāndhāri, remember that any words, spoken by thee have become false! Those words, therefore, that thou, implored by

Duryodhana, saidst unto him, could not be false. Thou art always employed in the good of all creatures.¹⁰ Having without doubt reached the other shore in that dreadful battle of Kshatriyas, the sons of Pāndu have certainly won the victory and a measure of righteousness that is much greater.¹¹ Thou wert formerly observant of the virtue of forgiveness. Why wouldst thou not observe it now? Subdue unrighteousness, O thou that art conversant with righteousness! There is victory where righteousness is!¹² Remembering thy own righteousness and the words spoken by thyself, restrain thy wrath, O Gāndhāri! Do not act otherwise, O thou that art beautiful in speech!¹³—Hearing these words, Gāndhāri said,—‘O holy one, I do not cherish any ill feelings towards the Pāndavas, nor do I wish that they should perish! In consequence, however, of grief for the death of my sons, my heart is very powerfully agitated!’¹⁴ I know that I should protect the Pāndavas with as much care as Kunti herself protects them, and that Dhritarāshtra also should protect them as I should!¹⁵ Through the fault of Duryodhana and of Cakuni the son of Suvala, and through the action of Karna and Duṣṣāsana, this extermination of the Kurus hath taken place!¹⁶ In this matter the slightest blame cannot attach to Vibhatsu or to Prithā’s son Vrikodara, or to Nakula or Sahadeva, or to Yudhishtira himself.¹⁷ While engaged in battle, the Kauravas, swelling with arrogance and pride, have fallen along with many others (that came to their aid). I am not grieved at this!¹⁸ But there has been one act done by Bhima in the very presence of Vāsudeva (that moves my resentment)! The high-souled Vrikodara, having challenged Duryodhana to a dreadful encounter with the mace,¹⁹ and having come to know that my son, while careering in diverse kinds of motion in the battle, was superior to him in skill, struck the latter below the navel!²⁰ It is this that moves my wrath! Why should heroes, for the sake of their lives, cast off obligations of duty that have been determined by high-souled persons conversant with every duty?’²¹

SECTION XV.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Hearing these words of Gāndhāri, Bhimasena, looking like one in fright, said these words for soothing her.’—‘Be the act righteous or unrighteous, it was done by me through fear and for the object of protecting my own self! It behoveth thee, therefore, to forgive me now!’ Thy mighty son was incapable of being slain by anybody in a fair and righteous battle. It was for this that I did what was unfair.’ Duryodhana himself had formerly vanquished Yudhishtira unrighteously. He used always to behave guilefully towards us. It was for this that I had recourse to an unfair act.’ Thy son was then the sole unslain warrior on his side. In order that that valiant prince might not slay me in the mace-encounter and once more deprive us of our kingdom, I acted in that way.’ Thou knowest all that thy son had said unto the princess of Pāṇchāla while the latter, in her season, was clad in a single piece of raiment.’ Without having disposed of Suyodhana it was impossible for us to rule peacefully the whole Earth with her seas. It was for this that I acted in that way.’ Thy son inflicted many wrongs on us. In the midst of the assembly he had shown his left thigh unto Draupadi.’ For that wicked behaviour, thy son deserved to be slain by us even then. At the command, however, of king Yudhishtira the just, we suffered ourselves to be restrained by the compact that had been made.’ By this means, O queen, thy son provoked deadly hostilities with us. Great were our sufferings in the forest (whither we were driven by thy son). Remembering all this, I acted in that way!’¹⁰ Having slain Duryodhana in battle, we have crossed the end of our hostilities. Yudhishtira has got back his kingdom, and we also have been freed from wrath!’¹¹ Hearing these words of Bhima, Gāndhāri said,—‘Since thou praisest my son thus (for his skill in battle), he did not deserve such a death! He, however, did all that thou tellest me!’¹² When Vrishasena, however, had deprived Nakula of his steeds, O Bhārata, thou quaffedst in battle the blood from Duṣṣāsana’s body!’¹³ Such an act is cruel and is censured by the good. It suits only

a person that is most disrespectful. It was a wicked act, O Vrikodara, that was then accomplished by thee! It was undeserving of thee!"¹⁴—Bhima replied, saying,—‘It is improper to quaff the blood of even a stranger, what then need be said about quaffing the blood of one’s own self? One’s brother, again, is like one’s own self. There is no difference between them.’¹⁵ The blood, however, (that I am regarded to have quaffed) did not, O mother, pass down my lips and teeth! Karna knew this well. My hands only were smeared with (Dusçāsana’s) blood.’¹⁶ Seeing Nakula deprived of his steeds by Vrishasena in battle, I caused the rejoicing (Kaurava) brothers to be filled with dread.’¹⁷ When after the match at dice the tresses of Draupadi were seized, I uttered certain words in rage. Those words are still in my remembrance.’¹⁸ I would, for all years to come, have been regarded to have swerved from the duties of a Kshatriya if I had left that vow unaccomplished! It was for this, O queen, that I did that act!’¹⁹ It behoveth thee not, O Gāndhāri, to impute any fault to me! Without having restrained thy sons in former days, does it behove thee to impute any fault to our innocent selves?’²⁰

“Gāndhāri said,—‘Unvanquished by any one, thou hast slain a hundred sons of this old man! Oh, why didst thou not spare, O child, even one son of this old couple deprived of kingdom, one whose offences were comparatively lighter?’²¹ Why didst thou not leave even one crutch for this blind couple?’²² O child, although thou livest unharmed, having slain all my children, yet no grief would have been mine if thou hadst adopted the path of righteousness (in slaying them)!’²³

Vaiçampāyana continued,—“Having said these words, Gāndhāri, filled with wrath at the slaughter of all her sons and grandsons, enquired after Yudhishtira, saying,—‘Where is the king?’²⁴ After she had said these words, king Yudhishtira, trembling and with joined hands, approached her and said these soft words unto her,’²⁵—‘Here is Yudhishtira, O goddess, that cruel slayer of thy sons! I deserve thy curses, for I am the cause of this universal destruction! Oh, curse me!’²⁶ I have no longer any need for life, for kingdom, for wealth! Having caused such friends to be slain, I have proved myself

to be a great fool and a hater of friends!"—Unto Yudhishtira who spoke such words, who was overcome with fear, and who stood in her presence, Gāndhāri, drawing long sighs, said nothing.²² Conversant with the rules of righteousness, the Kuru queen, possessed of great foresight, directed her eyes, from within the folds of the cloth that covered them,* to the tip of Yudhishtira's toe, as the prince, with body bent forwards, was about to fall down at her feet. At this, the king, whose nails had before this been all very beautiful, came to have a sore nail on his toe.†²³⁻²⁴ Beholding this, Arjuna moved away to the rear of Vāsudeva, and the other sons of Pāndu became restless and moved from one spot to another.²⁵ Gāndhāri then, having cast off her wrath, comforted the Pāndavas as a mother should. Obtaining her leave, those heroes of broad chests then proceeded together to present themselves to their mother, that parent of heroes.²⁶ Having seen her sons after a long time, Kuntī, who had been filled with anxiety on their account, covered her face with her cloth and began to weep.²⁷ Having wept for sometime with her children, Prithā beheld the wounds and scars of many weapons on their bodies.²⁸ She then repeatedly embraced and patted each of her sons, and afflicted with grief wept with Draupadi who had lost all her children and whom she saw lying on the bare Earth, indulging in piteous lamentations.²⁹

"Draupadi said,—'O venerable dame, where have all your grandsons, with Abhimanyu among them, gone? Beholding thee in such distress, why are they delaying in making their appearance before thee? Deprived as I am of my children, what need have I of kingdom!'"³⁰ Raising the grief-stricken princess of Pāñchāla who was weeping thus, Prithā began to comfort that lady of large eyes.³¹ Then Kuntī, accompanied

* Gāndhāri's devotion to her blind lord was such that she always kept her own eyes covered with thick folds of cloth. Because her spouse could not see, therefore, as a Hindu wife, she would not see or use her eyes in this world!—T.

† As soon as Gāndhāri's glance fell upon Yudhishtira's toe, the nail that covered it became burnt and sore.—T.

by the princess of Pāṇchāla, and followed by her sons, proceeded towards the grief-afflicted Gāndhārī, herself in greater affliction still.³⁹ Beholding that illustrious lady with her daughter-in-law, Gāndhārī addressed her, saying,—‘Do not, O daughter, grieve so! Behold, I too am as much stricken with grief as thou!’⁴⁰ I think, this universal destruction has been brought about by the irresistible course of Time. Inevitable as it was, this dreadful slaughter has not been due to the voluntary agency of human beings!⁴¹ Even that has come to pass which Vidura of great wisdom foretold after Krishna’s supplication for peace had failed!⁴² Do not, therefore, grieve in a matter that was inevitable, especially after its occurrence! Having fallen in battle, they should not be grieved for!⁴³ I am in the same predicament with thee! (If thou actest in such a way) who then will comfort us? Through my fault, this foremost of races has been destroyed.’⁴⁴

SECTION XVI.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Having said these words, Gāndhārī, though staying on that spot which was distant from the field of battle, beheld, with her spiritual eye, the slaughter of the Kurus.¹ Devoted to her lord, that highly blessed lady had always practiced high vows. Undergoing the severest penances, she was always truthful in her speech.² In consequence of the gift of the boon by the great *Rishi* Vyāsa of sanctified deeds, she became possessed of spiritual knowledge and power. Piteous were the lamentations in which that dame then indulged.³ Endued with great intelligence, the Kuru dame saw, from a distance, but as if from a near point, that field of battle, terrible to behold and full of wonderful sights, of those foremost of fighters.⁴ Scattered all over with bones and hair, and covered with streams of blood, that field was strewn with thousands upon thousands of dead bodies on every side.⁵ Covered with the blood of elephants and horses and car-warriors and combatants of others kinds, it teemed with headless trunks and trunkless heads.⁶ And it resounded with the cries of elephants and steeds and men and women, and abounded

with jackals and cranes and ravens and *Kankas* and crows.⁷ And it was the sporting ground of *Rākshasas* subsisting on human flesh. And it swarmed with ospreys and vultures and resounded with the inauspicious concert of jackals.⁸ Then king Dhritarāshtra, at the command of Vyāsa, and all the sons of Pāndu with Yudhishtira at their head,⁹ with Vāsudeva and all the Kuru ladies, proceeded to the field of battle.¹⁰ Those ladies, bereaved of their lords, having reached Kurukshetra, beheld their slain brothers and sons and sires and husbands lying on the ground,¹¹ and in course of being devoured by beasts of prey and wolves and ravens and crows and ghosts and *Piçāchas* and *Rākshasas* and diverse other wanderers of the night.¹² Beholding that carnage which resembled the sights seen on the sporting ground of Rudra, the ladies uttered loud shrieks and quickly alighted from their costly vehicles.¹³ Witnessing sights the like of which they had never before witnessed, the Bharata ladies felt their limbs to be deprived of strength and fell down on the ground.¹⁴ Others became so stupified that they lost all their senses. Indeed, the Pāñchāla and the Kuru ladies were plunged into unutterable distress.¹⁵ Beholding that dreadful field of battle resounding on every direction with the cries of those grief-stricken ladies, the daughter of Suvala, acquainted with every duty,¹⁶ addressed the lotus-eyed Keçava, that foremost of all men. Witnessing that universal slaughter of the Kurus and filled with grief at the sight, she said these words:¹⁷—'Behold, O lotus-eyed Mādhava, these daughters-in-law of mine! Deprived of their lords, they are uttering, with deshevelled hair, piteous cries of woe like a flight of she-ospreys!¹⁸ Meeting with those dead bodies, they are calling back to their memories the great Bharata chiefs! They are running hither and thither in large bands towards their sons and brothers and sires and husbands!¹⁹ Behold, O mighty-armed one, the field is covered with mothers of heroes, all of whom, however, have been bereaved of children! There, those portions again are covered with spouses of heroes, who have, however, been bereaved of their spouses!²⁰ Behold, the field of battle is adorned with those tigers among men, viz., Bhishma and Karna and

Abhimānyu and Drona and Drupada and Calya, as if with blazing fires!¹¹ Behold, it is adorned also with the golden coats of mail, and with the costly gems, of high-souled warriors, and with their *Angadas* and *Keyuras* and garlands!¹² Behold, it is strewn with darts and spiked clubs hurled by heroic hands, and swords and diverse kinds of keen shafts and bows!¹³ Beasts of prey, assembled together, are standing or sporting or lying down as it likes them!¹⁴ Behold, O puissant hero, the field of battle is even such! At this sight, O Janārdhana, I am burning with grief!¹⁵ In the destruction of the Pāṇchālas and the Kurus, O slayer of Madhu, I think, the five elements (of which everything is made) have been destroyed!¹⁶ Fierce vultures and other birds, in thousands, are dragging those blood-dyed bodies, and seizing them by their armour, are devouring them!¹⁷ Who is there that could think of the death of such heroes as Jayadratha and Karna and Drona and Bhishma and Abhimanyu?¹⁸ Alas, though incapable of being slain, they have yet been slain, O destroyer of Madhu! Behold, vultures and *Kankas* and ravens and hawks and dogs and jackals are feasting upon them!¹⁹ There, those tigers among men, that fought on Duryodhana's side, and took the field in wrath, are now lying like extinguished fires!²⁰ All of them are worthy of sleeping on soft and clean beds. But, alas, plunged into distress, they are sleeping today on the bare ground!²¹ Bards reciting their praises used to delight them before at proper times. They are now listening to the fierce and inauspicious cries of jackals!²² Those illustrious heroes who used formerly to sleep on costly beds with their limbs smeared with sandal-paste and powdered aloe, alas, now sleep on the dust!²³ These vultures and wolves and ravens have now become their ornaments. Repeatedly uttering inauspicious and fierce cries, those creatures are now dragging their bodies!²⁴ Delighting in battle, those heroes, looking cheerful, have still beside them their keen shafts, well-tempered swords, and bright maces, as if life has not yet departed from them!²⁵ Many foremost of heroes, possessed of beauty and fair complexions and adorned with garlands of gold, are sleeping on the ground! Behold, beasts of

prey are dragging and tearing them!³⁶ Others, with massive arms, are sleeping with maces in their embrace, as if those were beloved wives!³⁷ Others, still cased in armour, are holding in their hands their bright weapons. Beasts of prey are not mangling them, O Janārdhana, regarding them to be still alive!³⁸ The beautiful garlands of pure gold on the necks of other illustrious heroes, as the latter are being dragged by carnivorous creatures, are scattered about on every side!³⁹ There, those fierce wolves, numbering in thousands, are dragging the golden chains round the necks of many illustrious heroes stilled by death!⁴⁰ Many, whom bards well-trained to their work, formerly used, with their hymns and eulogies of grave import, to delight every morning,⁴¹ are now surrounded by fair ladies stricken with grief and weeping and crying around them in woe, O tiger of Vrishni's race!⁴² The faces of those beautiful ladies, O Keçava, though pale, look resplendent still like an assemblage of red lotuses!⁴³ Those Kuru ladies have ceased to weep, with their respective followers and companions. They are all filled with anxiety. Overwhelmed with sorrow, they are running hither and thither.⁴⁴ The faces of those fair ones have, with weeping and anger, become resplendent as the morning sun or gold or burnished copper.⁴⁵ Hearing each other's lamentations of incomplete sense, those ladies, in consequence of the loud wails of woe bursting from every side, are unable to catch each other's meaning.⁴⁶ Some amongst them, drawing long sighs and indulging in repeated lamentations, are stupified by grief and are abandoning their life-breaths!⁴⁷ Many of them, beholding the bodies (of their sons, husbands, or sires), are weeping and setting up loud wails. Others are striking their heads with their own soft hands.⁴⁸ The Earth, strewn with severed heads and hands and other limbs mingled together and gathered in large heaps, looks resplendent with these signs of havoc!⁴⁹ Beholding many headless trunks of great beauty, and many heads without trunks, those fair ones are lying senseless on the ground for a long while.⁵⁰ Uniting particular heads with particular trunks, those ladies, senseless with grief, are again discovering their mistakes, and saying,—This is not this one's

—and are weeping more bitterly!⁵¹ Others, uniting arms and thighs and feet, cut off with shafts, are giving way to grief and losing their senses repeatedly (at the sight of the restored forms)!⁵² Some amongst the Bharata ladies, beholding the bodies of their lords,—bodies that have been mangled by animals and birds and severed of their heads,—are succeeding not in recognising them.⁵³ Others, beholding their brothers, sires, sons, and husbands slain by foes, are, O destroyer of Madhu, striking their heads with their own hands.⁵⁴ Miry with flesh and blood, the Earth has become impassable with arms still holding swords in their grasp, and with heads adorned with ear-rings.⁵⁵ Beholding the field strewn with their brothers and sires, and sons, those faultless ladies, who had never before suffered the least distress, are now plunged into unutterable woe!⁵⁶ Behold, O Janārdhana, those numerous bevvies of Dhritarāshtra's daughters-in-law, resembling successive multitudes of handsome fillies adorned with excellent manes!⁵⁷ What, O Keçava, can be a sadder spectacle for me to behold than that presented by those ladies of fair forms who have assumed such an aspect?⁵⁸ Without doubt, I must have perpetrated great sins in my former lives, since I am beholding, O Keçava, my sons and grandsons and brothers all slain by foes! While indulging in such lamentations in grief, Gāndhāri's eyes fell upon her son (Duryodhana)."⁵⁹

SECTION XVII.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Beholding Duryodhana, Gāndhāri, deprived of her senses by grief, suddenly fell down on the Earth like an uprooted plantain tree.¹ Having regained her senses soon, she began to weep, repeatedly uttering loud wails at the sight of her son lying on the bare ground, covered with blood.² Embracing her son, Gāndhāri indulged in piteous lamentations for him. Stricken with grief, and with senses exceedingly agitated, the Kuru queen exclaimed,—‘Alas, O son!’ ‘Alas, O son!’³—Burning with sorrow, the queen drenched with her tears the body of her son, possessed of massive and broad shoulders, and adorned with garlands and

collar. Addressing Hrishikeṣa who stood near, she said,⁴—
 'On the eve of this battle, O puissant one, that has exterminated this race, this foremost of kings, O thou of Vṛishni's race, said unto me,⁵—In this internecine battle, O mother, wish me victory!—When he said these words, myself, knowing that a great calamity had come upon us, told him even this, O tiger among men, viz.,—Thither is victory where righteousness is!⁶ And since, O son, thy heart is set on battle, thou wilt, without doubt, obtain those regions that are attainable by (the use of) weapons (and sport there) like a celestial!⁷—Even these were the words that I then said unto him. I did not then grieve for my son. I grieve, however, for the helpless Dhṛitārāshtra bereaved of friends and kinsmen!⁸ Behold, O Mādhava, my son, that foremost of warriors, wrathful, skilled in weapons, and irresistible in battle, sleeping on the bed of heroes!⁹ Behold the reverses brought about by Time! This scorcher of foes that used of old to walk at the head of all crowned persons now sleepeth on the dust!¹⁰ Without doubt, the heroic Duryodhana, when he sleeps on that bed which is the hero's, hath obtained the most unattainable end!¹¹ Inauspicious jackals are now delighting that prince asleep on the hero's bed, who was formerly delighted by the fairest of ladies sitting round him!¹² He who was formerly encircled by kings vieing with one another to give him pleasure, alas, he, slain and lying on the ground, is now encircled by vultures!¹³ He who was formerly fanned with beautiful fans by fair ladies, is now fanned by (carnivorous) birds with flaps of their wings!¹⁴ Possessed of great strength and true prowess, this mighty-armed prince, slain by Bhīmasena in battle, sleeps like an elephant slain by a lion!¹⁵ Behold Duryodhana, O Kṛṣṇa, lying on the bare ground, covered with blood, slain by Bhīmasena with his mace!¹⁶ That mighty-armed one who had in battle assembled together eleven *Akṣauhīnis* of troops, O Keçava, hath, in consequence of his own evil policy, been now slain.¹⁷ Alas, there that great bowman and mighty car-warrior sleeps, slain by Bhīmasena, like a tiger slain by a lion!¹⁸ Having disregarded Vidura, as also his own sire, this reckless, foolish, and wicked prince hath succumbed to

death, in consequence of his disregard of the old !"⁹ He who had ruled the Earth, without a rival, for thirteen years, alas that prince, that son of mine, sleepeth today on the bare ground, slain by his foes !"¹⁰ Not long before, O Krishna, beheld the Earth, full of elephants and kine and horses ruled by Duryodhana !"¹¹ Today, O thou of mighty-arms, I see her ruled by another, and destitute of elephants and kine and horses ! What need have I, O Mādhava, of life ?"¹² Behold, again, this sight that is more painful than the death of my son, the sight, viz., of these fair ladies weeping by the side of the slain heroes !"¹³ Behold, O Krishna, the mother of Lakshmana, that lady of large hips, with her tresses dishevelled, that dear spouse of Duryodhana,* resembling a sacrificial altar of gold !"¹⁴ Without doubt, this damsel of great intelligence, while her mighty-armed lord was formerly alive used to sport within the embrace of her lord's handsome arms !"¹⁵ Why, indeed, does not this heart of mine break into a hundred fragments at the sight of my son and grandson slain in battle ?"¹⁶ Alas, that faultless lady now smells (the head of) her son covered with blood ! Now, again, that lady of fair thighs is gently rubbing Duryodhana's body with her fair hand."¹⁷ At one time she is sorrowing for her lord and at another for her son ! At one time she looketh on her lord and at another on her son !"¹⁸ Behold, O Mādhava, striking her head with her hands, she falls upon the breast of her heroic spouse, the king of the Kurus !"¹⁹ Possessed of complexion like that of the filaments of the lotus, she still looketh beautiful like a lotus. The unfortunate princess now rubbeth the face of her son and now that of her lord !"²⁰ If the scripture and the *Śruti* be true, without doubt, this king has obtained those regions (of blessedness) that one may win by the use of weapons !"²¹

* Lit., one who dwelt on the breast of Duryodhana.—T.

SECTION XVIII.

“Gāndhāri said,—‘Behold, O Mādhava, my century of sons, incapable of fatigue (from exertion in battle), have all been slain by Bhimasena with his mace in battle!’ That which grieves me more today is that these my daughters-in-law, of tender years, deprived of sons and with dishevelled hair, are wandering on the field today!’ Alas, they who formerly walked only on the terraces of goodly mansions with feet adorned with many ornaments, are now, in great affliction of heart, obliged to touch with those feet of theirs this hard Earth miry with blood!’ Reeling in sorrow, they are wandering like inebriated persons, driving away vultures and jackals and crows with difficulty!’* Behold, that lady of faultless limbs, and slender waist, seeing this terrible carnage, falleth down, overwhelmed with grief!’ Beholding this princess, this mother of Lakshmana, O thou of mighty-arms, my heart is torn with grief!’ These beautiful ladies of fair arms, some seeing their brothers, some their husbands, and some their sons, lying down in death on the bare ground, are themselves falling down, seizing the arms of the slain!’ Listen, O unconquished one, to the loud wails of those elderly ladies and those others of middle age at sight of this terrible carnage!’ Supporting themselves against broken boxes of cars and the bodies of slain elephants and steeds, behold, O thou of great might, those dames, worn out with fatigue, are resting themselves!’ Behold, O Krishna, some one amongst them, taking up some kinsman’s severed head decked with beautiful nose and ear-rings, is standing in grief!’¹⁰ I think, O sinless one, that both those and myself of little understanding must have committed great sins in our former lives,¹¹ since, O Janārdhana, all our relatives and kinsmen have thus been slain by king Yudhishtira the just! Our acts, righteous or unrighteous, cannot go for nothing, O thou of Vrishni’s race!’¹²† Behold, O Mādhava, those young ladies

* The Bengal reading is slightly different.—T.

† I. e., their fruits must have to be enjoyed or suffered.—T.

of beautiful bosoms and abdomen, well-born, possessed of modesty, having black eye-lashes and tresses of the same color on their heads, endued with voice sweet and dear like that of swans, are falling down, deprived of their senses by great grief and uttering piteous cries like flights of cranes!¹³⁻¹⁴ Behold, O lotus-eyed hero, their beautiful faces resembling full-blown lotuses, are scorched by the sun!¹⁵ Alas, O Vāsudeva, the wives of my proud children possessed of prowess like that of infuriate elephants, are now exposed to the gaze of common people!¹⁶ Behold, O Govinda, the shields decked with hundred moons, the standards of solar effulgence, the golden coats of mail, and the collars and cuirasses made of gold,¹⁷ and the head-gears, of my sons, scattered on the Earth, are blazing with splendour like sacrificial fires over which have been poured libations of clarified butter!¹⁸ There, Dusṣāsana sleepeth, felled by Bhima, and the blood of all his limbs quaffed by that heroic slayer of foes!¹⁹ Behold that other son of mine, O Madhava, slain by Bhima with his mace, impelled by Draupadi and the recollection of his woes at the time of the match at dice!²⁰ Addressing the dice-won princess of Pāṇchāla in the midst of the assembly, this Dusṣāsana, desirous of doing what was agreeable to his (elder) brother as also to Karna, O Janārdhana, had said,²¹—Thou art now the wife of a slave! With Sahadeva and Nakula and Arjuna, O lady, enter our household now!²²—On that occasion, O Krishna, I said unto king Duryodhana,—O son, cast off (from thy side) the wrathful Cakuni!²³ Know that thy maternal uncle is of very wicked soul and exceedingly fond of quarrel! Casting him off without delay, make peace with the Pāṇdavas, O son!²⁴ O thou of little intelligence, thinkest thou not of Bhimasena filled with wrath! Thou art piercing him with thy wordy shafts like a person striking an elephant with burning brands!²⁵—Alas, disregarding my words, he vomitted his wordy poison at them like a snake vomitting his poison at a bovine bull,—at them who had already been pierced with his wordy darts!²⁶ There, that Dusṣāsana sleepeth, stretching his two massive arms, slain by Bhimasena like a mighty elephant by a lion.²⁷ The very wrathful Bhimasena

perpetrated a most horrible act by drinking in battle the blood of his foe!"

SECTION XIX.

"Gāndhāri said,—'There, O Mādhava, my son Vikarna, applauded by the wise, lieth on the bare ground, slain by Bhima and mangled horribly! Deprived of life, O slayer of Madhu, Vikarna lieth in the midst of (slain) elephants like the moon in the autumnal sky surrounded by blue clouds! His broad palm, cased in leathern fence, and scarred by constant wielding of the bow, is pierced with difficulty by vultures desirous of feeding upon it! His helpless young wife, O Mādhava, is continually endeavouring, without success, to drive away those vultures desirous of feeding on carrion! The youthful and brave and handsome Vikarna, O bull among men, brought up in luxury and deserving of every kind of weal, now sleepeth amid the dust, O Mādhava! Though all his vital parts have been pierced with cloth-yard shafts and bearded arrows and *nālikas*, yet that beauty of person which was his hath not forsaken this best of the Bharatas! There, my son Durmuksha, that slayer of large bands of foes, sleepeth, with face towards the enemy, slain by the heroic Bhimasena in observance of his vow! His face O Krishna, half eaten away by beasts of prey, looketh more handsome, O child, even like the moon on the seventh day of the lighted fortnight! Behold, O Krishna, the face of that heroic son of mine, which is even such! How could that son of mine be slain by foes and thus made to eat the dust? O amiable one, how could that Durmukha, before whom no foe could stand, be slain by foes, O subjugator of celestial regions! Behold, O slayer of Madhu, that other son of Dhritarāshtra, viz., Chitrasena, slain and lying on the ground, that hero who was the model of all bowmen? Those young ladies, afflicted with grief and uttering piteous cries, are now sitting, with beasts of prey, around his fair form adorned with wreaths and garlands! These loud wails of woe, uttered by women, and these cries and roars of beasts of prey,

seem exceedingly wonderful to me, O Krishna!¹³ Youthful and handsome, and always waited upon and served by the most beautiful ladies, my son Vivinçati, O Mādhava, sleepeth there, stained with dust!¹⁴ His armour hath been pierced with arrows. Slain in the midst of the carnage, alas, the heroic Vivinçati is now surrounded and waited upon by vultures!¹⁵ Having in battle penetrated the ranks of the Pāndava army, that hero now lieth on the bed of a hero,—on the bed, that is, of an exalted Kshatriya!¹⁶ Behold, O Krishna, his very beautiful face, with a smile playing on it, adorned with excellent nose and fair eyebrows, and resembling the resplendent Moon himself!¹⁷ Formerly a large number of the most beautiful ladies used to wait upon him, like thousands of celestial girls upon a sporting *Gandharva*!¹⁸ Who again could endure my son Dussaha, that slayer of heroic foes, that hero, that ornament of assemblies, that irresistible warrior, that resister of foes?¹⁹ The body of Dussaha, covered with arrows, looks resplendent like a mountain overgrown with flowering *Karnikāras*.²⁰ With his garland of gold and his bright armour, Dussaha, though deprived of life, looks resplendent yet, like a white mountain or fire!"²¹

SECTION XX.

"Gāndhāri said,—'He whose might and courage were regarded, O Keçava, as a one and half times superior to those of his sire and thee, he who resembled a fierce and proud lion,' he who, without a follower, alone pierced the impenetrable array of my son, he who proved to be the death of many, alas, he now sleepeth there, having himself succumbed to death!¹ I see, O Krishna, the splendour of that son of Arjuna, of that hero of immeasurable energy, viz., Abhimanyu, hath not been dimmed even in death!² There, the daughter of Virāta, the daughter-in-law of the wielder of *Gāndiva*, that girl of faultless beauty, overwhelmed with grief at sight of her heroic husband, is indulging in lamentations!³ That young wife, viz., the daughter of Virāta, approaching her lord, is gently rubbing him, O Krishna, with her hand!⁴ Formerly, that highly

intelligent and exceedingly beautiful girl, inebriated with honied wines, used bashfully to embrace her lord, and kiss the face of Subhadrā's son, that face which resembled a full-blown lotus and which was supported on a neck adorned with three lines like those of a conch-shell !⁷ Taking off her lord's golden coat of mail, O hero, that damsel is gazing now on the blood-dyed body of her spouse !⁸ Beholding her lord, O Krishna, that girl addresses thee and says,—O lotus-eyed one, this hero whose eyes resembled thine, hath been slain !⁹ In might and energy, and prowess also, he was thy equal, O sinless one ! He resembled thee very much in beauty. Yet he sleeps on the ground, slain by the enemy !¹⁰—Addressing her own lord, the damsel says again,—Thou wert brought up in every luxury ! Thou usedst to sleep on soft skins of the *Ranku* deer ! Alas, does not thy body feel pain today by lying thus on the bare ground ?¹¹ Stretching thy massive arms adorned with golden *Angadas*, resembling a couple of elephant's trunks, and covered with skin hardened by frequent use of the bow, thou sleepest, O lord,¹² in peace, as if exhausted with the toil of too much exercise in the gymnasium ! Alas, why dost thou not address me that am weeping so ?¹³ I do not remember to have ever offended thee ! Why dost thou not speak to me then ? Formerly, thou usedst to address me even when thou wouldst see me at a distance !¹⁴ O reverend sir, whither wilt thou go, leaving behind thee the much-respected Subhadrā, these thy sires that resemble the very celestials, and my own wretched self distracted with woe ?¹⁵—Behold, O Krishna, gathering with her hands the blood-dyed locks of her lord and placing his head on her lap, the beautiful damsel is speaking to him as if he were alive,¹⁶—How couldst those great car-warriors slay thee in the midst of battle,—thee that art the sister's son of Vāsudeva and the son of the wielder of *Gāndiva* ?¹⁷ Alas, fie on those warriors of wicked deeds, viz., Kripa and Karna and Jayadratha and Drona and Drona's son, by whom thou wert deprived of life !¹⁸ What was the state of mind of those great car-warriors at that time when they surrounded thee, a warrior of tender years, and slew thee to my grief ?¹⁹ How couldst thou, O hero, who had so many

protectors, be slain so helplessly in the very sight of the Pāndavas and the Pāṇchālas?¹⁰ Beholding thee, O hero, slain in battle by many persons united together, how is that tiger among men, that son of Pāndu, viz., thy sire, able to bear the burden of life?¹¹ Neither the acquisition of a vast kingdom, nor the defeat of their foes, conduces to the joy of the Pārthas bereft of thee, O lotus-eyed one!¹² By the practice of virtue and self-restraint, I shall very soon repair to those regions of bliss which thou hast acquired by the use of weapons! Protect me, O hero, when I repair to those regions!¹³ When one's hour does not come, one cannot die, since, wretched that I am, I still draw breath after seeing thee slain in battle!¹⁴ Having repaired to the region of the *Pitris*, whom else, like me, dost thou address now, O tiger among men, in sweet words mingled with smiles?¹⁵ Without doubt, thou wilt agitate the hearts of the *Apsarās* in heaven, with thy great beauty and thy soft words mingled with smiles!¹⁶ Having obtained the regions reserved for persons of righteous deeds, thou art now united, O son of Subhadra, with the *Apsarās*! While sporting with them, recollect at times my good acts towards thee!¹⁷ Thy union with me in this world had, it seems, been ordained for only six months, for on the seventh, O hero, thou hast been bereft of life!¹⁸—O Krishna, the ladies of the royal house of Matsya are dragging away the afflicted Uttarā, baffled of all her purposes, while lamenting in this strain!¹⁹ Those ladies, dragging away the afflicted Uttarā, themselves still more afflicted than that girl, are weeping and uttering loud wails at sight of the slain Virāta!²⁰ Mangled with the weapons and shafts of Drona, prostrate on the ground, and covered with blood, Virāta is encompassed by screaming vultures and howling jackals and crowing ravens!²¹ Those black-eyed ladies, approaching the prostrate form of the Matsya king over which carnivorous birds are uttering cries of joy, are endeavouring to turn the body. Weakened by grief and exceedingly afflicted, they are unable to do what they intend!²² Scorched by the Sun, and worn out with exertion and toil, their faces have become colourless and pale!²³ Behold also, O Mādhava, those other children, besides Abhimanyu,

viz., Uttara, Sudakshina the prince of the Kāmvojas, and the handsome Lakshmana, all lying on the field of battle ! ”³⁴

SECTION XXI.

“Gāndhāri said,—‘There the mighty Karna, that great bowman, lieth on the ground ! In battle he was like a blazing fire ! That fire, however, hath now been extinguished by the energy of Pārtha !’ Behold, Vikartana’s son Karna, after having slain many *Atirathas*, has been prostrated on the bare ground, and is drenched with blood !’ Wrathful and possessed of great energy, he was a great bowman and a mighty car-warrior ! Slain in battle by the wielder of *Gāndiva*, that hero now sleepeth on the ground !’ My sons, those mighty car-warriors, from fear of the Pāndavas, fought, placing Karna at their head, like a herd of elephants with its leader to the fore !’ Alas, like a tiger slain by a lion, or an elephant by an infuriate elephant, that warrior hath been slain in battle by Savyasāchin !’ Assembled together, O tiger among men, the wives of that warrior, with dishevelled tresses and loud wails of grief, are sitting around that fallen hero !’ Filled with anxiety caused by the thoughts of that warrior, king Yudhishtira the just could not, for thirteen years, obtain a wink of sleep !’ Incapable of being checked by foes in battle like Maghavat himself who is invincible by enemies, Karna was like the all-destroying fire of fierce flames at the end of the *Yuga*, and immoveable like Himavat himself !’ That hero became the protector of Dhritarāshtra’s son, O Mādhava ! Alas, deprived of life, he now lieth on the bare ground, like a tree prostrated by the wind !’ Behold, the wife of Karna and mother of Vrishasena, is indulging in piteous lamentations and crying and weeping and falling upon the ground !’³⁵ Even now she exclaims,—Without doubt, thy preceptor’s curse hath pursued thee ! When the wheel of thy car was swallowed up by the Earth, the cruel Dhananjaya cut off thy head with an arrow !’³⁶ Alas, fie (on heroism and skill) !—That lady, the mother of Sushena, exceedingly afflicted and uttering cries of woe, is falling down, deprived of her senses, at the sight of the mighty-armed and brave Karna prostrated

on the Earth, with his waist still encircled with a belt of gold!¹³ Carnivorous creatures, feeding on the body of that illustrious hero, have reduced it to very small dimensions. The sight is not gladdening, like that of the moon on the fourteenth night of the dark-fortnight!¹³ Falling down on the Earth, the cheerless dame is rising up again. Burning with grief on account of the death of her son also, she cometh and smelleth the face of her lord!¹⁴

SECTION XXII.

“Gāndhāri said,—“Slain by Bhimasena, behold, the lord of Avanti lies there! Vultures and jackals and crows are feeding upon that hero! Though possessed of many friends, he lies now perfectly friendless!¹ Behold, O slayer of Madhu, having made a great slaughter of foes, that warrior is now lying on the bed of a hero, covered with blood!² Jackals, and *Kankas*, and other carnivorous creatures of diverse kinds, are dragging him now! Behold the reverses brought about by Time!³ His wives, assembled together, and crying in grief, are sitting around that hero who in life was a terrible slayer of foes but who now lies on the bed of a hero!⁴ Behold, Pratipa's son Vālhika, that mighty bowman possessed of great energy, slain with a broad-headed shaft, is now lying on the ground like a sleeping tiger!⁵ Though deprived of life, the color of his face is still exceedingly bright, like that of the moon at full, risen on the fifteenth day of the lighted fortnight!⁶ Burning with grief on account of the death of his son, and desirous of accomplishing his vow, Indra's son (Arjuna) hath slain there that son of Vriddhakshatra!⁷ Behold that Jayadratha, who was protected by the illustrious Drona, slain by Pārtha bent on accomplishing his vow, after penetrating through eleven *Akshauhinis* of troops!⁸ Inauspicious vultures, O Janārdhana, are feeding upon Jayadratha, the lord of the Sindhu-Sauviras, full of pride and energy!⁹ Though sought to be protected by his devoted wives, see, O Achyuta, carnivorous creatures are dragging his body away to a jungle in the vicinity!¹⁰ The Kāmvoja and Yavana wives of that

mighty-armed lord of the Sindhus and the Sauviras are waiting upon him for protecting him (from the wild beasts).¹¹ At that time, O Janārdana, when Jayadratha, assisted by the Kekayas, endeavoured to ravish Draupadi, he deserved to be slain by the Pāndavas!¹² From regard, however, for Duṣṣalā, they set him free on that occasion! Why, O Krishna, did they not show some regard for that Duṣṣalā once more?¹³ That daughter of mine, of tender years, is now crying in grief! She is striking her body with her own hands and censuring the Pāndavas!¹⁴ What, O Krishna, can be a greater grief to me than that my daughter of tender years should be a widow and all my daughters-in-law should become lordless!¹⁵ Alas, alas, behold, my daughter Duṣṣalā, having cast off her grief and fears, is running hither and thither in search after the head of her husband!¹⁶ He who had checked all the Pāndavas desirous of rescuing their son, after causing the slaughter of a vast force, at last himself succumbed to death!¹⁷ Alas, those wives of his, with faces as beautiful as the moon, are carrying, sitting around that irresistible hero who resembled an infuriate elephant!"¹⁸

SECTION XXIII.

"Gāndhāri said,—There lies Calya, the maternal uncle himself of Nakula, slain in battle, O sire, by the pious and virtuous Yudhishtira!¹ He used everywhere, O bull among men, to boast of his equality with thee! That mighty car-warrior, viz., the ruler of the Madras, now lieth, deprived of life!² When he accepted the drivership of Karna's car in battle, he sought to damp the energy of Karna for giving victory to the sons of Pāndu!³ Alas, alas, behold the smooth face of Calya, beautiful as the moon, and adorned with eyes resembling the petals of the lotus, eaten away by crows!⁴ There, the tongue of that king, of the complexion of heated gold, lolling out of his mouth, is, O Krishna, being eaten away by carnivorous birds!⁵ The ladies of the royal house of Madra, uttering loud

* I adopt the Bombay reading of the second line.—T.

wails of woe, are sitting around the body of that king, that ornament of assemblies, deprived of life by Yudhishtira !⁶ Those ladies are sitting around that fallen hero like a herd of she-elephants in their season around their leader sunk in a slough.⁷⁻⁸ Behold the brave Calya, that giver of protection, that foremost of car-warriors, stretched on the bed of heroes, his body mangled with shafts !⁹ There, king Bhagadatta of great prowess, the ruler of a mountainous kingdom, the foremost of all wielders of the elephant-hook, lieth on the ground, deprived of life !¹⁰ Behold the garland of gold that he still wears on his head, looketh resplendent ! Though the body is being eaten away by beasts of prey, that garland still adorns the fair locks on his head !¹¹ Fierce was the battle that took place between this king and Pārtha, making the very hair to stand on end, like that beteen Cakra and the *Asura* Vritra !¹² This mighty-armed one, having fought Dhananjaya the son of Prithā, and having reduced him to great straits, was at last slain by his antagonist !¹³ He who had no equal on Earth in heroism and energy, that achiever of terrible feats in battle, viz., Bhishma, lieth there, deprived of life !¹⁴ Behold the son of Cāntanu, O Krishna, that warrior of solar effulgence, stretched on the Earth, like the Sun himself fallen from the firmament at the end of the *Yuga* !¹⁵ Having scorched his foes with the fire of his weapons in battle, that valiant warrior, that Sun among men, O Keçava, hath set like the real Sun at evening !¹⁶ Behold that hero, O Krishna, who in knowledge of duty was equal to Devāpi himself, now lying on a bed of arrows, so worthy of heroes !¹⁷ Having spread his excellent bed of barbed and unbarbed arrows, that hero lieth on it like the divine Skanda on a clump of heath !¹⁸ Indeed, the son of Gangā lieth, resting his head on that excellent pillow, consisting of three arrows,—becoming complement of his bed, given him by the wielder of *Gāndiva* !¹⁹ For obeying the command of his sire, this illustrious one drew up his vital sea. Unrivalled in battle, that son of Cāntanu lieth there, O Mādhava !²⁰ Of righteous soul and acquainted with every duty, by the aid of his knowledge relating to both the worlds, that hero, though mortal, is still bearing his life like an i

ortal!¹¹ When Cāntanu's son lieth today, struck down with
 rows, it seems that no other person is alive on Earth that
 sseseth learning and prowess and that is competent to
 hieve great feats in battle!¹² Truthful in speech, this
 ghteous and virtuous hero, solicited by the Pāṇdavas, told
 em the means of his own death!¹³ Alas, he who had reviv-
 the line of Kuru that had become extinct, that illustrious
 rson possessed of great intelligence, hath left the world with
 the Kurus in his company!¹⁴ Of whom, O Mādhava, will
 Kurus enquire of religion and duty after that bull among
 n, viz., Devavrata, who resembles a god, shall have gone
 heaven?¹⁵ Behold Drona, that foremost of Brāhmanas, that
 ceptor of Arjuna, of Sātyaki, and of the Kurus, lying on
 a ground!¹⁶ Endued with mighty energy, Drona, O Mā-
 ava, was as conversant with the four kinds of arms as the
 ief of the celestials or Cukra of Bhrigu's race!¹⁷ Through
 grace, Vibhatsu the son of Pāṇdu hath achieved the most
 ficult feats! Deprived of life, he now lies on the ground! Weap-
 s refused to come (at last) at his bidding!¹⁸ Placing him at
 ir head, the Kauravas had challenged the Pāṇdavas. That
 emost of all wielders of weapons was at last mangled with
 apons!¹⁹ As he careered in battle, scorching his foes in every
 ection, his course resembled that of a blazing conflagration.
 as, deprived of life, he now lies on the ground, like an
 inguished fire!²⁰ The handle of the bow is yet in his
 sp. The leathern fences, O Mādhava, still encase his fingers.
 ough slain, he still looketh as if alive!²¹ The four Vedas,
 d all kinds of weapons, O Keçava, did not abandon that
 o even as these do not abandon the Lord Prajāpati him-
 f.²² His auspicious feet, deserving of every adoration and
 red as a matter of fact by bards and eulogists, and wor-
 pped by disciples, are now being dragged by jackals!²³
 rived of her senses by grief, Kripi wofully attendeth, O
 yer of Madhu, on that Drona who hath been slain by
 upada's son!²⁴ Behold that afflicted lady, fallen upon
 Earth, with dishevelled hair and face hanging down
 is, she attendeth in sorrow upon her lifeless lord, that fore-
 ost of all wielders of weapons, lying on the ground!²⁵ Many

Brahmachārins, with matted locks on their head, are attending upon the body of Drona that is cased in armour rent through and through, O Keçava, with the shafts of Dhrishadyumna!³⁶ The illustrious and delicate Kripī, cheerless and afflicted, is endeavouring to perform the last rites on the body of her lord slain in battle!³⁷ There, those reciters of *Sāmans*, having placed the body of Drona on the funeral pyre and having ignited the fire with due rites, are singing the three (well-known) *Sāmans*!³⁸ Those *Brahmachārins*, with matted locks on their heads, have piled the funeral pyre of that Brāhmana with bows and darts and car-boxes, O Mādhava!³⁹ Having collected diverse other kinds of shafts, that hero of great energy is being consumed by them! Indeed, having placed him on the pyre, they are singing and weeping.⁴⁰ Others are reciting the three (well-known) *Sāmans* that are used on such occasions. Consuming Drona on that fire, like fire in fire,⁴¹ those disciples of his, of the regenerate class, are proceeding towards the banks of Gangā, along the left side of the pyre and having placed Kripī at their head!⁴²

SECTION XXIV.

“Gāndhārī said,—‘Behold the son of Somadatta, who was slain by Yuyudhāna, pecked at and torn by a large number of birds!’ Burning with grief at the death of his son, Somadatta, O Janārdhana, (as he lies there) seems to censure the great bowman Yuyudhāna!¹ There the mother of Bhuriçravas, that faultless lady, overcome with grief, is addressing her lord Somadatta, saying,²—By good luck, O king, thou seest not this terrible carnage of the Bharatas, this extermination of the Kurus, this sight that resembles the scenes occurring at the end of the *Yuga*!³ By good luck, thou seest not thy heroic son, who bore the device of the sacrifice stake on his banner and who performed numerous sacrifices with profuse presents to all, slain on the the field of battle. By good luck, thou hearest not those frightful wails of utterance amidst this carnage by thy daughters-in-law like screams of a flight of cranes on the bosom of the sea!⁴ Thy daughters-in-law, bereaved of both husbands and sons,

running hither and thither, each clad in a single piece of raiment and each with her black tresses all dishevelled !⁷ By good luck, thou seest not thy son, that tiger among men, deprived of one of his arms, overthrown by Arjuna, and even now in course of being devoured by beasts of prey !⁸ By good luck, thou seest not today thy son Cala slain in battle, and Bhuriçravas deprived of life, and thy widowed daughters-in-law plunged into grief !⁹ By good luck, thou seest not the golden umbrella of that illustrious warrior who had the sacrificial stake for the device on his banner, torn and broken on the terrace of his car !¹⁰ There the black-eyed wives of Bhuriçravas are indulging in piteous lamentations, surrounding their lord slain by Sātyaki !¹¹ Afflicted with grief on account of the slaughter of their lord, those ladies, indulging in copious lamentations, are falling down on the Earth with their faces towards the ground, and slowly approaching thee, O Keçava !¹² —Alas, why did Arjuna of pure deeds perpetrate such a censurable act, since he struck off the arm of a heedless warrior who was brave and devoted to the performance of sacrifices !¹³ Alas, Sātyaki did an act that was still more sinful, for he took the life of a person of restrained soul while sitting in the observance of the *prāya* vow !¹⁴ Alas, O righteous one, thou liest on the ground, slain unfairly by two foes !—Even thus, O Mādhava, those wives of Bhuriçravas are crying aloud in woe !¹⁵ There, those wives of that warrior, all possessed of slender waists, are placing upon their laps the lopped off arm of their lord and weeping bitterly !¹⁶—Here is that arm which used to invade the girdles, grind the deep bosoms, and touch the navel, the thighs, and the hips, of fair women, and loosen the ties of the drawers worn by them !¹⁷ Here is that arm which slew foes and dispelled the fears of friends, which slew thousands of kine and exterminated Kshatriyas in battle !¹⁸ In the presence of Vāsudeva himself, Arjuna of unstained deeds lopped it off thy heedless self while thou wert engaged with another in battle !¹⁹ What, indeed, wilt thou, O Janārdhana, say of this great feat of Arjuna while speaking of it in the midst of assemblies ! What also will the madem decked Arjuna himself say of it ?²⁰—Censuring thee

in this way, that foremost of ladies hath stopped at last ! The co-wives of that lady are piteously lamenting with her as if she were their daughter-in-law !¹

“ ‘There the mighty Cakuni, the chief of the Gāndhāras, of prowess incapable of being baffled, hath been slain by Saha-deva, the maternal uncle by the sister’s son :’ ” Formerly, he used to be fanned with a couple of gold-handed fans ! Alas, now, his prostrate form is being fanned by birds with their wings !² He used to assume hundreds and thousands of forms. All the illusions, however, of that individual possessed of great deceptive powers, have been burnt by the energy of the son of Pāndu !³ An expert in guile, he had vanquished Yudhishtira in the assembly by his powers of deception and won from him his vast kingdom ! The son of Pāndu, however, hath now won Cakuni’s life-breaths !⁴ Behold, O Krishna, a large number of birds is now sitting around Cakuni ! An expert in dice, alas, he had acquired that skill for the destruction of my sons !⁵ This fire of hostility with the Pāndavas had been ignited by Cakuni, for the destruction of my children as also of himself and his followers and kinsmen !⁶ Like those acquired by my sons, O puissant one, by the use of weapons, this one too, however wicked-souled, has acquired many regions of bliss by the use of weapons !⁷ My fear, O slayer of Madhu, is that that crooked person may not succeed in fomenting dissensions even there between my children all of whom are confiding and possessed of candour ! ”⁸

SECTION XXV.

“Gāndhāri said,—‘Behold that irresistible ruler of the Kāmvojas, that bull-necked hero, lying amid the dust, O Mādhava, though deserving of being stretched at his ease on Kāmvoja blankets !’ Stricken with great grief, his wife is weeping bitterly at sight of his blood-stained arms, which, however formerly used to be smeared with sandal-paste !¹ Indeed, the beauteous one exclaims,—Even now adorned with beautiful palms and graceful fingers, these two arms of thine semble a couple of spiked maces, getting within whose clasp

joy never left me for a moment!⁸ What will be my end, O ruler of men, when I am deprived of thee!—Endued with a melodious voice, the Kāmvoja queen is weeping helplessly and quivering with emotion!⁹ Behold that bevy of fair ladies there! Although tired with exertion and worn out with heat, yet beauty leaves not their forms like the sightliness of the wreaths worn by the celestials although exposed to the Sun!¹⁰ Behold, O slayer of Madhu, the heroic ruler of the Kalingas lying there on the ground, with his mighty arms adorned with a couple of *Angadas*!¹¹ Behold, O Janārdhana, those Māgadha ladies crying and standing around Jayatsena the ruler of the Magadhas!¹² The charming and melodious wails of those long-eyed and sweet-voiced girls, O Krishna, are stupifying my heart exceedingly!¹³ With all their ornaments displaced, crying, and afflicted with grief, alas, those ladies of Magadha, worthy of resting on costly beds, are now lying down on the bare ground!¹⁴ There, again, those other ladies, surrounding their lord, the ruler of the Koçalas, viz., prince Vrihadvala, are indulging in loud wails!¹⁵ Engaged in plucking from his body the shafts with which it was pierced by Abhimanyu with the full might of his arms, those ladies are repeatedly losing their senses!¹⁶ The faces of those beautiful ladies, O Mādhava, through toil and the rays of the Sun, are looking like faded lotuses!¹⁷ There, the brave sons of Dhrishtadyumna, of tender years and all adorned with garlands of gold and beautiful *Angadas*, are lying, slain by Drona!¹⁸ Like insects on a blazing fire, they have all been burnt by falling upon Drona whose car was the chamber of fire, having the bow for its flames and shafts and darts and maces for its fuel!¹⁹ Similarly, the five Kekaya brothers, possessed of great courage, and adorned with beautiful *Angadas*, are lying on the ground, slain by Drona and with their faces turned towards that hero!²⁰ Their coats of mail, of the splendour of heated gold, and their tall standards and cars and garlands all made of the same metal, are shedding a bright light on the Earth like so many blazing fires!²¹ Behold, O Mādhava, king Drupada overthrown in battle by Drona, like a mighty elephant in the forest slain by a huge lion!²² The bright umbrella, white in

hue, of the king of the Pāṇchālas, shines, O lotus-eyed one, like the moon in the autumnal firmament!¹⁸ The daughters-in-law and the wives of the old king, afflicted with grief, having burnt his body on the funeral pyre, are proceeding, keeping the pyre to their right!¹⁹ There, those ladies, deprived of their senses, are removing the brave and great bowman, viz., Dhrishtaketu, that bull among the Chedis, slain by Drona!²⁰ This crusher of foes, O slayer of Madhu, this great bowman having baffled many weapons of Drona, lieth there, deprived of life, like a tree uprooted by the wind!²¹ Alas, that brave ruler of the Chedis, that mighty car-warrior, viz., Dhrishtaketu, after having slain thousands of foes, lies, himself deprived of life!²² There, O Hrishikeṣa, the wives of the ruler of the Chedis are sitting around his body still decked with fair locks and beautiful ear-rings, though torn by carnivorous birds!²³ Those foremost of ladies, placing upon their laps the prostrate form of the heroic Dhrishtaketu born of the Dācārha race, are crying in sorrow!²⁴ Behold, O Hrishikeṣa, the son, possessed of fair locks and excellent ear-rings, of that Dhrishtaketu, hacked in battle by Drona with his shafts!²⁵ He never deserted his sire while the latter battled with his foes! Mark, O slayer of Madhu, he does not, even in death, desert that heroic parent!²⁶ Even thus, my son's son, that slayer of hostile heroes, viz., the mighty-armed Lakshmana, hath followed his sire Duryodhana!²⁷ Behold, O Kecava, the two brothers of Avanti, viz., Vinda and Anuvinda, lying there on the field, like two blossoming *Çāla* trees in the spring overthrown by the tempest!²⁸ Clad in golden armour and adorned with *Angadas* of gold, they are still armed with swords and bows! Possessed of eyes like those of a bull, and decked with bright garlands, both of them are stretched on the field!²⁹ The Pāṇdavas, O Krishna, with thyself, are surely unslayable, since they and thou have escaped from Drona and Bhishma, from Karna the son of Vikartana, from Kripa,³⁰ from Duryodhana, from the son of Drona, from the mighty car-warrior Jayadratha, from Somadatta, from Vikarna, and from the brave Kritavarman!³¹ Behold the reverses brought about by Time! Those

ulls among men that were capable of slaying the very celes-

tials by force of their weapons, have themselves been slain!" Without doubt, O Mādhava, there is nothing difficult for destiny to bring about, since even these bulls among men, these heroes, have been slain by Kshatriya warriors!" My sons endowed with great activity were (regarded by me as) slain even then, O Krishna, when thou returnedst unsuccessfully to Upaplavya!" Cāntanu's son and the wise Vidura told me then,—Cease to bear affection for thy children!—"The interviews of those persons could not go for nothing. Soon, O Janārdhana, have my sons been consumed into ashes!"

Vaiçampāyana continued,—“Having said these words, Gāndhāri, deprived of her senses by grief, fell down on the Earth! Casting off her fortitude, she suffered her senses to be stupefied by grief!" Filled with wrath and with sorrow at the death of her sons, Gāndhāri, with agitated heart, ascribed every fault to Keçava."

“Gāndhāri said,—“The Pāndavas and the Dhārtarāshtras, O Krishna, have both been burnt! Whilst they were thus being exterminated, O Janārdhana, why wert thou indifferent to them?" Thou wert competent to prevent the slaughter, for thou hast a large number of followers and a vast force! Thou hadst eloquence, and thou hadst the power (for bringing about peace):" Since deliberately, O slayer of Madhu, thou wert indifferent to this universal carnage, therefore, O mighty-armed one, thou shouldst reap the fruit of this act!" By the little merit I have acquired through waiting dutifully on my husband, by that merit so difficult to attain, I shall curse thee, O wielder of the discus and the mace!" Since thou wert indifferent to the Kurus and the Pāndavas whilst they slew each other, therefore O Govinda, thou shalt be the slayer of thy own kinsmen!" On the thirtysixth year from this, O slayer of Madhu, thou shalt, after causing the slaughter of thy kinsmen and friends and sons, perish by disgustful means within the wilderness." The ladies of thy race, deprived of sons, kinsmen, and friends, shall weep and cry even as these ladies of the Bharata race!"

Vaiçampāyana continued,—“Hearing these words, the high-souled Vāsudeva, addressing the venerable Gāndhāri, said un-

to her these words, with a faint smile,⁴⁶—‘There is none in the world, save myself, that is capable of exterminating the Vrishnis! I know this well! I am endeavouring to bring it about! In denouncing this curse, O thou of excellent vows, thou hast aided me in the accomplishment of that task!’⁴⁷ The Vrishnis are incapable of being slain by others, be they human beings or gods or *Dānavas*! The Yādavas, therefore, shall fall by one another’s hand!’⁴⁸ After he of Daçārha’s race had said these words, the Pāndavas became stupified. Filled with anxiety, all of them became hopeless of life!’⁴⁹

SECTION XXVI.

‘The holy one said,—‘Arise, arise, O Gāndhāri, do not set thy heart on grief! Through thy fault, this vast carnage has taken place!’ Thy son Duryodhana was wicked-souled, envious, and exceedingly arrogant. Applauding his wicked acts, thou regardest them to be good!’ Exceedingly cruel, he was the embodiment of hostilities, and disobedient to the injunctions of the old. Why dost thou wish to ascribe thy own faults to me?’ Dead or lost, the person that grieves for what has already occurred, obtaineth more grief. By indulging in grief, one increases it twofold!’ A woman of the regenerate class bears children for the practice of austerities; the cow brings forth offspring for bearing burthens; the mare brings forth her young for acquiring speed of motion; the *Çudrā* woman bears a child for adding to the number of servitors; the *Vaiçayā* woman for adding to the number of keepers of cattle. A princess, however, like thee, brings forth sons for being slaughtered!’”⁵⁰

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Hearing these words of Vāsudeva that were disagreeable to her, Gāndhāri, with heart exceedingly agitated by grief, remained silent.’ The royal sage Dhritarāshtra, however, restraining the grief that arises from folly, enquired of Yudhishtira the just, saying,—‘If, O son of Pāndu, thou knowest it, tell me the number of those that have fallen in this battle, as also of those that have escaped with life!’”

"Yudhishtira answered,—'One billion six hundred and ty millions and twenty thousand men have fallen in this tle.' Of the heroes that have escaped, the number is twenty-ir thousand one hundred and sixty five.'"¹⁰

Dhritarāshtra said,—'Tell me, O mighty-armed one, for ou art conversant with everything, to what ends have those emost of men attained.'"¹¹

"Yudhishtira said,—'Those warriors of true prowess that ve cheerfully cast off their bodies in fierce battle, have all ained to regions like those of Indra.'"¹² Knowing death to inevitable, they that have encountered it cheerlessly, have ained to the companionship of the *Gandharvas*.¹³ Those rriors that have fallen at the edge of weapons, while turn- g away from the field or begging for quarter, have attained the world of the *Guhyakas*.¹⁴ Those high-souled warriors o, observant of the duties of Kshatriyahood and regarding ht from battle to be shameful, have fallen, mangled with en weapons, while advancing unarmed against fighting foes, ve all assumed bright forms and attained to the regions of ahman!¹⁵⁻¹⁶ The remaining warriors, that have anyhow t with death on the precincts of the field of battle, have ained to the region of the Uttara-Kurus.'"¹⁷

Dhritarāshtra said,—'By the power of what knowledge, son, thou seest these things like one crowned with ascetic ccess? Tell me this, O mighty-armed one, if thou thinkest t I can listen to it without impropriety!'"¹⁸

"Yudhishtira said,—'While at thy command I wandered the forest, I obtained this boon on the occasion of sojourn- to the sacred places!'"¹⁹ I met with the celestial *Rishi* maça and obtained from him the boon of spiritual vision. is on a former occasion I obtained second sight through the ver of knowledge!'"²⁰

"Dhritarāshtra said,—'Is it necessary that our people uld burn, with due rites, the bodies of both the friendless the friended slain?'"²¹ What shall we do with those that e none to look after them and that have no sacred fires? duties that await us are many. Who are those whose (last) e we should perform?'" O Yudhishtira, will they obtain

regions of blessedness by the merit of their acts, they whose bodies are now being torn and dragged by vultures and other birds?"²⁸

Vaiçampāyana continued,—“Thus addressed, Kunti's son Yudhishtira of great wisdom commanded Sudharman (the priest of the Kauravas) and Dhaumya, and Sanjaya of the *Suta* order,²⁴ and Vidura of great wisdom, and Yuyutsu of Kuru's race, and all his servants headed by Indrasena, and all the other *Sutas* that were with him,²⁵ saying,—‘Cause the funeral rites of the slain, numbering by thousands, to be duly performed, so that no body may perish for want of persons to take care of them!’²⁶ At this command of king Yudhishtira the just, Vidura and Sanjaya and Sudharman and Dhaumya and Indrasena and others,²⁷ procuring sandal aloe and other kinds of wood used on such occasions, as also clarified butter and oil and perfumes and costly silken robes and other kinds of cloth,²⁸ and large heaps of dry wood, and broken cars and diverse kinds of weapons,²⁹ caused funeral pyres to be duly made and lighted and then without haste burnt, with due rites, the slain kings in proper order.³⁰ They properly burnt upon those fires that blazed forth with libations of clarified butter poured in torrents over them, the bodies of Duryodhana and his hundred brothers, of Calya, and Cala, and king Bhuriçravas;³¹ of king Jayadratha and Abhimanyu, O Bhārata; of Dusçāsana's son and Lakshmana and king Dhrishtaketu; of Vrihanta and Somadatta and the hundreds of Srinjayas; of king Kshemadhanwan and Virāta and Drupada; of Cikhandin the prince of the Pāñchālas, and Dhrishtadyumna of Prishata's race; of the valiant Yudhāmanyu and Uttamanujas; of the ruler of the Koçalas, the sons of Draupadi, and Cakuni the son of Suvala; of Achala and Vrishaka, and king Bhagadatta; of Karna and his son of great wrath; of those great bowmen, viz., the Kekaya princes, and those mighty car-warriors, viz., the Trigartas; of Ghatotkacha the prince of Rākshasas and the brother of Vaka; of Alamvusha, that foremost of Rākshasas, and king Jalasandha; and of hundreds and thousands of other kings.³²⁻³³ The *Pitri-medha* rites in honor of some of the illustrious dead were performed there, while so

sang *Sāmans*, and some uttered lamentations for the dead.³⁹ With the loud noise of *Sāmans* and *Richs*, and the lamentations of the women, all creatures became stupified that night.⁴⁰ The funeral fires, smokeless and blazing brightly (amid the surrounding darkness), looked like luminous planets in the firmament enveloped by clouds.⁴¹ Those among the dead that had come from diverse realms and were utterly friendless, were piled together in thousands of heaps and, at the command of Yudhishtira, were caused to be burnt by Vidura through a large number of persons acting coolly and influenced by goodwill and affection, on pyres made of dry wood.⁴²⁻⁴³ Having caused their last rites to be performed, the Kuru king Yudhishtira, placing Dhritarāshtra at his head, proceeded towards the river Gangā.⁴⁴

SECTION XXVII.

Vaiçampāyana said,—“Arrived at the auspicious Gangā full of sacred water, containing many lakes, adorned with high banks and broad shores, and having a vast bed, they cast off their ornaments, upper garments, and belts and girdles. The Kuru ladies, crying and afflicted with great grief, offered oblations of water unto their sires and grandsons and brothers and kinsmen and sons and reverend seniors and husbands. Conversant with duties, they also performed the water-rite in honor of their friends.¹⁻² While those wives of heroes were performing this rite in honor of their heroic lords, the access to the stream became easy, although the paths (made by the tread of many feet) disappeared afterwards.³ The shores of the stream, though crowded with those spouses of heroes, looked as broad as the ocean and presented a spectacle of sorrow and cheerlessness.⁴ Then Kunti, O king, in a sudden paroxysm of grief, sweepingly addressed her sons in these soft words:⁵—“That hero and great bowman, that leader of leaders of car-divisions, that warrior distinguished by every mark of heroism, who hath been slain by Arjuna in battle,⁶ that warrior whom, ye sons of Pāndu, ye took for a *Suta's* child born of Rādhā, that hero who shone in the midst of his forces like the lord Surya himself, who battled with all of you and your followers, who

looked resplendent as he commanded the vast force of Duryodhana,* who had no equal on Earth for energy, that hero who preferred glory to life,¹⁰ that unretiring warrior firm in truth and never fatigued with exertion, was your eldest brother ! Offer oblations of water unto that eldest brother of yours who was born of me by the god of day ! That hero was born with a pair of ear-rings and clad in armour, and resembled Surya himself in splendour !¹¹⁻¹³ Hearing these painful words of their mother, the Pāṇdavas began to express their grief for Karna. Indeed, they became more afflicted than ever.¹⁴ Then that tiger among men, viz., the heroic Yudhishtira, sighing like a snake, asked his mother,—‘That Karna who was like an ocean having shafts for his billows, his tall standard for his vortex,¹⁴ his own mighty arms for a couple of huge alligators, his large car for his deep lake, and the sound of his palms for his tempestuous roar, and whose impetuosity none could withstand save Dhananjaya, O mother, wert thou the authoress of that hero’s being ? How was that son, resembling a very celestial, born of thee in former days ?¹⁵⁻¹⁶ The energy of his arms scorched all of us ! How, O mother, couldst thou conceal him like a person concealing a fire within the folds of his cloth ?¹⁷ His might of arms was always worshipped by the Dhārta-rāshtras even as we always worship the might of the wielder of *Gāṇḍiva* !¹⁸ How was that foremost of mighty men, that first of car-warriors, who endured the united force of all lords of Earth in battle, how was he a son of thine ?¹⁹ Was that foremost of all wielders of weapons our eldest brother ? How didst thou bring forth that child of wonderful prowess ?²⁰ Alas, in consequence of the concealment of this affair by thee, we have been undone ! By the death of Karna, ourselves with all our friends have been exceedingly afflicted !²¹ The grief I feel at Karna’s death is a hundred times greater than that which was caused by the death of Abhimanyu and the sons of Draupadi, and the destruction of the Pāṇchālas and the Kurus ! Thinking of Karna, I am burning with grief,

* So large was that concourse of human beings that in consequence of their tread, paths appeared where paths were none. The access to the stream was thus facilitated.—T.

like a person thrown into a blazing fire!"--" Nothing could have been unattainable by us, not excepting things belonging to heaven! Alas, this terrible carnage, so destructive of the Kurus, would not have occurred!" Copiously indulging in lamentations like these, king Yudhishtira the just uttered loud wails of woe. The puissant monarch then offered oblations of water unto his deceased elder brother." Then all the ladies that crowded the shores of the river suddenly sent up a loud wail of grief." The intelligent king of the Kurus, viz., Yudhishtira, caused the wives and members of Karna's family to be brought before him." Of righteous soul, he performed, with them, the water-rite in honor of his eldest brother. Having finished the ceremony, the king, with his senses exceedingly agitated, rose from the waters of Gangā.""

FINIS STREE PARVA.

78.

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